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MINISTERIAL DISSENSIONS.

Upon the very eve of the session, Ministers have tried their strength against each other. The proposal of an expedition to Portugal was the subject of dispute; but the reports respecting the part taken by the leading Ministers are various and unintelligible. It was said that Lords Grey and Palmerston insisted on the armed interference; but the project is abandoned, and Lord Grey remains in office: which the Premier could hardly do, after a defeat in a pitched battle, the noise of which indicates its heat and obstinacy. The chief cannot yield like another Minister; he is virtually deposed when his guidance is rejected; and Lord Grey is surely too haughty a man to suffer any abatement of his authority, or to brook the opposition of his creatures.

The two ministerial morning papers were on opposite sides—*The Chronicle* against the armed interference, *The Times* for it; and the latter reproaches the party with whose policy it concurs, for yielding,—charges it almost with a pusillanimous dereliction of duty, and concludes, "The active aid which was recommended in the case of Portugal can have been, and has been resisted, only upon Tory and Holy Alliance views." We think this highly probable; and though the act of war would, in our opinion, have been unjustifiable, we can easily believe that it was opposed by the Tory portion of the Government, not because the armed interference was disapproved, but because it was proposed in behalf of the juster cause, against the tyranny secretly dear to them.

It has been curious to watch the contradictions of the rumours of schism and rupture by the ministerial press. We have here seen displayed, in great perfection, the art of denying facts which are untrue, so as to appear to deny the whole, including facts which could not be specifically contradicted without flagrant falsehood. For example, the report is that Ministers have had a serious difference as to an armed interference in the contest in Portugal, and that Lord Grey and some others have sent in their resignations. Well, *The Globe*, in its cock-a-whoop style, states that the whole is idle talk, not worth a serious notice; for no armed interference is intended, and no resignation has been tendered by Earl Grey. This is, however, no denial of the differences that *have been*, no denial that an expedition *was* proposed, and that the dispute ran so high as to embroil the Cabinet, though the frightful extremity of resignation was avoided. Thus, after the quarrel of Peachum and Lockit, a *Globe* of the *prig* order might assert, that there was the utmost harmony between that worthy couple, that no question existed as to Ned Clincher's execution, and that Peachum had not laid any information against Lockit. After such strifes things are patched up by a "Brother, brother! we are both in the wrong. 'Tis our mutual interest—'tis for the interest of the world we should agree."

The maxim is so well understood, that a house divided cannot stand, that the partisans of Ministers are vehemently anxious to make it appear that no dissension exists, or has existed, in the Cabinet; but their evidences of harmony are so far-fetched, and so flimsy, as to tell against the object for which they are adduced. Thus, *The Globe* says,—

"The Lord Chancellor has, at the solicitation of the Right Hon. E. G. Stanley, presented the Rev. Samuel Lang, who married Lady Louisa

Emily Smith Stanley, a grand-daughter of the Earl of Derby, and sister to the Secretary for the Colonies, to the valuable living of Woodmansteane, &c. &c., a circumstance in itself negativing the reports so sedulously propagated by the Tory press, as to a misunderstanding between the noble and learned Lord and the right honourable Secretary."

The house of Derby is one of the very richest in Church Patronage; and what must have been the distress of a partisan who seized upon this instance of Mr. Stanley's grasping? discovering, at the same time, the undue motives which govern the dispensation of Church preferment! Hard pressed, indeed, must the advocate be, who attempts to avail himself of such injurious evidence as this. And what does it prove?—any thing, we say, but what it is produced to prove. Had the Chancellor been the worst enemy of Mr. Stanley, he could not have given better effect to his ill-will, than by signalizing Mr. Stanley's gluttonous appetite for Church jobbing, by granting him the boon he solicited. To cover a public man with the disgrace of such a favour as this, is no sign of friendship. This is the vengeance of the heathen gods, who punished in granted prayers. Had the Chancellor turned a deaf ear to the *solicitations* of Mr. Stanley, the public would not have known what he was capable of asking, in addition to the abundance of good things in the gift of his wealthy house.

THE SABBATH NIGHT'S SUPPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE," &c. &c.

They misconceive the character of this northern land who imagine of its people as a cold, sullen, and ungenial race, shut up from the social charities, and encrusted with self-conceit, spiritual pride, and gloomy bigotry; but they do Scotland, and their own understandings, worse wrong who imagine that this unsocial and forbidding national temper is derived from that high-hearted reformed faith, which has ever allied itself with the spirit of independence, and the sternest assertion of the principles of civil liberty,—which has disdained to truckle to expediency, and braved every peril in maintaining the charter wherewith God has made man free. The Sabbatical observances of Scotland especially, have been misrepresented and ridiculed by those who are so inconsistent in their boasted liberality as to contend that the Scotsman, by constitution a man of staid deportment and serious thought, however warm or enthusiastic his inward feelings may be, is a bigot and a fanatic, who would blot the sun from the firmament, and enshroud the face of nature with universal gloom; because he will not demonstrate his high enjoyment of the *Day of Rest* by frisking or carousing,—cricketing with the peasant of England, or capering under the green trees with the Frenchman. They will not pause to consider that, to him, the highest enjoyment of leisure, independently of religious feelings altogether, may be, "to commune with his own heart, and be still;" or, the season of public worship past, to live apart in unbroken communion with those to whom his heart is knit by the strongest ties of duty, and the sweetest claims of affection. The gay Sunday of the theatre and the Boulevards, and the more boisterous mirth of the tea-garden and the skittle-ground, would, to many a native of Scotland, prove as joyless and burdensome on any day of the seven, as indecent and profane on the Sabbath, which he consecrates to retirement and meditation, or restricts to family intercourse and pious and intellectual exercises; regarding it as time redeemed to the self-examination and inward thought which his moral and religious discipline have enabled him to employ aright, and enjoy profoundly. Nor is it easy to say why liberal politicians and philosophers should almost force the People on modes of enjoyment, on their one day of leisure, which they would consider quite unworthy of their own higher mental cultivation and pursuits.

One Sabbath for the rich, and another for the poor—restraint upon the scanty enjoyments of the hard-toiling many, and impunity and bounty to the luxurious pleasures of the wealthy few—is, at the same time, so directly subversive of the plainest precepts and injunctions of that religion which recognises man's complete equality in civil rights and in moral obligation, that we have not one word to say for restraints that must press unequally. These remarks detain us too long from our story, which we meant to preface by the assertion, that the types of neither the Scottish Presbyterian, nor the English Puritan, were of the austere, sullen, and cynical character their enemies have feigned. John Knox himself kept a cellar of good wine, and knew how to use as not abusing it. From the "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchison," and many other sources, we learn that the Puritans were, in domestic life, accomplished and enjoying, as well as learned persons. Those who insist that our national Sabbath must be gloomy, because, in despite of nature, we do not, like Grimm's German Baron, keep jumping over chairs and tables all day, "to make ourselves lively," are but shallow philosophers.—One redeeming social feature even they might see in our Day of Rest,—The Sabbath Night's Supper.

This family *re-union*, and stated feast, was at first almost a necessary consequence of long

journeys to distant kirks, while the population of the country was thin and scattered, and of those preposterous and interminable diets of sermonizing, which made Sunday literally a fast-day, until the evening. Then, indeed, the fires were lighted up,—then the flesh-pots seethed and diffused a savoury steam, or the *broche* spun round in the rural *Manse*, and in all the *bien* ha'-houses in the parish, or comfortable dwellings "within brugh." At the close of his hard day's work, the reverend labourer was entitled to his social meal, of better than ordinary fare—"a feast of fat things"—hospitably shared with the chance guest, the modest young helper, or the venerable elder. Nor was there wanting, if such were the taste and temper of the reverend presider at the banquet, the zest of the clerical joke that promoted blameless hilarity and easy digestion. The manse set the custom to the parish. Now, to have insisted that the *douse* minister, with his family, or the decent farmer, with his lads and lasses, should, to shew their holiday feelings, first scamper here and there all day—any way far enough from home—and then go out of doors, to frisk, like so many young *maukins*, in the moonlight, would be about as intolerant as to compel the champagne-loving Gallician to swallow, for his especial enjoyment, the smoky-flavoured Glenlivet toddy with which the Scotsman soberly crowned the banquet of the Sabbath Night.

In the family of Adam Hepburn of the Fernylees, *the Sabbath night's supper* had been a standing family festival for several generations. The little *quiet* bustle of preparation among the women, the better fare, the more inspirited looks, the expanding social hearts, had become a thing of regular custom, following the solemnities of family worship as regularly as the observance of that domestic ordinance. The venerable head of the house would then talk of the times when Cargil, and Renwick, and Rutherford, and other potent divines of the evil times, Fathers and Mighty men in Israel, burning and shining lights in a darkened land, had, when fleeing before the bloody and persecuting house of Stuart,—from whom the curse would never depart! by their blessings and their prayers hallowed the hospitalities which they shared; and that although the then indwellers in the Fernylees had been proscribed and often severely mulcted, for harbouring the men of God, their substance had rather increased than diminished, under this oppression, which they felt, not for themselves, but for the faithful of the land, and the afflicted Church of Scotland tried in the furnace.

No one had ever listened with more attention to these noble tales, of doing and daring for conscience' sake, than Charles Hepburn, the youngest son of the family of Fernylees, who was born to admire with enthusiasm, but not yet to emulate the virtues of those heroic sufferers.

The elderly female servant who superintended Adam Hepburn's household, had been more than usually provident of the creature-comforts destined to cover his board on the particular night, on which our story opens. The circumstances of the family made it a time of more than ordinary tenderness and solemnity. The following morning was to witness the final breach and disruption of all that now remained to be taken away of the young props of the roof-tree of the house of Fernylees. The elder daughter, who had borne the chills of celibacy, ten years after her three sisters were married, was to leave the home of her youth to sojourn, as her old father in his prayer expressed it, in the allusion he made to her circumstances as a bride, in the tents of strangers. But it was the going forth into the evil, unknown, and dreaded world, of one who from infancy had, by his fascinations and his very errors, excited far more of fear and of hope, one over whom his father's heart yearned while his spirit travailed, that the old man dwelt, in his devotions, with a touching and simple pathos, and poured forth his feelings in that Scriptural language and imagery familiar to his lips, replied too by the low, involuntary sob of a married sister of the youth who was the object of these fervent petitions, and by the sympathetic chord touched in the staid bosom of Tibby Elliott, the elderly serving-lass. The contagion even spread to old Robin, the shepherd. When the worshippers rose from their knees, and turned to the neatly-spread table, on which was already laid the apparatus for the feast, the aged father sinking in his high-backed chair, shaded his thin temples with his hand; and remained silent, as if his spirit were yet within the veil. Charles Hepburn retired to the porch with his married sister—they were silently, hand in hand, standing, looking out upon the stars—when the ancient maid-servant appeared:—and "O Charlie, my man," was the whisper of the motherly Tibby, as drying her eyes with her apron, she passed out into the kitchen, in a wing of the tenement, "My man, Charlie, if ye be not a good *bairn* now."—She had gone on before Charles could reply, if he had been inclined or able to speak.

Tibby Elliott was on this night a woman cumbered with many cares. "Gie ye the *broche* a twirl, Robin," was her first cry.—"I would no like, nor you either, but to see things right and mensfu' in the Ha' House o' the Fernylees, and a son and a daughter going in one day frae under its roof-tree.—Fetch down that bowen o' eggs, Robin; we'se have a drappit egg in the eerocks, the breed o' Charlie's sprangled game hens he was so proud of lang syne, poor callant. But, oh, man! heard ye ever the auld Master sae powerfu' in intercession as this night. It's weel to be seen who lies next his heart's kernel—his motherless son!—And no other wonder; for, with all his faults—and they are neither few nor far to seek—a better-hearted youth, of the name, never crossed the door-step of the Fernylees in all its generations."

"Gie him a' his ain way, and keep his pouches routh o' siller," said the shepherd, who was of the

species of dry humourists not rare in Scotland, in his condition.

"And what for should he no' have his ain gait, and gowd in gowpens?" cried Tibby, who, by the way, was in general much less indulgent to the faults of Charles than her friend the shepherd, who had loved him from the days of fishing with a crooked pin, and shooting with bourtree guns, though he knew, what indeed was no longer a secret, that the youth possessed a fatal facility and unsteadiness of disposition, already yielded to to an extent that alarmed those who loved him best, for his rectitude as much as for his worldly prosperity.

It is not uncommon to find in a large family one gifted child, to endow whom nature seems to have robbed the others of genius, beauty, and attractiveness. Charles Hepburn, by seven years the youngest, was "the flower of the flock of Fernylees," loved, indulged, spoiled, as far as a gracious temper, and a generous heart will spoil; and that, alas, was in his case far enough. He had been the caressed plaything, the petted child, the pampered school-boy of his brothers, but particularly of his younger sisters. But at the age of twenty-four, the overweening affection of his aged father alone remained unimpaired, increased, deepened by the very causes which alienated other hearts. He who had the most suffered, still loved the most. Nor to a stranger did this seem wonderful. Look in the open, genial, and handsome countenance of Charles, and his besetting sins could not be imagined great transgressions; spend with him a quietly social, or brightly convivial hour, and all error or defects of character had disappeared before the charm of his manner, and were forgotten or denied to exist. Yet their undeniable existence had crushed and grieved the spirit of his venerable father, and fallen hard on the shortened means that were to sustain his old age in humble independence. Nor was Charles unaware of any part of this; and the reproaches of his elder brother, a man of quite opposite temper, or the affectionate remonstrances of his married sister, were less severe than his own frequent *bitter* self-upbraidings. Now he stood on the threshold of a new life. Hope was once more dawning upon him, after repeated disappointment, not the less afflictive that it was self-caused; and his sanguine, bold, and happy temper, rose to meet the joyful crisis.

Charles had received what is usually termed a good education. But it could not have been the wisest, for its early fruits were not soul-nurture, nor wisdom and peace. He had been highly distinguished at the University of Glasgow; and his father, who had in his own heart early devoted him to the service of the altar, secretly rejoiced in the hope of seeing him an ornament of the Church. But his natural abilities and advantages of education had not yet been improved even to any worldly purpose.

"To throw all his lear to the cocks, and leave us!" said the old shepherd, while Tibby and himself discussed the circumstances of the family and the prospects of the cadet, with the freedom assumed by all *menials*, and justifiable in old attached domestics,—"It is grieving."

"And would ye have had him play the hypocrite—pretend to a gift and a call to preach the Gospel—when its ower weel kent Rob Burns' ballands aye came far readier to Charlie than the Psalms of David in metre," cried Tibby Elliott, honest indignation giving energy to her tones, as on her knees she ladled or fished up the salted goose and greens, that were to act *vis-a-vis* to her eerocks.

"Houts, tuts, woman; ye are owerly strait-laced for this day o' the warld; what would have ailed Chairlie to have grained away among the auld leddies till he had gotten the CALL, and the patron's *presentation* too, and a good sappy down-sitten, when, I daursay, he could have seen the wisdom o' being a wee bit twa-faced, like his neighbours, and on his peremptors before folk, ony way. With fourteen or fifteen chalder, a new Manse, and a piece gude glebe-land, its no sae dooms difficult to be a douce minister, as ye trow Tibby. Gi'e our young Chevalier a gown and Geneva ban's, and let him alane for a year or twa to settle down, and I'll wad he's turn out a great gun o' the Gospel."

"Ye profane knave!" cried Tibby, shaking her fist in the face of her old friend, between jest and earnest: "Have ye been reading Tam Pen, ye that spake sae lightly o' ministers! Mr. Charles, with all his backslidings, is no sae far left to himself as to lay a rash, uncalled hand on the Ark,—and the Lord will bless him for it. He is the bairn, as I can testify, o' many a secret prayer. I do not misdoubt to see him the grandest merchant in a' Liverpool yet. Sore trial as it has been to the kind, gude, auld master, crossed in his pride, and spulzied in his purse, to see Charles stick in the wark o' the ministry. But redde the gait there till I carry ben the supper."

"Ye like a' to make a sicker bargain you unco-gude folks, Tibby. A sappy foretaste here, and a"——

"Now Robin, ye Radical, hold the profane tongue o' ye:—would ye see the Maister scrimpit o' his Sabbath night's supper, wi' a' his bairns happy about him?"

"That would I not, lass; though I might just as weel like the auld time when rent was light, though woo' less by the stane, and when the *Man* and the *Woman* sat at the master's board-end. I wish the auld Master no scant measure o' a' good things. May blessings be multiplied on him and his. May the upper and the nether springs be his portion! and his also, who lies heavy on his spirit, this night!"—the old man reverently lifted the bonnet off his silvered head as he uttered these good wishes for his master, to which the friendship and daily intercourse of three-score years gave the fervour of a prayer.

In a lighter tone, Robin added, nearly as much ashamed of strong, or deep emotion, as if he had been a man of the world instead of a shepherd of the Border hills,—"We can a' take precious

good care o' ourselves, Tibby; save just the auld Maister himself, and the young Chevalier. There's canny Mr. Gilbert, our auldest hope,—let number one alone to see after him. And as for *mim* Miss Mysie, I'll wager she's thinking more this night, Sabbath though it be, of her bridal fal-als, and the blankets and sheets she can *reive* frae the Fernylees, to her new hame, and the hundred more pounds o' tocher she should have had, had so much not been spent on Charlie's learning, than o' the father's house, and kindred she's leaving, and the witless, glaiket brother she is parting from."

Tibby could not dispute this affirmation. With the goose smoking on the *assiette*, between her hands, she halted to remark, that "The deadening o' natural affection, the sure sign o' the rampant growth of pride, prodigality, and the love o' filthy lucre, was among the sorest of the defections of these sinfu' times; when gear sindered the hearts nature had made the sibbest."

The time was gone bye, when the *man* and the *woman* sat at the board-end off the house o' the Fernylees, but on this night of peculiar solemnity, the old respectable pair who occupied the kitchen, were invited into the parlour to drink prosperity to the departing inmates; the other servants were on the new system, lodged in bothies, save one young girl, Tibby's aid-de-camp. This invitation was made on the motion of Charles, who was himself the bearer of it, and who returned with Tibby under his arm, smirking, and smoothing down her newly donned clean apron, Robin Steele following, with his queerest, funniest face, and his blue bonnet, *en chapeau bras*. Cold, and half-offended, though the bride-elect might look from under her dropt eyelids, the countenance of the *auld* Maister, and even those of the married daughters of the family, brightened in welcome of this re-union. Robin's *Young Chevalier* diligently filled the glass of Charles's *Greysteel*,*—such were their old caressing names for each other — caressing after the humorous fashion of Scotch wooing, of "nipping and scratching." The heart of the patriarchal farmer, at the head of the board, appeared to become lighter, for the whispered, half-heard, kindly jibes, passing below the salt.

"What can I do for you, Robin, and for you too, Tibby," whispered Charles, "in yonder far away, big town?" The considerate maiden paused.

"Send her a sure account o' the state o' the Gospel in Whirlpool," whispered Robin, smiling, and winking. "And him," retorted Tibby snelly, "be sure ye send him a *sound prent*, (Robin's name for a Radical newspaper,) "shewing how the nation is going to wrack, and the woo' rising."

"E'en let it be sae," rejoined the shepherd laughing. "That is, if it cost ye no expense. I'm not particular about the age, if the doctrine's *sound* when it comes; the Whig *prents* are grown as wersh and fuzionless as" —— What we cannot tell, for the conversation swelled into a higher key, and became more general and lively. Charles was allowed to replenish the punch-bowl once; but the motion for another was promptly opposed by Tibby, and quietly overruled by the Master. And the youth, just beginning to taste "the sweet o' the night," wished Sunday had been Monday. It was, as Robin Steele afterwards sorrowfully remarked, the foundation of all his faults, that "he ne'er kenned when to stop." Long before the conviviality had reached the pitch to which Charles was attuned, the table had been cleared, and the "Big Ha' Bible" again placed upon it. Mr. Hepburn requested, on this night, that his friends should sing with him and his children, the scriptural paraphrase, on the chapter which he called on his son, Charles, to read, the vision of the Patriarch, as he journeyed to Padanaram, the covenant pillar of Bethel.

The devotional feelings of Charles Hepburn, though he had made shipwreck of his intended profession, were still as warm and excitable as his convivial sympathies. When that beautiful hymn,

"O God of Bethel,"

was sung, which so powerfully blends human charities with heavenly trust, every fibre of his frame was vibrating. Repelled by the seeming coldness of those around him, who could now, as he scornfully thought, quietly say good night, and retire to bed, he wandered out beneath the stars. The very natural thought rose as he gazed around: "What shall have occurred to me, before I look again on Fernylees, and share my dear *father's Sabbath night's supper?*"

There would probably have appeared little beauty in the scene on which the moon was now rising to any one whose eyes had not, like those of Charles', first opened upon this nook of earth. The Fernylees was a rather bare, extensive pasture farm, lying on "the winter-shaded" side of a range of Border hills, near the foot of which, on a gentle ascent, stood the thatched farm-house. A few small arable fields and rushy meadows, stretched out in front and along the holm, by the side of the river, a humble stream, yet not unknown in Scottish song. Around, lay the open pastures, running up into the hills, and covered with patches of *fern*, and straggling tufts of juniper and gorse, or shelving into hollows and little glades interspersed with natural coppices of hazel, and alder, and sloe-thorn. On one hand was a low range of bothies and farm-offices: on the other, about equidistant, rose, on an airy mound, the barn-yard, exactly on the site of the old Peel-house of the Fernylees. Its massy sunken wall or bulwark, was part of the original structure. Four very large ash trees had remained here, and, save one, thriven, since the times of the Border raids. On the blasted ash the old tyrant baron of the Fernylees (which was now a fraction of a ducal domain,) had hung Judon Ker, a Border thief, whose prowess was recorded in one of Tibby Elliott's ballads. In a

* *Greysteel*, the name, few natives of Scotland need be told, given by James the Fourth, when a boy, to the Douglas.

nest, or cradle, amid its withered branches, the boy Charles had found an out-look far up and down the valley, and a place removed from the bustle of the family, in which to con his book in quiet,—Charles, the man, a spot "for ruminating sweet and bitter fancies," and for a repentance too seldom followed by good fruits.

He once again swung himself up into his old nestling place; and on the eve of a new existence, cast his thoughts backwards upon his few and evil days, from the time that he had left the University. His course had been a series of errors and of failures in various attempts to obtain a living, alternating with periods of complete idleness, spent often in bitterness while lounging about his father's farm. Though Charles was but too prone to divide the blame of his misconduct with others, and to find it in any cause save the true one, it was not in a season like this, when unveiled conscience arraigned his thoughts, to listen to her solemn opinion pronounced on his conduct, that he could deceive himself. His elder brother and sister had treated him with coldness, —had scowled upon him as the idle waster of his father's substance, which was robbery of their rights. What he called their selfishness usually raised his indignation; but his feelings were moderate at this hour, and did more justice to his just, if not very generous or cordial relatives. While this train of thought and sentiment absorbed the young man, his affairs still formed the theme of the kitchen fireside, to which the shepherd had returned to light his pipe, after suppering the steed that was to bear Charles away early in the morning to a spot traversed by the Carlisle mail, and to which his *Greysteel* was to accompany him on the pony.

"I have no brew of this sudden journey, Robin," said the thoughtful maiden. "Ye see how ill fit that lad is to take care of himself: anither bowl on a Sabbath night! He's not fit to be trusted frae hame—his wild aits are far from being a' sawn yet, or I'm sair mista'en."

"And no place fitter than the Fernylees to drap them, where I'm sure there's no want o' geese to pick them up," said Robin, in a humour between mirth and bitterness. No one foresaw the dangers of his friend Charles's character more clearly than himself; but he saw farther, and looked hopefully to the future effects of the young man's early training, and to the natural strength of his understanding, yet correcting errors in whose source were mingled

> "So much of earth—so much of Heaven,
> And such impetuous blood."

The thick over-spreading branches of "Judon's ash," had for generations formed a kind of chapelry to the farm-house of Fernylees. It was the fortune of Charles Hepburn to be now, as it drew on to midnight, the unvoluntary listener to his grey-haired father's earnest prayers, for himself. With feelings he listened, from which we withdraw in reverence, though their fountain was no deeper than the breast of a gay and very thoughtless young man.

The lingering influence of these feelings made him listen with more than ordinary patience and humility, to the final warning and lecture with which Robin and Tibby gratuitously favoured him.

"Dinna let wise Mr. Gilbert be casting ye up in our dish," said the shepherd, appealing to a species of motive, at all times too powerful with Charles. "And oh, Charlie," wailed the privileged and now weeping maiden, "be wise now, like a dear bairn, and bring na shame upon the honest house of Fernylees; and the grey-hairs o' the Maister, with sorrow to the grave."

Charles could not reply then; but seventeen miles off, and ten hours latter, when he shook hands with the shepherd, as the mail came up, he said with the frank cordiality and sanguine confidence that kept the hearts his follies would have alienated: "You shall hear how steady a fellow I'm growin', Robin. Don't despair of seeing me, though going out a poor clerk, Mayor of Liverpool yet; while wise Gibby, at home yonder"—The coach-horn drowned the prognostication of the young prophet, whatever it might be, regarding his staid, industrious brother; and he had mounted and was whirling over the moor, while his *Greysteel* followed him with glistening eyes.

And now two years had passed over the house of Fernylees, unmarked by any violent change, save that Tibby Elliot, fancied, with some truth, that her old master looked a dozen years older, and Robin Steele, silently remarked the increasing difficulty with which he met the half-yearly rent-day. Frequent and various in the same period had been the shifting fortunes of Charles Hepburn; and flattering, painful, and contradictory the accounts received of, and from him. Now all promised prosperity, and Robin received a half-dozen newspapers by one post; and next time it was heard, from some chance source, that Charles had again lost his employment, or had abandoned it as usual.

Wise Gilbert had married, in the meanwhile, and brought home his wife; which made Tibby prudently abdicate to avert a virtual dethronement. She retired to a small cottage, in a thriving village, about two miles off, the recent creation of the wool of the adjoining hills. In a few months her "kind, gude, auld Maister," surrendering his concerns into the hands of his elder son, on a very slender annuity, to terminate with his lease, made the ancient maiden happy, by becoming her lodger, or rather the master of her cottage.

The trusty Robin Steele, who still lived at the farm, often joined their family worship on the evenings of Sundays; and so far as Tibby's means and management would stretch, the SABBATH NIGHT'S SUPPER, proscribed by the more refined manners of the modern lady of Fernylees, was not yet wholly wanting to the venerable auld Maister; nor was the health of Charles ever forgotten by Robin. If ever the father spoke of him whom his thoughts seldom left, it was to these two humble friends that his confidings

were made ; his fears and hopes, and fears again. In a fit of generous, though somewhat misplaced indignation, Charles, usually a most irregular correspondent, wrote home when he learned the terms on which his father had surrendered his lease, enclosing all of his year's salary that he could realize, L.50. With what exultation did Tibby carry this intelligence to Robin, that afternoon, as she saw him wearing the *hoggs* down the braes overhanging the village. Scarcely could he prevail with her to keep from taunting, with the generosity of the *prodigal* son, the penurious brother :—" Ye wot not, lass," Robin said, " the hard bargain and sore strife, Gilbert has with a lady wife, down-looking merkates, and the ransom rent of the Fernylees." Tibby was a woman, and though almost always kind, not always perfectly reasonable. " Ye'll see Charlie Hepburn bigg us a braw sclated house with a byre at the gait-end, and mak' the auld Maister walk down the town with his gold cane yet," was her frequent boast ; but till the accomplishment of these prophecies, which sometimes made the saint-like old man smile, he thoughtfully laid aside the greater part of this money, fearing that Charles was not past all his expensive follies, and therefore not above want for himself. And he congratulated himself on this forethought, when, after another long silence, it was heard by accident, from a neighbouring farmer, who had been at Liverpool to sell his wool, that Charles Hepburn was married ! Tibby's first impulse was indignation ; but she suppressed her own feelings, to spare those of her master. " We'll be sure to get a letter next week," she would say, at the spare weekly supper, to which some old friend or neighbour often came in, uninvited but welcome. " Postage, Mr. Charles knows to be no light charge ; ye are aye complaining o' the parliamenters, Robin ; will ye get them to take of that post-letter cess that brings sae meikle heartbreak to poor wives, widow women, and lanely mothers. But I'se warrant me Mr. Charles, now that he is a married man, with the care of a family upon his head, is another guess, man. I never saw the wise man yet that marriage did not sober and steady."

Even to such slender consolation the old father would try to smile. Of the new ties and duties Charles had taken upon himself, in a distant land, he knew nothing : but he hoped, and prayed ; and his heart revived, and grew strong in its trust, when his son's next letter called upon him to send his congratulations to the gentle English girl who had preferred his Charles to wealthier suitors, and a grandsire's blessing to the new-born infant, named, in pride and fondness, by his venerable name. It had been then that Charles, ever the man of impulse, had written home, and then, under the influence of new-born feelings, he had vowed, on the lips of his child, a future life of wisdom and firmness of purpose—a resolution kept for three long months. At the end of that time his wife requested to add a postscript to his letter home,—for Fernylees was still called home,—in which she declared herself, though cast off by her friends, to be, as the wife of Charles, the happiest woman in England. There was that in the phrase which made the old father fear, that short as her term of married life had been, it had not all been thus happy. And he was right. The young pair—and the wife was very young—had not been many weeks married, when Charles, by his frequently recurring inattentions and imprudencies, lost an advantageous employment. Then came a season of great hardship and privation in which everything failed but the affection which mutual suffering deepened between them into unutterable tenderness. Oh, well may the strongest-minded of the human race dread the subduing force of evil habit, and guard against the very appearance of evil, when Charles Hepburn, now feeling to madness the folly and cruelty of his own unsteady conduct, and pardoned, and offending times without number, could again fall into error. His final lapse was more pardonable in the immediate cause, than many of his former misadventures, though it chanced to be attended by worse consequences ; for though the least it was the last drop in the overflowing cup.

Six months before, when sunk in the very depths of misery, shunned by his gay companions, and looking forward to the last extremity of poverty ; and when, but for the sake of his wife, he would have fled to the ends of the earth to avoid or amend his fortunes, he once more found employment as an inferior clerk to an extensive company, the senior partner of which was a native of Scotland. Their business was chiefly with the United States. For some weeks the punctuality and diligence of Charles were quite exemplary. Mr. Dennistoun began to hope that the bad business character he bore universally in Liverpool, was unfounded or exaggerated.

" New brooms sweep clean," said the cautious Mr. William Smith, a junior partner, promoted for industry and attention, from the quill and packing-cord. He had, indeed, been very unwilling to receive the *branded* clerk, who, among other sins, was understood to have committed that of rhyme. Mr. Smith was right. The old leaven still fermented in the constitution of Hepburn ; and simultaneously with the discovery of his superior intelligence in some departments of business, came the experience that had been forced upon all his employers. The temptations of society, pleasure, and what he called friendship, returned with unmitigated force upon their fascinated victim. Three times in the course of the twelve months he had been discharged, and restored upon promises of amendment. The last time to the tears and intercessions of his wife,—whom, as a desperate expedient, Charles had humbled himself so far as to permit to go to plead for him. Mr. Dennistoun pronounced his conduct " ruinous," such as he could not overlook, save for Mrs. Hepburn's sake, just this once. And could Agnes, who loved so tenderly, and hoped so brightly, doubt that now her husband, restored to comfort and respectability,

would be *steady*—be all that was wanting to make her, poor and unregarded as she was become, still "the happiest woman in England." Once again evil habit prevailed over the sincere but infirm resolution of Hepburn.

In the bitter cold morning of the 26th of January, 18—, the young wife of Charles Hepburn—and she was still under nineteen—sat in the single poor apartment they rented by the week, hushing her moaning child; and at the same time preparing coffee for her husband's breakfast, to be ready against the minute he would awake. She knew that he slept too long. Her eyes, heavier from a long night of watching than from tears, for of late she seldom wept, were mournfully fixed on her infant, and then a single tear stole down the cheek, thin and sunken from the "peachy bloom" once celebrated in Charles's sonnets. The snow-drift was spinning without, and the twilight, grey and dull enough in that morning, in this narrow and mean street of a busy and crowded part of Liverpool; yet Agnes had opened but a small part of the shutter, that her husband might obtain another half hour's sleep after his prolonged revel. The clock of a neighbouring church struck a late hour. Starting at the sound, she stole on tip-toe to the side of the bed, and gazed, through now fast-gathering tears, on the sleeper, the *dreamer* whether awake or asleep!—gently pressed her cold lips to his flushed brow,—and turned way. Soft as her movements had been, they had awaked the restless slumberer; and she was but seated, with her child in her lap, when he tossed aside the curtain.

"You are up already, Agnes, love:—I'm afraid I kept you up very late last night too; surely you did not watch for me? But what a glorious night, Agnes! how Burns himself would have enjoyed it;—a glorious night! a *Noctes Ambrosianæ!*"

There was no immediate reply.

"Was Burns a married man?" at last whispered the Englishwoman, whose young silvery voice was already touched with sorrow; and she leant her head on the bosom of her child.

"Married! ay, to be sure; have you forgotten 'Bonny Jean,' and the little charming song you made me teach you—'When first I went a wooing of you?'" cried the Scotsman, with some impatience of his wife's ignorance on points so familiar to himself. "You have then forgotten 'Of all the airts the wind can blaw,'" he went on, in a half-reproachful, half-playful tone.

"Oh, no, no, I have not forgotten that."

"Then, quick, Agnes dearest, get me some tea—not coffee to-day—my throat is parched, and my head aches like a hundred fiends. Fetch your son here, and I will nurse him till you get breakfast; I trust he is better to-day. But when did you get up, love? I hope you did not sit for me: I daresay it was two o'clock before I got home." Agnes did not now say how much later it had been, nor yet how long she had held her solitary vigil. She placed the boy in his father's arms, and hastened to procure a small quantity of tea with her almost last shilling. While she moved about the room, Charles, still under the excitement of his revel, talked wildly of the wit, the gaiety, the national feeling, the rapturous conviviality, with which his friends and himself, men of different nations, Scotch, English, Irish, and American, united by the bond of enthusiastic admiration, had celebrated the birth-day of Scotland's immortal bard:—

"And the bonds they grew tighter the more they were wet."

He repeated the flashes of Scotch genius which had electrified the banqueters, the bursts of Irish humour which had set the table in a roar. Either the fire and spirit of these sallies had totally evaporated, or Agnes was an unfit recipient. On this morning she, for the first time, could not feel with Charles, or her sympathy was feigned or faint—her smile, for she attempted to smile, forced and languid. Charles, whose sensibility was quick as ethereal fire, felt damped, disconcerted, and became silent.

The neighbouring church clock again sullenly swung forth another hour, with the peculiar heavy sound of bells in a snow-fall. He paused in playing with and tossing the child, whom, in whatever humour it might be, he always succeeded in making laugh,—paused to count the strokes. "Seven, eight, nine"—he started—"*ten, eleven!*" He threw down the boy, and seized his watch. It had run down amid his jollity. "Good God! is that clock true! Agnes, how thoughtless, how very thoughtless, to let me sleep so long!" Conscience checked the unjust reproach. "I could not, Charles; indeed I could not find heart to awake you while you looked so fevered and flushed,—so much to need rest."

"Foolish woman! For this your child may want bread!" He hastily dressed himself, or rather huddled on his clothes, soiled and unbrushed from his revel; while ready to faint amid the struggles of her various feelings, Agnes tremblingly held the cup to his parched lips, which he but tasted, as with one look fixed upon her, in which burned love, grief, and remorse, he started away. He flew to the warehouse, where he should have been, where he had most unconditionally and voluntarily promised to be, by nine o'clock; to the dock, where the New York packet had lain, in which he was that morning to have shipped a valuable consignment of expensive British shawls, which were only to arrive in Liverpool through the night. It was a duty which Mr. Dennistoun, in a fit of confidence and good-humour, had intrusted to Charles,—had specially selected him to manage, as a mark of confidence. The vessel had left the dock—she was out at sea! In a state of feeling very far from "glorious," Charles bent his steps to his place of business with shame and apprehension—not unmingled with self-condemnation—striving, in vain, to fortify himself with the reflection of how weak it was in Agnes not to have roused him earlier. True, she knew not of his important engagements; she had indeed scarce seen him for the last twenty-four hours.

The first sight that met the eyes of Charles, on entering the dreaded counting-house, was

Mr. Dennistoun himself, writing at the desk usually called Mr. Hepburn's. Mr. Smith was similarly employed; but the young gentleman partner, the capitalist, lounged over a newspaper. Every clerk was, in his own department, quill-driving, as if for life and death; and nought was heard but the rustle of sharp-nibbed pens on paper. The office clock struck the half-hour past mid-day—clocks, his enemies throughout all his life, were this day to be the ruin of Charles Hepburn—living things with mocking voices, taunting his misery. He stood crushing his hat between his hands, by the side of his own desk; and, on his first attempt to speak, the eyes of all the persons present were involuntarily turned upon him, with expressions varying with the character of the spectators—all eyes, save those of Mr. Dennistoun, who never once raised his head. As there was, after five minutes waiting, no symptom of that gentleman relaxing in his writing, Charles, his brow flushing, muttered, in deep confusion, "I am quite ashamed—quite unpardonable my conduct is this morning, Sir." The old gentleman bowed coldly in assent, and continued his writing. "But the Washington has not sailed, though the John Adams has gone. I trust there is yet time."

"Spare yourself all trouble on that account, Mr. Hepburn," said the old gentleman, who could be as stately, when he so pleased, as if bred in a court, instead of a Glasgow counting-house. "The goods are shipped,—though tardily, yet in good order. That, Sir, became my duty, as I had been credulous enough to believe the Ethiopian could change his skin; weak enough to assume an improper responsibility." He was still writing; and now coolly handed a slip of paper to Hepburn, who, while his eyes flashed, and then became dim, read an order to the cash-keeper to pay instantly whatever arrears of salary were due to him. That was not much, but Dennistoun, Smith, and Company had no further occasion for his services! Charles stood at first dumb and petrified; he then attempted to speak, to remonstrate, to supplicate. He thought of Agnes and her boy, and bitter and wretched were his feelings. This dismissal was not merely loss of employment: it was the wreck of the last remains of his professional character. Who would trust any man dismissed in disgrace by the calm and liberal Dennistoun. In reply to his broken solicitation, this gentleman, now inexorable, however kind he had formerly been, without uttering a word, wrote away, merely bowing and waving his hand, in signal to the speaker to be gone. Choking with feelings of pride, of grief now chafed to anger, Hepburn abruptly left the apartment, and the old gentleman picked up the order he had dropt, and desired the cash-keeper to pay over the money to himself. As Charles passed through the outer room the lounging gentleman-partner called to him to pay him a compliment on his verses, recited at the festival of the preceding night, which he, an amateur of the Muses, had just finished reading, though in business hours. It wanted but this, in the present mood of the unfortunate Hepburn, to madden him outright. He ran out; he passed from street to street; his only distinct thought being by which avenue he could soonest escape from the town. In an hour he was several miles beyond money-making, many-masted Liverpool, cursing his existence, and the day that had given birth to a wretch whose life was fraught with blighting to all that loved him. An expression once wrung in anguish from his aged father, now recurred to him, as one idea will to the man whose reason is failing: "*Unstable as water thou shalt not prevail!*" This he muttered; shouted in his own ears; screamed out in his despair.

The long winter's day wore heavily on with the drooping, and ill-boding Agnes; yet she exerted herself to amuse her child, and to prepare such food, against her husband's arrival, as her slender means afforded, and such as she conceived best adapted to the state of inanition in which she knew he must return home after his revel and subsequent exhaustion. That he would not return, never once occurred to her, many as were the anxious thoughts over which she brooded. As the day wore later, Agnes, became more and more uneasy. Occasionally Hepburn's impulsive zeal had detained him after the ordinary hours of business; and but too frequently he encountered, in the busy streets of Liverpool, "friends, countrymen, and lovers," all joyously met; whom he could not entertain in his own poor lodging, and adjourned with to a tavern.

In the evening, one or two of Charles's convivial companions, of the previous night, called at his lodging to fight their battles o'er again; but he was found to be abroad, and his wife, usually a very lively person, was "sullen," one young man said, and another, more candid, "in low spirits,—and no wonder." Later in the night a porter called, belonging to the Dennistoun and Smith firm, who was from Charles's native parish, and who felt kindly towards him, and was often helpful to him and his wife in many little matters. When informed that Mr. Hepburn had not yet come home to dinner, the man looked so blank, that the imagination of Agnes, prone of late to gloomy apprehension, caught fresh alarm, and the simple man was glad to escape from her anxious questionings. Leaving her sleeping child to the care of her landlady, Agnes walked to the extensive warehouses of Dennistoun. All was shut up in darkness, and must have been so for some hours. With difficulty she made her way home, where Hepburn had not yet appeared; and now exhausted from want of sleep and of food, and tortured by apprehension, she became so ill, that when the landlady proposed to go to the private residence of Mr. Dennistoun, to obtain intelligence of Charles, no opposition was offered.

The Liverpool merchant was in his splendid drawing-room, enjoying his well-earned evening leisure in the midst of his family, and with a

small circle of friends. Among the pleasures of the evening, his favourite grand-child, a girl of thirteen or fourteen, had sung to the old Highland air to which they were appropiated, the unlucky Burns' verses of the more unfortunate Hepburn, which had been so much admired in the newspapers of the morning. Mr. Dennistoun was luckily not aware of the author of Letitia's song, or he might have listened, on this night, with impatience. The old melody (*Arrie nam badan,*) tender at once and spirited, had been first heard by him among the hills of Argyle, more than half a century before. Whether it were in the music, the voice of the singer, or the braes and brackens, and heather-bells and long yellow broom that mingled in the song, that the spell lay, or, as was more likely, in the whole combination, we cannot tell, but the thoughts of Hepburn, which had hung upon the old Scotsman's spirits all day, returned to him more painfully than ever. Not that he repented what he had done, or of any thing save his weak forbearance, and pernicious indulgence of errors of so bad example. Yet a man may be fully acquitted by his conscience, in a particular action, and very far from comfortable in his inward feelings. So at least it was with Mr. Dennistoun, even before a message was brought up stairs that a woman was below inquiring for Mr. Charles Hepburn, one of the clerks, whose wife was dying, while he could be heard of no where! The old gentlemen became greatly agitated. His first thought was indeed terrific. Those excitable hair-brained geniuses like Hepburn, there was no saying what mad act, when in a desperate mood, abandoned of reason and of God, they might perpetrate! He recalled the appearance of the young man, the wild excitement of hilarity, and the fumes of wine scarcely out of his brain, when they must have been succeeded by the fierce extremes of despair and of stinging self-reproach. Late as it was, and in spite of the remonstrances of his family, Mr. Dennistoun resolved to accompany the woman to Hepburn's lodging, and his nephew, the mercantile amateur of the muses, attended him, to take care of him home again. The uncomfortable apartment, and its details, were of themselves full of reproach of the thoughtless and improvident habits of the owner. Agnes, recovered from the fainting fit which had so much alarmed the landlady, on the appearance of the two gentlemen, taxed her spirit to its utmost powers to learn the worst that fate had in store for her; but Dennistoun had neither heart nor nerve, nor could he think it wisdom to say more at this time, to the poor creature for whom he felt so strongly, than that he had seen Hepburn early in the day. And, in a tone of parental kindness, he added, "We are both aware, Madam, that our friend Charles is not always the most punctual of men." Agnes sighed. The nephew, who, from delicacy, had not ventured farther than the door of the room, could from thence see that Hepburn's girlish wife sitting on a low stool by the side of the cradle, was the most meek, pale, Madonna-like, mournful beauty he had ever beheld. "Hepburn himself was, he knew, a man of great talent, absolutely a *genius*. He felt the strongest desire in the world to have him pardoned and reinstated. Certainly it was shameful, unkind, disgraceful, to leave so sweet and beautiful a creature pining in poverty in this miserable place, while her husband was revelling, spending a guinea, or perhaps two guineas on a single dinner.

> "But yet the light that led astray,
> Was light from Heaven!"

As much from pity for Agnes, however, as from sympathy with her husband's poetical and social tastes, he ventured farther into the apartment; and to his uncle spoke something between excuse and vindication of the absent culprit. Agnes then, first looking eagerly up, her eyes swimming in grateful tears, gave him encouragement to proceed; and he urged his suit till he had fairly exasperated the benevolent, but somewhat impatient temper of his senior, and turned against himself the very feelings on which he had relied for Hepburn's exculpation and forgiveness. He lauded the *genius* of those men—*Scotsmen*—in whom warmth and exaltation of feeling palliated aberrations unpardonable in the dull, cold-blooded, money-making mortals, who lived by square and rule. "There was," he continued in illustration, "your glorious Burns"——

"Be silent, sir!" cried the old man, in a tone of stern severity, which made Agnes start and shudder, and which at once imposed silence on the speaker. "If there be to young men of genius one warning example more impressive and solemn than another, it is that of the life and death of my noble and unfortunate countryman, ROBERT BURNS. And weak, and shallow, and false are they, who dare plead his magnified or imaginary errors in extenuation of their meaner follies. Have the weaklings any right to plead his faults who are neither fired by his genius, elevated by his virtues, nor tortured by his passions and his pride? If Burns has left a few careless verses, which unthinking fools construe to their hurt, has he not given them hundreds of lessons of deep and purifying tenderness; of virtue in its loveliest, holiest simplicity? For one careless expression; for the record—perhaps fictitious—of one reckless carouse, may we not, from his writings, learn of thousands of times when, after a day of hard toil, he wandered away into solitude, feeling within him the first stirrings of the hidden strength, 'the gropings of the Cyclop round the walls of his cave'—his own splendid image. Do not the address to a *Field-mouse* and the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, alone, tell us of months and years of meditation on the loftiest and the tenderest themes that can exalt the thoughts of the true poet, musing on humanity—of the rapt spirit, rising 'to Him who walks upon the wings of the wind,' or, in another mood, welling up from its depths of tenderness, over the little wild flower lying crushed in his path? And what chilling years of barren toil and hopeless priva-

tion were those!—I declare, before, Heaven it were enough to make that Mighty Spirit burst its prison-house to hear those drivelling idiots charge their vices and follies upon the memory of Burns!"

The old gentleman struck his cane upon the floor with an energy that recalled his own senses to the obstreperousness of his tone, and the violence of his indignant rhapsody. An octave or two lower, he apologized to Agnes for his violence, while he acknowledged that this was a subject which always provoked him. "There is," he said, "no doubt something wrong, and in false taste in a few of the bravading verses of Burns, and in later things of the same kind from other pens, in which fools read damnation to themselves; but still nothing, whatever, to excuse those who thus construe them to their own hurt. Those scenes of gaiety, merriment, and extravagant conviviality, or of downright degrading sensuality, certainly never had existence, save in the brains of the writers, or the pages of a book. Shall we blame the genius of Schiller, because a few hot-headed excitable, and weak-principled lads chose to band themselves as robbers, and take to the forests in emulation of his hero?"

"Yes," cried Agnes impressively, "the heart-broken mothers and sisters of those misled youths well might blame him whose writings proved so perniciously seductive. Why will not genius enlist itself in a nobler cause."

"My dear Madam, this I fear often resolves itself into a simple question of commerce," said Dennistoun, smiling, "which is another category." The conversation reverted to Hepburn; and, kindly enjoining Agnes to take care of herself and her child, and to send Charles to him early in the morning, Mr. Dennistoun took his leave.

This well-meant advice could not realize itself to the extent of the benevolent man's desire. The forsaken Agnes could indeed undress herself and her child, and fold its little fevered frame to her bosom, and for its sake endeavour to take necessary sustenance; but she could not command her tortured spirit to be tranquil, nor her aching eyes to close.

The first tidings of Charles Hepburn were not obtained by Mr. Dennistoun until the fourth day, and then through a Lancaster Newspaper; in which, for the humane purpose of giving information to friends, a gentleman answering the appearance of Hepburn, was described to be lying in a violent brain-fever, at a little way-side public house. His hat and his linen bore the initials C. H., but no papers, or property of any kind, nor means of tracing him had been found about his person, which had probably been rifled before he was discovered by a traveller passing in a gig. A man had been seen running from the spot across a field; but there was no visible injury on the person of the stranger. The condition of his clothes showed that he must have wandered far; and probably lain in the open air, for one or more of those severe nights. It was added that the incessant, incoherent, hoarse cry of the unfortunate man, was "*Unstable as water thou shalt not prevail.*"

It was a week later, and far up on the topmost heights of the Fernylees pasture range, that Robin Steele, at all times a much greater newsmonger than his master, read the same paragraph in a Carlisle paper, and instantly left his flock; and only four more days had elapsed before the grey-headed, heart-broken father stood by the bedside of his daughter-in-law and her apparently dying infant, poisoned by the fevered maternal nutriment which should have been its life.

By the prompt care of the humane Dennistoun, Charles Hepburn had, meanwhile, received every attention needful to his condition. He was now in the house of a medical man, in Lancaster, and the strength of his constitution had already overmastered the fever. Of the more enduring and less medicable ailments of his patient, the surgeon knew, and could say nothing, save that it had done Mr. Hepburn immense good to hear that his father was in Liverpool with his wife, and that he might probably join them in a few days. But long years elapsed before that meeting took place.

It was with prospects dark enough that Charles Hepburn, commending, in the most passionate terms, his forsaken wife and his infant to the care and love of his father, and to the tenderness of Agnes the grey hairs he was, indeed, bringing to the grave with sorrow, took a pathetic leave of them both when about to enter as a private seaman a merchant vessel preparing for the voyage to India. His letter was dated at Bristol, where the ship was lying. "Since I cannot live by reason," he said, "I must live by rule; since I cannot be my own master, I must be the slave of another man's will. Need I say, my own Agnes, dearest! best beloved! most injured! that I go, carrying with me but one feeble hope—the hope of once again appearing before you, if conscience shall, after my long, self-prescribed period of exile and probation, say, that there is still felicity on earth for the veriest wretch its surface now bears."

The rule which the unhappy man had prescribed for himself was as rigid as that of the most self-mortified anchorite. It was more severe, from being practised in the midst of society and business. His rule was not temperance, for he had never been intemperate, but total abstinence from wine. Solitude was not in his power, for he wished to be continually engaged in business; but he resolved never to employ English speech farther than was absolutely needful, nor one superfluous word in any human language. Charles Hepburn left the ship at Bombay. By his conduct he had secured the esteem and goodwill of the captain; and from this circumstance, and the proofs of his superior education and capacity, he obtained the superintendence of an indigo plantation, in the Upper Provinces, where he esteemed himself fortunate in having no European associates—no society whatever, save that of the simple natives. After remaining

here for two years he had money to transmit, and he ventured to write home; but these letters never reached his wife and his father. The money was never claimed. He now imagined himself strong enough to endure better the temptations of society; and he longed to be rich! Who had motives like his for gaining what an Indian would smile at as but a very paltry fortune! The speechless, melancholy man became the supercargo of a private ship trading between Madras and China. His associates—or those human beings about him, were now chiefly Lascars, for still he shunned European society. Again he had written home, but this time he sent no order for money. All he was worth was embarked in trade on his own account; and his intelligence and energy were agreeably manifested in the success of his speculations. At the end of his third voyage he hoped he was reformed! He was at least rich enough in his own estimation, for he had in his possession bills on London for £5000; and letters from Agnes and his father had waited him at Madras, beseeching him to come to them—only to come home!—to love—to happiness—to a share of the bread which, by God's blessing on frugal industry, had never yet failed them—which his industry must increase—his presence sweeten!—They had complied with all his proud wishes; never had his name been mentioned by them. It was enough that in their own hearts they knew that he lived and loved them.

About noon on an October Sunday, the Carlisle mail, rolling over the same moor, but at a vastly augmented rate of speed, set down a traveller, on the exact spot, where, ten years before, Charles Hepburn had left his *Greysteel*. The traveller was a handsome, grave-looking man, between thirty and forty, embrowned by the burning suns of a hot climate, and of the appearance, which, for want of a more accurate definition, is usually called military. He carried a very small portmanteau; and, as the coach drove off, proceeded on foot up the stony path, merely a bridle-way, which led winding into the hills from the wide open moor. Frequently he paused—looked round the country, or to his watch, and to the sun, which was still high. In one of these halts, he was overtaken by a young shepherd, with his dog, but in his Sunday clothes, for he was returning, as he told, from the Seceder meeting-house, which stood far off on the verge of the moor. In such circumstances, conversation was inevitable. An intelligent Scottish shepherd is not, by very many degrees, less curious than a Yankee farmer.

"An' ye have been in the Indies!—'Od it maun be a queer country the Indies. Was't the place where they have the breed o' sheep Robin Steele tells about, with tails sae braid that ilk ane maun have a whirlbarrow to carry the tail o't after it. Ye'll have seen Sir Pultney and young Craigdarroch, I reckon? Its a desperate place the Indies for making siller." The stranger said he had seen thegentlemen alluded to; and added, "And Robin Steele is alive still?"

"Howt ay.—Sae ye kenned Robin?—Alive! what should ail him:—a doure, steive auld deevil, who ran wi' the souplest o' us at the last games."

"And as great a Whig as ever?" said the stranger smiling.

"Worse," said the man, laughing to see Robin's character so well understood; "a clean Glasgow Radical—It might cost auld Fernylees his *tack*, if the Deuyke or the Factor were to hear the half o' Robin's nonsense—ay, and sense too, which they like far waur." The stranger held his hat before his face, while his companion eyed him keenly.

"And Robin is still at the Fernylees?"

"Ye may be sure o' that, and him in the body. How could the place do without Robin, or Robin without the place? All the three years the auld Maister lived in the village, Robin hung on about the farm; and so was there before him, to welcome him and his gude-dochter, when they went back."

"His whom?" inquired the stranger eagerly.

"His gude-dochter—that's what the English call his daughter-in-law:—ye'll no understand our Scotch tongue. And a *good* dochter has she been to him—English and stranger to our country though she be. Yea, in truth, what Ruth the Moabitess was to ancient Naomi, and—better to him than ten sons. Mrs. Charles is, to be sure, an angel upon the yearth—sent to make up to that worthy patriarch o' the Fernylees i' the end of his day for the crossing and cumber he has had with his family, and fight with world's gear—I'm jalousing ye have aynce kenned something o' the Fernylees folk?

The stranger bowed in acquiescence.

"Their tale is soon told. Old Fernylees gave up the farm to Mr. Gilbert, and brought home Charles's English wife and her child just after that good-hearted, hareum-scareum, ne'er-do-weel, ran off from her and his bairn to gude kens whither-and-beyont. Tibby Elliott (if ye kenned the lave, ye would ken Tibby, for she was ay the tongue o' the trump in the house of Fernylees) grudged at first a fremit woman, with a young wean, coming home to be a burden on the auld Maister's sma' means; but He who brings good out of ill, made the sight o' that young English lady even the greatest blessing ever fell on the auld Maister's grey head. With her white genty hands she wrought wi' her needle and her shears, late and early, for him and her bairn; keeping a bit school for the farmer's dochters here about: and wi' her kindness and her counsel she stayed and comforted him in all his afflictions. The hale country-side blessed her; and when, in the hinder-end of the ither year, the plea about her tocher, carried on by the great Mr. Dennistoun, the Liverpool merchant, out of his own pocket, for her behoof and her bairn's,—lose or win,—was fairly won, conscience! ye would have thought it was the auld Deuyke's birth-day come back, when rents were reasonable, and nae Radicals in the country-side. There was as good as five thousand pound o' it,—very convenient it came to buy back the stocking of the Fernylees, when Mr. Gilbert,

seeing every year growing worse than the last in this rack-rent country, would be off to Van Diemen's Land, before the Dyeuke had gotten his last plack. Robin Steele will no let on what the new rent is; but if mercats bide up, there's bread to be made out o' the Fernylees yet, he says, if there were younger e'en to look after it. Yet it is just wonderful how the auld Maister, in his blindness, goes about the knowes, led by his grandson; but he has kenned the braes all his days."

"My father! My father!" exclaimed the stranger, surprised and shocked by the information of his father's blindness; and the voluble young shepherd, considerably abashed, now knew in whose presence he stood. Where his now quiet companion's road struck off, Charles shook hands, and parted from him almost in silence.

Charles suffered the shades of night to fall deep before he found courage to leave the hazel copse and approach the house, and peer over the window-curtain into the little green-walled parlour, where, in the blaze of the turf-fire, sat all that was dearest to him, the faces that had haunted him, asleep or awake, in the jungle or at the desk! On one side of the fire, in his old place, sat his silver-haired blind father; on the opposite seat, his Agnes; and leaning on the old man's knee, with a book—yes, that was his boy! He was now prattling to the grandsire, who spoke and smiled to Agnes; and as she returned his speech and smile, he drew his hand caressingly over the child's head, as if complying with some fond request. Charles could stand no longer. He perceived his friend Tibby, unchanged in looks, dress, or bearing, spreading the cloth on the small table, from which she had just removed the Bible, probably after family-worship, and he drew into the shade of the porch as she passed him to go to the outer kitchen, and smiled internally, yet not without a slight pang, as he heard her say, "Na Robin, ye'll see we are just going to have anither spoiled bairn—the auld game o' the *young Chevalier* ower again. There's the auld Maister consenting that the little rogue shall sit up this night, to the SABBATH NIGHT'S SUPPER: but, to be sure, there's a reason for it; for the bairn repeated the fifth Command in the distinct way it would have done your heart good to hear. I maun make him a pancake."

In ten minutes afterwards, the boy spoken of, panting and rosy, came flying into the kitchen, crying, "Robin, Robin shepherd! there's a grand gentleman sitting under Judon's ash, just where my grandpa' says his prayers: come and see him." They went out hand in hand.

In three minutes Robin was back—his eyes staring, his hair rising. "As I'm a living sinner, Tibby Elliott, if Charles Hepburn be in the body, he is sitting under Judon's ash, and I have seen him!"

Tibby turned round, the frving-pan in her hand; and brandishing it about, burst into the most extraordinary screaming and eldritch laugh her old friend had ever heard, seen, or imagined. Nervous disorders and hysterics were rare at the Fernylees.

"I' the body! and what for should he no be i' the body! heich! heich! heich! Eh, Sirs!" and down dropt the frying-pan; and Tibby raised her hands, wept, and sobbed, in a manner yet more frightful and *eldritch*. "As ye are a living sinner! and are na ye a living sinner? I could prove it. And what for should not Charlie Hepburn come hame, and appear in the body to his ain bairn on the very spot where his godly father has wrestled—— heich! heich! heich! ——" and she went off into another fit of hideous and wild laughter.

Robin was now almost at his wit's end. It was clear Tibby had lost her senses, so there was no time to lose with her. He had read or heard that cold water was a specific in hysterics, or vapours, or some female ailment or other, and seizing a large cog, that stood full on the dresser, he dashed its whole contents about her, leaving her in the middle of the kitchen like a dissolving Niobe. When Robin went to *Judon's ash* no one was there! but through the same pane where Charles Hepburn had lately looked, he saw "the blithest sight had e'er been seen i' the Fernylees since the auld Maister's bridal." An instinctive feeling of delicacy, which nature often denies to the peer to plant in the bosom of the shepherd-swain, told Robin that this, however, was no sight for him, and he went back to his friend.

"Its just Charlie Hepburn, Tibby lass! come home at last, a wise man and a wealthy. Losh woman! ye canna be angered at me, a feal auld friend! for twa or three draps o' clean cauld water spilt between us, meant a' for your good? Let me help ye off with your dripping duds, and busk ye quick to welcome the Young Chevalier.

"If I've done ye offence I'll make ye amends."

"I freely forgie ye Robin," Tibby sobbed, "freely forgie ye,—ye meant weel. But this should be a SABBATH NIGHT'S SUPPER we ne'er saw the marrow o' in the Ha' House o' the Fernylees. And save us man! draw back the broche! Is this a time to scouther the single dyeuke, [duck meant this time, not Duke,] when I hae skailt in my joy the dear bairn's pan-cake. But ye are no caring dear, deed are ye no," cried the gracious Tibby, as the boy burst bounding upon them, and clasping Robin's knees, exclaimed, "That gentleman is my papa, I took him from Judon's ash, to my mamma. Did you see, him Robin?" he's a braw gentleman! I have looked at him all this time. Mamma cried, but my blind papa lifted his hands and said his prayers; and my other papa said to me "Run now my boy and call my trusty fere Robin Steele. Let me have all my father's friends about me."

The "trusty fere" kept the child for some time; and then they went together to summon Tibby's old *aid*, now a decent shepherd's wife, and mistress of a neighbonring bothie.

Seated by the thrice-blest Agnes at the head of his board, the dim eyes of the venerable old man seemed on this night, to beam with a heavenly lustre. "Nay Robin, nay Tibby, ye shall

sit by, and among us," he said; as the faithful old servants would on this night have withdrawn; "ye have shared days of sorrow wi' us, we will share our joy together. Sit ye down, dear friends, while we crave the Almighty's blessing on anither SABBATH NIGHT'S SUPPER.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS; FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER.

I WAS born in a situation the most favourable to happiness of any, perhaps, which can exist; of parents neither too high nor too low; not very rich, which is too likely to be a snare; not poor, which is oftentimes a greater. I might spend many pages, like the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, in telling over the bead-roll of all the advantages which belonged to my situation, or in making my separate acknowledgment to the several persons from whom I drew the means of improving these advantages, so far as I *did* improve them. And, in some instances, it would cost me a dissertation to prove that the accidents of my position in life, which I regard as advantages, really *were* such in a philosophic sense. Let the reader feel no alarm. Such a dissertation, and such a rehearsal, would be more painful to myself than they could be wearisome to him. For these things change their aspects according to the station from which they happen to be surveyed: in prospect they are simply great blessings to be enjoyed; in retrospect, great pledges to be redeemed. Viewed in front, they form a golden dowery of hope; viewed in the rear, a burthen of responsibility from which an apprehensive conscience will have reason too often to shrink in sadness.

My father was a plain and unpretending man, who began life with what is considered in England (or *was* considered) a small fortune, viz., six thousand pounds. I once heard a young banker in Liverpool, with the general assent of those who heard him, fix upon that identical sum of six thousand pounds as exemplifying, for the standard of English life, the absolute *ideal* of a dangerous inheritance; just too little, as he said, to promise comfort or *real* independence, and yet large enough to operate as a temptation to indolence. Six thousand pounds, therefore, he considered in the light of a snare to a young man, and almost as a malicious bequest. On the other hand, Ludlow, the regicide, who, as the son of an English baronet, and as ex-commander-in-chief of the Parliament cavalry, &c., knew well what belonged to elegant and luxurious life, records it as his opinion of an Englishman who had sheltered him from state blood-hounds, that in possessing an annual revenue of £100, he enjoyed all the solid comforts of this life,—neither himself rapacious of his neighbour's goods, nor rich enough in his own person to offer a mark to the rapacity of others. This was in 1660, when the expenses of living in England were not so widely removed, *æquatis æquandis*, from the common average of this day; both scales being far below that of the long war-period which followed the French Revolution.

What in one man, however, is wise moderation, may happen in another, differently circumstanced, to be positive injustice, or sordid inaptitude to aspire. At, or about, his 26th year, my father married; and it is probable that the pretensions of my mother, which were, in some respects, more elevated than his own, might concur with his own activity of mind to break the temptation, if for him any temptation had ever existed, to a life of obscure repose. This small fortune, in a country so expensive as England, did not promise to his wife the style of living to which she had been accustomed. Every man wishes for his wife what, on his own account, he might readily dispense with. Partly, therefore, with a view to what he would consider as her reasonable expectations, he entered into trade as an Irish and a West Indian merchant. But there is no doubt that, even apart from consideration for his wife, the general tone of feeling in English society, which stamps a kind of disreputableness on the avowed intention to *do nothing*, would, at any rate, have sent him into some mode of active life. In saying that he was a *West Indian* merchant, I must be careful to acquit his memory of any connexion with the slave trade, by which so many fortunes were made at that era in Liverpool, Glasgow, &c. Whatever may be thought of *slavery* itself as modified in the British colonies, or of the remedies attempted for that evil by modern statesmanship; of the kidnapping, murdering *slave-trade*,* there cannot be two opinions: and my father, though connected with the West Indian trade in all honourable branches, was so far from lending himself even by a *passive* concurrence to this most memorable abomination, that he was one of those conscientious protesters who, throughout England, for a long period after the first publication† of Clarkson's famous Essay,

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* The confusion of *slavery* with the *slave-trade*, at one time was universal. But nowadays it is supposed by many to be a superfluous care, if one is sedulous to mark the distinction in a pointed way. Yet it was but last year that, happening to converse with a very respectable and well-informed surgeon in the north, I found him assuming, as a matter of course, that *emancipation*, &c. had been the express and immediate object of Wilberforce, Clarkson, &c. in their long crusade: nor could I satisfy him that, however *ultimately* contemplating that result, they had even found it necessary to disown it as a present object.

† Writing where I have no books, like Salmasius, I make all my references to a forty years' course of reading, by memory. In *every* case except where I make a formal citation marked as such, this is to be understood. My chronology on this particular subject, is rather uncertain: Clarkson's Essay, (originally Latin) published, I think, in 1787, Anthony Benezet's book, Granville

and the evidence delivered before the House of Commons, strictly abstained from the use of sugar in his own family.

Meantime, as respected some paramount feelings of my after life, I drew from both parents, and the several aspects of their characters, great advantages. Each, in a different sense, was a high-toned moralist; and my mother had a separate advantage, as compared with persons of that rank, in high-bred and polished manners. Every man has his own standard of a *summum bonum*, as exemplified in the arrangements of life. For my own part, without troubling others as to my peculiar likings and dislikings, in points which illustrate nothing,—I shall acknowledge frankly, that in every scheme of social happiness I could ever frame, the spirit of *manners* entered largely as an indispensable element. The Italian ideal of their own language, as a spoken one, is expressed thus—*Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana:* there must be two elements—the Florentine choice of words, and the Florentine idiom, concurring with the Roman pronunciation. Parodying this, I would express my conception of a society (suppose a household) entirely well constituted, and fitted to yield the greatest amount of lasting pleasure, in these terms,—The morals of the middle classes of England, combined with the manners of the highest; or, more pointedly, by the morals of the gentry, with the manners of the nobility. Manners more noble, or more polished than the manners of the English nobility, I cannot imagine; nor, on the other hand, a morality which is built less upon the mere amiableness of quick sensibilities, or more entirely upon massy substructions of principle and conscience, than the morality of the British middle classes. Books, literature, institutions of police, facts innumerable, within my own experience, and open to all the world, can be brought to bear with a world of evidence upon this subject. I am aware of the anger which I shall rouse in many minds by both doctrines; but I am not disposed to concede any point of what to me appears the truth, either to general misanthropy and cynicism, to political prejudices, or to anti-national feeling. Such notices as have occurred to me on these subjects, within my personal experience, I shall bring forward as they happen to arise. Let them be met and opposed as they shall deserve. Morals are sturdy things, and not so much liable to erroneous valuation. But the fugitive, volatile, imponderable essences which concern the spirit of manners, are really not susceptible of any just or intelligible treatment by mere words and distinctions, unless, in so far as they are assisted and interpreted by continual illustrations from absolute experience. Meantime, the reader will not accuse me of an aristocratic feeling, now that he understands what it is that I admire in the aristocracy, and with what limitation. It is my infirmity, if the reader chooses so to consider it, that I cannot frame an ideal of society, happily constituted, without including, as a foremost element, and possibly in an undue balance, certain refinements in the spirit of manners, which, to many excellent people, hardly exist at all as objects of conscious regard. In the same spirit, but without acknowledging the least effeminacy, even in the excess to which I carry it, far better and more cheerfully I could dispense with some part of the downright necessaries of life, than with certain circumstances of elegance and propriety in the daily habits of using them.

With these feelings, and, if the reader chooses, these infirmities, I was placed in a singularly fortunate position. My father, as I have said, had no brilliant qualities: but the moral integrity which I have attributed to his class, was so peculiarly expressed in *him*, that in my early life, and for many years after his death, I occasionally met strangers who would say to me, almost in the same form of words, (so essential was their harmony as to the thing,)—"Sir, I knew your father: he was the most upright man I ever met with in my life." Nobody, that I remember, praised him under the notion of a clever man, or a man of talent. Yet that he was so in some subordinate sense, is probable, both from his success as a man of business, and more unequivocally in other ways. He wrote a book: and though not a book of much pretension in its subject, yet in those days to have written a book at all, was creditable to a man's activity of mind, and to his strength of character, in acting without a precedent. In the execution, this book was really respectable. As to the subject, it was a sketch of a tour in the midland counties of England, in one octavo volume. The plan upon which it was constructed, made it tolerably miscellaneous; for throughout the tour a double purpose was kept before the reader—viz. of attention to the Fine Arts, in a general account of the paintings and statues in the principal mansions lying near the line of his route; and secondly, of attention to the mechanic arts, as displayed in the canals, manufactories, &c. then rising everywhere into activity, and quickened into a hastier development, by Arkwright and the Peels, in one direction, and in another, by Brindley, the engineer, under the patronage of the Duke of Bridgewater. This Duke, by the way, was guided by an accident of life, concurring with his own disposition, and his gloomy sensibility to the wrong, or the indignity he had suffered, into those ascetic habits, which left his income disposable for canals, and for the patronizing of Brindley. He had been jilted: and in consequence he became a woman-hater—a misogynist—as bitter as Euripides. On seeing a woman approaching, he would "quarter," and zig-zag to any extent, rather than face her. Being, by this accident of his life, released from the expenses of a ducal establishment, he was the better able to create that immense wealth which afterwards yielded vast estates to the then Marquis of Stafford, to the Earl of Bridgewater, &c.

Sharpe's Trial of the Slave question in a court of justice—these were the openings: then came Wilberforce. Clarkson's second work, the Evidence before Parliament.

In its outline and conception, my father's book was exactly what is so much wanted at this time for the whole island, and was some years ago pointed out by the *Quarterly Review* as a *desideratum* not easily supplied—viz. a guide to the whole wealth of art, above ground and below, which, in this land of ours, every square mile, crowds upon the notice of strangers. In the style of its execution, and the alternate treatment of the mechanic arts and the fine arts, the work resembles the well-known tours of Arthur Young, which blended rural industry with picture galleries; excepting only, that in my father's I remember no politics, perhaps because it was written before the French Revolution. Partly, perhaps, it might be a cause, and partly an effect, of this attention paid by my father to the galleries of art in the aristocratic mansions; that throughout the principal rooms of his own house, there were scattered a small collection of paintings by old Italian masters. I mention this fact, not as a circumstance of exclusive elegance belonging to my father's establishment, but for the very opposite reason, as belonging very generally to my father's class. Many of them possessed collections much finer than his; and I remember that two of the few visits, on which, when a child, I was allowed to accompany my mother, were expressly to see a picture-gallery, belonging to a merchant, not much wealthier than my father. In reality, I cannot say anything more to the honour of this mercantile class than the fact, that being a wealthy class, and living with a free and liberal expenditure, they applied a very considerable proportion of this expenditure to intellectual pleasures—to pictures, very commonly, as I have mentioned—to liberal society—and, in a large measure, to books. Yet, whilst the whole body of the merchants in this place lived in a style which, for its mixed liberality and elegance, resembled that of Venetian merchants, there was very little about themselves or their establishments of *external* splendour, that is, in any features which met the public eye. According to the manners of their country, the internal economy of their establishments erred by too much profusion. They had too many servants; and those servants were maintained in a style of luxury and comfort, not often matched in the mansions of the nobility. Yet, on the other hand, none of these were kept for show or ostentation; and, accordingly, it was not very common to find servants in livery. The women had their fixed and appropriate duties; but the men acted in mixed capacities. Carriages were not very commonly kept; even where from one to two thousand a-year might be spent. There was in this town a good deal of society; somewhat better in an intellectual sense than such as is merely literary; for that is, of all society, the feeblest. From the clergymen, the medical body, and the merchants, was supported a Philosophical Society, who regularly published their transactions. And some of the members were of a rank in science to correspond with D'Alembert, and others of the leading Parisian wits and literati. Yet so little even here did mere outside splendour and imposing names avail against the palpable evidence of things—against mother-wit and natural robustness of intellect, that the particular physician who chiefly corresponded with the Encyclopedists, spite of his Buffon, his Diderot, his D'Alembert, by whom, in fact, he swore, and whose frothy letters he kept like amulets in his pocket-book, ranked in general esteem as no better than one of the sons of the feeble; and the treason went so far as sometimes to comprehend his correspondents—the great men of the Academy—in the same derogatory estimate; and, in reality, their printed letters are evidences enough that no great wrong was done them—being generally vapid, and as much inferior to Gray's letters, recently made popular by Mason's life throughout England, as these again are, in spirit, and *naïveté*—not to Cowper's only, but to many an unknown woman's in every night of the year—little thought of perhaps by her correspondent, and destined pretty certainly to oblivion. One word only I shall add, descriptive of my father's library; because in describing his, I describe those of all his class. It was very extensive; comprehending the whole general literature both of England and Scotland for the preceding generation. It was impossible to name a book in the classes of history, biography, voyages and travels, belles lettres, or popular divinity, which was wanting. And to these was added a pretty complete body of local tours, (such as Pennant's,) and topography; many of which last, being illustrated extensively with plates, were fixed for ever in the recollections of children. But one thing was noticeable,—all the books were English. There was no affectation either in my father or mother, of decorating their tables with foreign books, not better than thousands of corresponding books in their mother idiom; or of painfully spelling out the contents, obscurely and doubtfully, as must always happen when people have not a familiar *oral* acquaintance with the whole force and value of a language. How often, upon the table of a modern *litterateur*, languid, perhaps, and dyspeptic, so as to be in no condition for enjoying anything, do we see books lying in six or eight different languages, not one of which he has mastered in a degree putting him really and unaffectedly in possession of its idiomatic wealth, or really, and seriously, in a condition to seek his unaffected pleasures in that language. Besides, what reason has any man looking only for *enjoyment*, to import exotic luxuries, until he has a little exhausted those which are native to the soil? Are Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better indeed than all the waters of Israel? True it is, there are different reasons for learning a language; and with some I have here nothing to do. But where the luxuries of literature are the things sought, I can understand why a Dane should learn English; because his native literature is not wide, nor very original; and the best modern writers of his country, have a trick of writing in German, with a view to a larger au-

dience. Even a Spaniard, or a Portuguese, might, with much good sense, acquire at some pains the English or the German; because his own literature, with a few splendid jewels, is not *mounted* in all departments equally well. But is it for those who have fed on the gifts of Ceres, to discard them for acorns? This is to reverse the old mythological history of human progress. Now, for example, one of the richest departments in English literature, happens to be its drama, from the reign of Elizabeth, to the Parliamentary war: Such another exhibition of human life under a most picturesque form of manners and a stage of society so rich in original portraiture, and in strength of character, has not existed elsewhere, nor is ever likely to revolve upon ourselves. The tragic drama of Greece, is the only section of literature having a corresponding interest or value. Well; few readers are now much acquainted with this section of literature; even the powerful sketches of Beaumont and Fletcher, who, in their comic delineations, approach to Shakspeare, lie covered with dust; and yet, whilst these things are, some twenty years ago, we all saw the arid sterilities of Alfieri, promoted to a place in every young lady's boudoir. It is true, that in this particular instance, the undue honour paid to this lifeless painter of life, and this undramatic dramatist, was owing to the accident of his memoirs having been just then published; and true also it is, that the insipid dramas, unable to sustain themselves, have long since sunk back into oblivion. But other writers, not better, are still succeeding; as must ever be the case, with readers not sufficiently masters of a language, to bring the true pretensions of a work to any test of *feeling*, and who are for ever mistaking for some pleasure conferred by the writer, what is in fact the pleasure* naturally attached to the sense of a difficulty overcome.

Not only were there in my father's library, no books except English; but even amongst those there were none connected with the Black Letter literature; none in fact, of any kind which presupposed study and labour, for their enjoyment. It was a poor library, on this account, for a scholar or a man of research. Its use and purpose was mere enjoyment, instant amusement, without effort or affectation; but still liberal and intellectual. Living in the country, as most of his order did, my father could not look to a theatre for his evening pleasures—or to any public resort. To a theatre he went only when he took his family; and that might be once in five years. Books, gardens on a large scale, and a greenhouse, were the means generally relied on for daily pleasure. The last, in particular, was so commonly attached to a house, that it formed a principal room in the country-house, with the modest name of *The Farm*, in which I passed my infancy; it was *the* principal room, as to dimensions, in a spacious house which my father built for himself; and was not wanting, on some scale or other, in any one house of those which I most visited when a school-boy. I may finish my portrait of my father and his class, by saying, that Cowper was the poet whom they generally most valued; that Dr. Johnson, who had only just ceased to be a living author, was looked up to with considerable reverence and interest, upon various mixed feelings; partly for his courage, for his sturdy and uncomplying morality, according to *his* views, for his general love of truth; and (as usual) for his diction, amongst all who loved the stately, the processional, the artificial, and even the inflated,—with the usual dissent, on the part of all who were more open to the natural graces of mother English, and idiomatic liveliness. Finally, I may add, that there was too little music in those houses in those days; and that the reverence paid to learning, to scholastic erudition, I mean, was disproportionate and excessive. Not having had the advantages of a college education themselves, my father and his class looked up with too much admiration to those who had; ascribing to them, with a natural modesty, a superiority greatly beyond the fact; and, not allowing themselves to see, that business, and the practice of life, had given to themselves countervailing advantages; nor discerning, that too often the scholar had become dull and comatose over his books; whilst the activity of trade, and the strife of practical business, had sharpened their own judgments, set an edge upon their understandings, and increased the mobility of their general powers. As to the general esteem for Cowper, that was inevitable: his picture of an English rural fire-side, with its long winter evening, the sofa wheeled round to the fire, the massy draperies depending from the windows, the tea-table with its "bubbling and loud hissing urn," the newspaper and the long debate,—Pitt and Fox ruling the senate, and Erskine the bar,—all this held up a mere mirror to that particular period, and their own particular houses; whilst the character of his rural scenery, was exactly the same in Cowper's experience of England, as in their own. So that, in all these features, they recognised their countryman and their contemporary, who saw things from the same station as themselves; whilst his moral denunciations upon all great public questions then afloat, were cast in the very same mould of conscientious principle as their own. In saying *that*, I mean upon all questions where the moral bearings of the case, (as in the slave-trade, *lettres de cachet*, &c.) were open to no doubt. They all agreed in being very solicitous, in a point which evidently gives no concern at all to a Frenchman, viz., that in her public and foreign acts, their country should be in the right. In other respects, upon politics, there were great differences of opinion, especially throughout the American war, until the French revolution began to change its first features of promise. After *that*, a great monotony of opinion prevailed for many years amongst all of that class.

To pass from my father's house to myself, liv-

* There can be no doubt that this particular mistake has been a chief cause of the vastly exaggerated appreciation of much that is mediocre in Greek literature.

ing in the country, I was naturally first laid hold of by rural appearances or incidents. The very earliest feelings that I recall of a powerful character, were connected with some clusters of crocuses in the garden. Next, I felt the passion of grief, in a profound degree, for the death of a beautiful bird, a king-fisher, which had been taken up in the garden with a fractured wing. This occurred before I was two years of age. Next, I felt no grief at all, but awe the most enduring, and a dawning sense of the infinite, which brooded over me, more or less, after that time, upon the death of a sister, who must have been one year older than myself; I that is to say, a few months more than two, she than three. At this time I was afflicted with ague, and suffered under it for two consecutive years. Arsenic was then never administered. The remedy chiefly employed with me was riding on horseback. I was placed before a man on a horse, whose white colour and great size I still remember. But of all early remembrances, in distinctness none rivals one connected with an illumination which took place on the King's recovery from his first attack of lunacy. At the date of that illumination I must have been two and a half years old. It marks the general exultation of the people in that event, that my father, living in the country, should have illuminated his house at all; for, of course, there was nobody to see it. Next, in the order of my remembrances, comes the death of another sister, which affected me equally with grief and awe; so that, after this time, if not before, the standing scenery of my thoughts was drawn from objects vast and dim—the grave, and the my-teries which lie beyond it. [My sister had died of hydrocephalus. It is well known that this complaint (which is now treated in its early stages much more successfully than at that time) disposes the intellect to a premature development. Accordingly, my sister was noticed as a prodigy; but her superiority did not, as usual, lie in vivacity and quickness; the effect showed itself in an extraordinary expansion of the understanding; her grasp of intellect was large and comprehensive, in a degree which astonished people in a child of eight years old; otherwise she had the usual slowness of a melancholic child. Her head, it was determined, should be opened: this was done by a surgeon of some celebrity, Mr. Charles White, once a pupil of John Hunter's, who made innumerable measurements of skulls, especially African, and wrote a large book to prove that the human being was connected by a regular series of links with the brute; *i. e.* that the transition from the African skull to that of the ape, in some species or other, was not more abrupt than from the European to the African. Mr White, after the operation, declared often that the child's brain was "the most beautiful" he had ever seen.] After her death, an habitual gravity (melancholy I cannot call it) and sense of some awful but indefinite presence fell over me; and this I never lost. Had I been a sickly child, it would have produced gloom. As it was, being tolerably healthy, I was generally happy; and the effect of my everlasting commerce with the subjects of death and the grave, showed itself simply in this, that I never played,—and that my mind was peopled with solemn imagery. In saying that I never played, I must make two reservations: with gunpowder, as a thing that seemed to me incapable of being stripped of its serious character, I had the common boyish pleasure; and where it was unavoidable to play at something, gunpowder was always my resource, since *that* was interesting to all alike. I also invented a sport called *Troja*, as late as my 13th year. Else, and with these two exceptions, I may truly say that I never played in my life. In general, the inference from such a fact would be, that a boy must be suffering in health who could so remarkably contradict the evident purposes of nature. But with me the case arose naturally enough out of my own solitariness, and the position I occupied in my own family. Living always in the country, I had no companion but an elder brother; and he, being five years older, at a time of life when five years was a great matter in either life, naturally enough disdained me. I again, on the same principle, neglected my next brother. Thus I was left to myself: no creature had I to converse with, (generally speaking,) unless I could, on Lord Shaftsbury's plan, and in his phrase, become a "self-dialogist:" and a self-dialogist I *did* become; perhaps the earliest that has existed. Subjects enough I had for solitary musing in the great thoughts which had been awakened within me, by the reiteration and measured succession of deaths in the family. The ancients believed in a fascination called nympholepsy. It was that species of demoniac enthusiasm or possession incident to one who had accidentally seen the nymphs. I, in some sense, was a nympholept: I had caught too early and too profound a glimpse of certain dread realities. Solitude, which I sought by choice, might be said to seek me by necessity; for companions I had none of my own age; I was not allowed ever to go near the servants. And books, which I soon passionately loved, aided all these tendencies. They were ratified by what followed, with respect to my father's last illness and death.

It was during my infancy, that a house and suitable grounds, &c., were commenced by my father on a scale rather suited to the fortune which, by all accounts, he was rapidly approaching, than that which he actually possessed. This house, elegant but plain, and having nothing remarkable about it but the doors and windows of the superior rooms, which were made of mahogany, sent as a present from a foreign correspondent, was brought into a habitable state about my fifth year. Thither we removed: and the earliest event, I connect with it, was —standing with others on a summer evening listening for the sound of wheels. My mother had been summoned by an express to meet my father, who had broken a blood vessel. "What did that mean?" It meant that a person was very ill and feeble. "And would he die?" Perhaps he would; most people in cold

climates did. The next incident I remember, was many months afterwards; my father had, in the interval, made extensive tours to warmer climates;—he had visited Lisbon, next the Madeiras; and finally St. Kitt's, all to no purpose. He was now returning home to die. For some weeks I remember being about him as he lay on a sofa surrounded with West India productions displayed for my amusement. I was aware by something peculiar in the look and aspect of the house, a depression visible on all faces, and a quiet tread, that some speedy catastrophe was approaching: and at length one morning I saw signs which sufficiently indicated that it was then at hand. Dead silence reigned in the house: whispers only audible; and I saw all the women of the family weeping. Soon after, all of us, being then four, able to understand such a scene, were carried into the bed-room in which my father was at that moment dying. Whether he had asked for us, I know not: if so, his senses had left him before we came. He was delirious, and talked at intervals—always on the same subject. He was ascending a mountain, and he had met with some great obstacle, which to him was insurmountable without help. This he called for from various people, naming them, and complaining of their desertion. The person who had gathered us together, raised my father's hand and laid it upon my head. We left the room; and in less than two minutes we heard it announced that all was over.

My father's death made little or no change in the household economy, except that my mother ever afterwards kept a carriage; which my father, in effect, exacted upon his death-bed.

My father's death occurred in 1792. His funeral, at which I and my elder brother were chief mourners, was the first I had attended. Then first it was that the solemn farewell of the English burial-service, 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and the great eloquence of St. Paul in that matchless chapter of his epistle to the Corinthians, fell upon my ear; and, concurring with my whole previous feelings, for ever fixed that vast subject upon my mind.

I was then nearly seven years old. In the next four years, during which we continued to live at the same house, nothing remarkable occurred, except the visit of a most eccentric young woman, who, about ten years afterwards, made a great noise in the world, and drew the eyes of all England upon herself, by her unprincipled conduct in an affair affecting the life of two young Scottish gentlemen. At this time she was about twenty-two, with a Grecian contour of face, elegant in person, and highly accomplished. In particular, she astonished every person by her performances on the organ, and by her powers of disputation. But these she applied entirely to attacks upon Christianity; for she openly professed infidelity; and at my mother's table, she certainly proved more than a match for all the clergymen of the neighbouring town, some of whom (as the most intellectual persons of that neighbourhood) were daily invited to meet her. It was a mere accident which had introduced her to my mother's house. Happening to hear from my sister's governess that she and her pupil were going on a visit to an old Catholic family in the county of Durham, (the family of Mr. Swinburne, the traveller in Spain, &c.) she, whose Catholic education, in a French convent, had introduced her extensively to the knowledge of Catholic families in England, and who had herself an invitation to the same place, upon that wrote to offer the use of her carriage to convey all three to Mr. Swinburne's. This naturally drew forth an invitation from my mother, and she came. She must certainly, by what I saw of her ten years after, at the Oxford assizes, have been at this time a most striking creature; and her eloquence was astonishing. Even at that early age, she was already parted from her husband. On the imperial of her carriage, and elsewhere, she described herself as the *Hon.* Antonina Dashwood L——. But, in fact, as only the illegitimate daughter of Lord le D——, she was not entitled to that designation. She had, however, received a large fortune from her father, not less than forty thousand pounds. At a very early age, she had married a young Oxonian, distinguished for nothing but a very handsome person: and from him she had speedily separated, on the agreement of dividing the fortune. My mother, agitated between the necessities of hospitality, on the one hand, and her horror, on the other hand, to meet a woman, for the first time in her life, openly professing infidelity, at length fell ill; and this hastened Mrs. L.'s departure; not, however, before I, a child of eight years old, had seen things which nobody else suspected. She admitted me to her bed-room; and more than once her footman, "a man of figure," according to the London term for such persons, upon frivolous pretexts, came to her dressing-room, which adjoined; more than once also I saw him snatch her hand, and kiss it—whilst she, on her part, blushed, and looked round in alarm. What this meant, I had not the least guess; but having always been accustomed to see my mother keep her servants at a distance the most awful, I judged that it must be wrong, and I mentioned it to nobody. Afterwards, however, when the Oxford affair came on, I recollected the incident, and all became plain. Yet, when that also had passed over, and was forgotten, the lady published a book containing her views upon government; which, from many quarters, I heard of as no common performance. But, at that early period in 1794, her talents, her beauty of face and figure, her fine execution on the organ, her scenical skill in sustaining through a short scene some grand dramatic character, like that of Lady Macbeth, her powers of disputation, and, finally, her application of them to so unfeminine a purpose as that of undisguised assaults upon Christianity, combined to leave an impression, as of some great enchantress or Medea, upon all who had been admitted to witness her displays.

Perhaps I may as well, at this point, anticipate the sequel of her history. In 1804, at the Lent

Assizes for the county of Oxford, she appeared as principal witness against two brothers, L–ck–t G–d–n, and L–d–n G–d–n, on a capital charge of having forcibly carried her off from her own house in London, and afterwards of having, at some place in Oxfordshire, by collusion with each other and by terror, enabled one of the brothers to offer the last violence to her person. The accounts published at the time by the newspapers of the whole transaction, were of a nature to conciliate the public sympathy altogether to the prisoners; and the general belief accorded with what was, no doubt, the truth—that the lady had been d iven into a false accusation by the urgent remonstrances of her friends, joined, in this instance, by her husband, although legally separated from her, all of whom were willing to believe that advantage had been taken of her little acquaintance with English manners. I was present at the trial; it began at eight o'clock in the morning, and went on, for some hours, occupied with preparatory evidence. At length Mrs. L. herself was summoned, and, with no little anxiety, I awaited the entrance of my early friend. Her beauty was yet visible, though affected greatly by the humiliating circumstances of her situation, and (as one would willingly hope) by the conflicts of her own conscience. However, she was not long exposed to the searching gaze of the court, and the trying embarrassments of her situation. A single question brought the whole investigation to an abrupt close. Mrs. L. had been sworn, of course. After a few questions, she was suddenly asked whether she believed in the Christian religion? Her answer was brief and peremptory, without distinction or circumlocution—*No.* Or, perhaps, not in God? Again she replied, *sans phrase, No.* Upon this the Judge interfered, and declared that he could not permit the trial to proceed. The jury had heard what the witness said; she only could give evidence upon the capital part of the charge; and she had openly incapacitated herself before the whole court. The jury instantly acquitted the prisoners. I left my name at Mrs. L.'s lodgings in the course of the day, but her servant assured me that she was too much agitated to see anybody till the evening. At the hour assigned I called again. It was dusk, and a mob had assembled. At the moment I came up to the door, a lady was issuing, muffled up, and in some measure disguised. It was Mrs. L. At the corner of an adjacent street a post-chaise was drawn up. Towards this, under the protection of the attorney who had managed her case, she made her way as eagerly as possible. Before she could reach it, however, she was detected; a savage howl was raised, and a rush made to seize her. Fortunately a body of gownsmen delivered her, put her rapidly into the carriage, and then joining the mob in their hootings, sent off the horses at a gallop. Such was the mode of her exit from Oxford. The accused gentlemen, one of whom has since published interesting memoirs, had been students in Oxford, and had many friends in that place.

Four years after my father's death, it began to be perceived that there was no purpose to be answered in any longer keeping up an expensive establishment. A head-gardener, besides labourers equal perhaps to two more, were required for the grounds and gardens. And no motive existed any longer for being near a great trading town, so long after the commercial connexion with it had ceased. Bath seemed, on all accounts, the natural station for a person in my mother's situation; and, thither, accordingly she went. I, who from the year 1793, had been placed under the tuition of one of my guardians, remained some months longer under his care. I was then transferred to Bath. During this interval, however, the sale of the house and grounds took place. It may illustrate the subject of *guardianship*, and the ordinary execution of its duties, to mention the result. The year 1796 was in itself a year of great depression, and every way unfavourable to such a transaction. However the sale was settled. The night, for which it was fixed, turned out remarkably wet; no attempt was made to postpone the sale, and it proceeded. Originally the house and grounds had cost nearly L.6000. I have heard that only one offer was made, viz. of L.2500. Be that as it may, for the sum of L.2500 it was sold; and I have been often assured that by waiting a few years, four times that sum might have been obtained with ease. Meantime my guardians were all men of honour and integrity; but their hands were filled with their own affairs. One (my tutor) was a clergyman, rector of a church, and having his parish, his large family, and three pupils to attend. He was besides a very sedentary and indolent man, loving books—hating business. Another was a merchant. A third was a country magistrate, overladen with official business: him I never so much as saw. Finally, the fourth was a banker in a distant county; having more knowledge of the world than all the rest united, but too remote to interfere effectually.

Reflecting upon the evils which befel me, and the gross mismanagement, under my guardians, of my small fortune, and that of my brothers and sisters, it has often occurred to me that so important an office, which from the time of Demosthenes, has been ruinously administered, ought to be put upon a new footing, plainly guarded by a few obvious provisions. As under the Roman laws, for a long period, the guardian should be made responsible in law, and should give security from the first for the due performance of his duties. But, to give him a motive for doing this, of course he must be paid. With the new obligations and liabilities will commence commensurate emoluments. This is merely the outline: to fill up the whole scheme of the office and its functions would be a matter of time and skill. But some great change is imperatively called for: no duty in the whole compass of human life being so scandalously neglected as this.

At Bath, I, and one of my younger brothers, were placed at the grammar school, at the head of which was an Etonian.' The most interesting

occurrence during my stay at this school was the sudden escape of Sir Sidney Smith from the prison of the Temple in Paris. The mode of his escape was as striking as its time was critical and providential. Having accidentally thrown a ball over the wall in playing at tennis, or some such game, Sir Sidney was surprised to observe that the ball thrown back was not the same. His presence of mind fortunately suggested the true interpretation. He retired, examined the ball, found it stuffed with letters; and, in the same way, he subsequently conducted a long correspondence, and arranged the whole circumstances of his escape; which, remarkably enough, was accomplished just eight days before the sailing of Napoleon with the Egyptian expedition; so that Sir Sidney was just in time to confront, and utterly to defeat Napoleon in the breach of Acre. But for Sir Sidney, it is certain that Bonaparte would have overrun Syria. What would have followed from that event, it is difficult to say.

Sir Sidney Smith, I must explain to readers of this generation, and Sir Edward Pellew, (afterwards Lord Exmouth,) were the two* Paladins of the first war with revolutionary France. These two names were never mentioned but in connexion with some splendid and unequal contest. Hence the whole nation was saddened by the account of Sir Sidney's capture; and this must be understood to make the joy of his sudden return perfectly intelligible. Not even a rumour of Sir Sidney's escape, had or could have run before him; for, his mother being at Bath, he had set off at the moment of reaching the coast of England with post horses to Bath. It was about dusk when he arrived: the postillions were directed to the square in which his mother lived: in a few minutes he was in his mother's arms, and in twenty minutes more the news had flown to the remotest suburb of the city. The agitation of Bath on this occasion was indescribable. All the troops of the line then quartered in that city, and a whole regiment of volunteers, immediately got under arms, and marched to the quarter in which Sir Sidney lived. The small square overflowed with the soldiery: Sir Sidney went out, and was immediately lost to us, who were watching for him, in the closing ranks of the troops. Next morning, however, I, my younger brother, and a schoolfellow of my own age, called formally upon the naval hero. Why, I know not, we were admitted without question or demur; and I may record it as an amiable trait in Sir Sydney, that he received us then with great kindness, and subsequently expressed his interest in *all* the members of that school to which he had himself once belonged. He was at that time slender and thin; having an appearance of extenuation and emaciation, as though he had suffered hardships, and ill-treatment, which, however, I do not remember to have heard. Meantime, his appearance, connected with his recent history, made him a very interesting person to women. To this hour it remains a mystery with me, why and how it came about, that in every distribution of honours, Sir Sidney Smith was overlooked. In the Mediterranean he made many enemies; especially amongst those of his own profession; who used to speak of him as far too fine a gentleman, and above his calling. Certain it is, that he liked better to be doing business on shore, as at Acre. But however that may have been, surely the man whose name Napoleon could never pronounce without vexation, must have done good service. And, at that time, his connexion, of whatsoever nature, with the late Queen Caroline, had not occurred. And altogether, to me, his case is inexplicable. About this time I first saw a person, whom afterwards I came to know—one who interested me much more, and was indeed as interesting and extraordinary a man as any in my time—I mean the celebrated Walking Stewart.

From the Bath grammar school I was removed, in consequence of an accident, by which at first it was supposed that my skull had been fractured: and the able surgeon, Mr. Grant, who attended me, at one time talked of trepanning. This was an awful word: but I have always doubted whether in reality anything very serious had happened. In fact I was always under a nervous panic for my head; and certainly exaggerated my internal feelings without meaning to do so; and this misled the medical attendants. During a long illness which succeeded, my mother read to me, in Hoole's translation, the whole of the Orlando Furioso: and from my own experience at that time I am disposed to think that the homeliness of this version is an advantage from not calling off the attention at all from the narration to the narrator. At this time also I first read the Paradise Lost; but oddly enough in the edition of Bentley, that great παραδιορθωτης (or pseudo-restorator of the text). At the close of my illness the head-master called upon my mother, as did a certain Colonel B. who had sons at the school, requesting, with many compliments to myself, that I might be suffered to remain. But it illustrates my mother's sincere moral severity, that she was shocked at my hearing compliments to my own merits, and was altogether disturbed at what doubtless these gentlemen expected to see received with maternal pride. She declined to let me continue at the Bath school; and I went to another, in the county of Wilts, of which the recommendation lay in the religious character of the master.

Here I had staid about a year, or not much more, when I received a letter from a young nobleman of my own age, Lord W. the son of an Irish Earl, inviting me to accompany him to Ireland for the ensuing summer and autumn. This invitation was repeated by his tutor; and my mother after some consideration allowed me to accept it.

In the spring of 1800 accordingly, I went up to Eton, for the purpose of joining my friend

* Sir Horatio Nelson being already an Admiral, was no longer looked to for insulated exploits of brilliant adventure: his name was now connected with larger and combined attacks, less dashing and adventurous, because including heavier responsibilities.

Here I several times visited the gardens of the Queen's villa at Frogmore; and, privileged by my young friend's introduction, I had opportunities of seeing and hearing the Queen and all the Princesses; which at that time was a novelty in my life, naturally a good deal prized. My friend's mother had been, before her marriage, Lady Louisa H., and intimately known to the Royal Family, who, on her account, took a continual and especial notice of her son.

On one of these occasions I had the honour of a brief interview with the King. Madame de Campan mentions, as an amusing incident in her early life, though terrific at the time, and overwhelming to her sense of shame, that not long after her establishment at Versailles, in the service of some one amongst the daughters of Louis XV.—having as yet never seen the King, she was one day suddenly introduced to his particular notice, under the following circumstances:—The time was morning; the young lady was not fifteen; her spirits were as the spirits of a fawn in May; her *tour* of duty for the day was not come, or was gone; and, finding herself alone in a spacious room, what more reasonable thing could she do than amuse herself with whirling round, according to that fashion known to young ladies both in France and England, and which, in both countries, is called *making cheeses*, viz., pirouetting until the petticoat is inflated like a balloon, and then sinking into a curtsy. Mademoiselle was very solemnly rising from one of these curtsies, in the centre of her collapsing petticoats, when a slight noise alarmed her. Jealous of intruding eyes, yet not dreading more than a servant at worst, she turned; and, oh heavens! whom should she behold but his most Christian Majesty advancing upon her, with a brilliant suite of gentlemen, young and old, equipped for the chase, who had been all silent spectators of her performances. From the King to the last of the train, all bowed to her, and all laughed without restraint as they passed the abashed amateur of cheese-making. But she, to speak Homerically, wished in that hour that the earth might gape and cover her confusion. Lord W. and I were about the age of Mademoiselle, and not much more decorously engaged, when a turn brought us full in view of a royal party coming along one of the walks at Frogmore. We were, in fact, theorizing and practically commenting on the art of throwing stones. Boys have a peculiar contempt for female attempts in that way. Besides that girls fling wide of the mark, with a certainty, that might have won the applause of Galerius,* there is a peculiar sling and rotatory motion of the arm in launching a stone, which no girl ever *can* attain. From ancient practice I was somewhat of a proficient in this art, and was discussing the philosophy of female failures, illustrating my doctrines with pebbles, as the case happened to demand; whilst Lord W. was practising on the peculiar whirl of the wrist with a shilling; when suddenly he turned the head of the coin towards me with a significant glance, and in a low voice he muttered some words of which I caught "*Grace of God*," "*France*† *and Ireland*,"

* "Sir," said that Emperor to a soldier, who had missed the target fifteen times in succession, "allow me to offer my congratulations on the truly admirable skill you have shown in keeping clear of the mark. *Not* to have hit once in so many trials argues the most splendid talents for missing."

† *France* was at that time among the royal titles, the act for altering the King's style and title not having then passed. As connected with this subject, I may here mention a project, (reported to have been canvassed in Council at the time when that alteration *did* take place,) for changing the title from King to Emperor. What then occurred strikingly illustrates the general character of the British policy as to all external demonstrations of pomp and national pretension, and its strong opposition to that of France under corresponding circumstances. The principle of *esse quam videri*, and the carelessness about names when the thing is unaffected, generally speaking, must command praise and respect. Yet, considering how often the reputation of power becomes for international purposes, nothing less than power itself, and that words, in many relations of human life, are emphatically things, and sometimes are so to the exclusion of the most absolute things themselves, men of all qualities being often governed by names; the policy of France seems the wiser, viz. *se faire valoir*, even at the price of ostentation. But, at all events, no man is entitled to exercise that extreme candour, forbearance, and spirit of ready concession *in re aliena*, and, above all, *in re politicâ*, which, on his own account, might be altogether honourable. On a public (or at least on a foreign) relation, it is the duty of a good citizen to be lofty, exacting, almost insolent. And, on this principle, when the ancient style of the kingdom fell under revision, if—as I do not deny—it was advisable to retrench all obsolete pretensions as so many memorials of a greatness that was now extinct, and therefore, *pro tanto*, rather presumptions of weakness than of strength; yet, on the other hand, all countervailing pretensions which had since arisen, and had far more than equiponderated the declension in that one direction, should have been then adopted into the titular heraldry of the nation. It was neither wise nor just to insult foreign nations with assumptions which no longer stood upon any basis of reality. And on that ground *France* was rightly omitted. But why, when the Crown was thus remoulded, and its jewellery unset, if this one pearl were to be restored as a stolen ornament, why, we may ask, were not the many and gorgeous jewels, achieved by the national wisdom and power in later times, adopted into the recomposed tiara? Upon what principle did the Romans, the wisest among the children of the world, leave so many inscriptions as records of their power or their triumphs, upon columns, arches, temples, *basilicæ*, or medals? A national act, a solemn and deliberate act, delivered to history, is a more imperishable monument than any made by hands: and the title, as revised, which ought to have expressed a change in the dominion simply as to the mode and form of its expansion, now remains as a confession of absolute contraction: once we had A, B, and C; now we have dwindled into A and B.

On this argument, it was urged at the time in high quarters, that the new recast of the Crown and Sceptre should come out of the furnace *equably* improved; as much for what they were authorized to claim, as for what they were compelled to disclaim. And, as one mode of effecting this, it was proposed that the King should become an Emperor. Some indeed alleged, that an Emperor, by its very idea, as received in the chancery of Europe, implies a King paramount over vassal or tributary Kings. But it is a sufficient answer to say, that an Emperor is a prince, uniting in his own person the thrones of several distinct kingdoms: and in effect we adopt that view of the case in giving the title of Imperial to the Parliament, or common assembly of the three kingdoms. However, the title of the

"*Defender of the Faith*," and so forth. This solemn recitation of the legend of the coin was meant as a joke by way of discomposing my gravity at the moment of meeting the King; Lord W. having himself lost somewhat of the awe natural to a young person in a first situation of this nature, through his frequent admissions to the royal presence. For my part I was as yet a stranger to the King's person. I had, indeed, seen most or all of the princesses in the way I have mentioned above; and on several occasions, in the streets of Windsor, the sudden disappearance of all hats from the heads of the passengers, had admonished me that some royal personage or other was then traversing or crossing the street; but either his Majesty had never been of the party, or I had failed to distinguish him. Now, for the first time, I was meeting him nearly face to face; for, though the walk we occupied was not that in which the royal party were moving, it ran so near it, and was connected by so many cross walks at short intervals, that it was a matter of necessity for us, as we were now observed, to go and present ourselves. What passed was naturally very unimportant; and I know not that it would have

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prince was a matter trivial in comparison of the title of his *ditio*, or extent of jurisdiction. This point admits of a striking illustration: in the Paradise Regained, Milton has given us, in close succession, three matchless pictures of civil grandeur, as exemplified in three different modes by three different states. Availing himself of the brief Scriptural notice,—"And the devil showed him all the kingdoms of the earth,"—he causes to pass, as in a solemn pageant before us, the two military empires then co-existing, of Parthia and Rome, and, finally, (under another idea of political greatness,) the intellectual glories of Athens. From the picture of the Roman grandeur we extract, and beg the reader to weigh the following lines:—

"Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth or entering in;
Prætors, proconsuls, to their provinces
Hasting, or on return in robes of state;
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power;
Legions or cohorts, turms of horse and wings;
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on the Emilian; some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle: and, more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor Sea;
From India and the Golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle, Taprobane,
— Dark faces with white silken turbans wreath'd;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British, west,
Germans and Scythians and Sarmatians, north,
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool."

With this superb picture, or abstraction of the Roman pomps and power, when ascending to their utmost altitude, confront the following representative sketch of a great English levee on some high solemnity, suppose the King's birthday:—"Amongst the presentations to his majesty, we noticed Lord O. S., the Governor-General of India, on his departure for Bengal; Mr. U. Z. with an Address from the Upper and Lower Canadas; Sir L. V. on his appointment as Commander of the Forces in Nova Scotia; General Sir —— on his return from the Burmese war ['*the Golden Chersonese*;'] the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean fleet; Mr. B. Z., on his appointment to the Chief-Justiceship at Madras; Sir R. G., the late Attorney-General at the Cape of Good Hope; General Y. X. on taking leave for the Governorship of Ceylon ['*The utmost Indian isle, Taprobane*;] Lord F. M. the bearer of the last despatches from head-quarters in Spain; Col. P. on going out as Captain-General of the forces in New Holland; Commodore St. L. on his return from a voyage of discovery towards the North Pole; the King of Owhyhee, attended by Chieftains from the other islands of that cluster; Col. M'P. on his return from the war in Ashantee, upon which occasion the gallant Colonel presented the treaty and tribute from that country; Admiral ——, on his appointment to the Baltic fleet; Captain O. N. with despatches from the Red Sea, advising the destruction of the piratical armament and settlements in that quarter, as also in the Persian Gulf; Sir T. O'N., the late resident in Nepaul, to present his report of the war in that territory and in adjacent regions—names as yet unknown in Europe; the Governor of the Leeward Islands, on departing for the West Indies; various deputations, with petitions, addresses, &c. from islands in remote quarters of the globe, amongst which we distinguished those from Prince Edward Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from the Mauritius, from Java, from the British settlement in Terra del Fuego, from the Christian Churches in the Society, Friendly, and Sandwich Islands—as well as other groups less known in the South Seas; Admiral H. A., on assuming the command of the Channel Fleet; Major-Gen. X. L. on resigning the Lieut.-Governorship of Gibraltar; Hon. G. F. on going out as secretary to the Governor of Malta, &c. &c. &c."

This sketch is founded upon a base of a very few years, *i. e.*, we have, in one or two instances placed in juxtaposition, as co-existences, events separated by a few years. But, if (like Milton's picture of the Roman grandeur) the abstraction had been made from a base of thirty years in extent, and had there been added to the picture (according to his precedent) the many and remote embassies to and from independent states, in all quarters of the earth; with how many more groups, might the spectacle have been crowded, and especially of those who fall within that most picturesque delineation—

"Dark faces with white silken turbans wreathed!"

As it is, we have noticed hardly any places but such as lie absolutely within our jurisdiction. And yet, even under that limitation, how vastly more comprehensive is the chart of British dominion than of the Roman! To this gorgeous empire, some corresponding style and title should have been adapted at the revision of the old title, and should yet be adapted; for of this empire only it can be said, amongst all which have existed, not only that the sun never sets upon its territory, but almost, perhaps, that the sun is always rising and always setting, to some one in that endless succession of stations upon which the British flag is flying.

Apropos of the proposed change in the King's title: Mr. Coleridge, on being assured that the new title of the King was to be Emperor of the British Islands and their dependencies, and on the coin *Imperator Britannicorum*, remarked that in this remanufactured form, the title might be said to be *japanned*; alluding to this fact, that amongst *insular* sovereigns, the only one known in Europe by the title of Emperor is the Sovereign of Japan.

been worth reporting at all, but for one reflection which, in after years, it forcibly suggested to me. The King, having first spoken with great kindness to my companion, inquiring circumstantially about his mother and grandmother as persons particularly well known to himself, then turned his eye upon me. What passed was pretty nearly as follows:—My name, it seems, from what followed, had been communicated to him as we were advancing; he did not, therefore inquire about that. Was I of Eton? was his first question. I replied that I was not, but hoped I should be. Had I a father living? I had not: my father had been dead about eight years. "But you have a mother?" I had. "And she thinks of sending you to Eton?" I answered that she had expressed such an intention in my hearing; but I was not sure whether *that* might not be in order to waive an argument with the person to whom she spoke, who happened to have been an Etonian. "Oh, but all people think highly of Eton; everybody praises Eton; your mother does right to inquire; there can be no harm in that; but the more she inquires, the more she will be satisfied; that I can answer for."

Next came a question which had been suggested by my name. Had my family come into England with the Huguenots at the revocation of the Edict of Nantz? This was a tender point with me: of all things I could not endure to be supposed of French descent; yet it was a vexation I had constantly to face, as most people supposed that my name argued a French origin. I replied with some haste, "Please your Majesty, the family has been in England since the Conquest." It is probable that I coloured, or showed some mark of discomposure, with which, however, the King was not displeased, for he smiled, and said "How do you know that?" Here I was at a loss for a moment how to answer: for I was sensible that it did not become me to occupy the King's attention with any long stories or traditions about a subject so unimportant as my own family; and yet it was necessary that I should say something, unless I would be thought to have denied my Huguenot descent upon no reason or authority. After a moment's hesitation I said in effect—that a family of my name had certainly been a great and leading one at the era of the Barons' Wars; and that I had myself seen many notices of this family, not only in books of heraldry, &c., but in the very earliest of all English books. "And what book was that?" "'Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle in Verse,' which I understood, from internal evidence, to have been written about 1280." The King smiled again, and said, "I know, I know." But what it was that he knew, long afterwards puzzled me to conjecture. I now imagine, however, that he meant to say, that he knew the book I referred to—a thing which at that time I thought improbable, supposing the King's acquaintance with literature was not very extensive, nor likely to have comprehended any knowledge at all of the black-letter period. But in this belief I was greatly mistaken, as I was afterwards fully convinced by the best evidence from various quarters. That library of 120,000 volumes, which George IV. presented to the nation, and which has since gone to swell the collection at the British Museum, was formed, (as I have been assured by several persons to whom the whole history of the library, and its growth from small rudiments, was familiarly known,) under the direct personal superintendance of George III. It was a favourite and pet creation: and his care extended even to the dressing of the books in appropriate bindings, and (as one man told me,) to their *health*; explaining himself to mean, that in any case where a book was worm-eaten, or touched however slightly with the worm, the King was anxious to prevent the injury from increasing, and still more to keep it from infecting others by close neighbourhood; for it is supposed by many that such injuries spread rapidly in favourable situations. One of my informants was a German bookbinder of great respectability, settled in London, and for many years employed by the Admiralty as a confidential binder of records or journals containing secrets of office, &c. Through this connexion he had been recommended to the service of his Majesty, whom he used to see continually in the course of his attendance at Buckingham House, where the books were deposited. This bookbinder had originally, in the way of his trade, become well acquainted with the money value of English books; and that knowledge cannot be acquired without some concurrent knowledge of their subject and their kind of merit. Accordingly he was tolerably well qualified to estimate any man's attainments as a reading man; and from him I received such circumstantial accounts of many conversations he had held with the King, evidently reported with entire good faith and simplicity, that I cannot doubt the fact of his Majesty's very general acquaintance with English literature. Not a day passed, whenever the King happened to be at Buckingham House, without his coming into the binding-room and minutely inspecting the progress of the binder and his allies—the gilders, toolers, &c. From the outside of the book the transition was natural and pretty constant to its value in the scale of bibliography; and in that way my informant had ascertained that the King was well acquainted, not only with Robert of Gloucester, but with all the other early chronicles, &c., published by Hearne, and in fact possessed that entire series which rose at one period to so enormous a price. From this person I learnt afterwards that the King prided himself especially upon his early folios of Shakspeare; that is to say, not merely upon the excellence of the individual copies in a bibliographical sense, as "*tall* copies" and having large margins, &c., but chiefly from their value in relation to the most authentic basis for the text of the poet. And thus it appears, that at least two of our Kings, Charles I. and George III., have made it their pride to profess a reverential esteem for Shakspeare. This bookbinder added

his attestation to the truth (or to the generally reputed truth) of a story which I had heard from higher authority—viz. that the librarian, or, if not officially the librarian, at least the chief director in everything relating to the books, was an illegitimate son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, (son to George II.) and therefore half-brother of the King. His own taste and inclinations, it seemed, concurred with his brother's wishes in keeping him in a subordinate rank and an obscure station; in which, however, he enjoyed affluence without anxiety, or trouble, or courtly envy—and the luxury, which he most valued, of a superb library. He lived and died, I have heard, as plain Mr. Barnard. At one time I disbelieved this story, (which possibly may have been long known to the public,) on the ground that even George III. would not have differed so widely from princes in general as to leave a brother of his own, however unaspiring, wholly undistinguished by public honours. But having since ascertained that a naval officer, well-known to my own family, and to a naval brother of my own in particular, by assistance rendered to him repeatedly when a midshipman in changing his ship, was undoubtedly an illegitimate son of George III., and yet that he never rose higher than the rank of Post Captain, though privately acknowledged by his father and other members of the Royal Family, I found the insufficiency of that objection. The fact is, and it does honour to the King's memory—he reverenced the moral feelings of his country, which are, in this and in all points of domestic morals, severe and high-toned, [I say it in defiance of writers such as Lord Byron, Mr Hazlitt, &c., who hated alike the just and the unjust pretensions of England,] in a degree absolutely incomprehensible to *Southern* Europe. He had his frailties like other children of Adam; but he did not seek to court and fix the public attention upon them, after the fashion of Louis Quatorze, or our Charles II. There were living witnesses (more than one) of *his* aberrations as of theirs; but he, with better feelings than they, did not choose, by placing these witnesses upon a pedestal of honour, surmounted by heraldic trophies, to emblazon his own transgressions to coming generations, and to force back the gaze of a remote posterity upon his own infirmities. It was his ambition to be the *father* of his people in a sense not quite so literal. These were things, however, of which at that time I had not heard.

During the whole dialogue, I did not even once remark that hesitation and iteration of words, generally attributed to George III.; indeed, *so* generally, that it must often have existed; but in this case, I suppose that the brevity of his sentences operated to deliver him from any embarrassment of utterance, such as might have attended longer or more complex sentences, where an anxiety was natural to overtake the thoughts as they arose. When we observed that the King had paused in his stream of questions, which succeeded rapidly to each other, we understood it as a signal of dismissal; and making a profound obeisance, we retired backwards a few steps; his Majesty smiled in a very gracious manner, waved his hand towards us, and said something in a peculiarly kind accent which we did not distinctly hear; he then turned round, and the whole party along with him; which set us at liberty without impropriety to turn to the right about ourselves, and make our egress from the gardens.

This incident, to me at my age, was very naturally one of considerable interest. But the reflection, to which I alluded above, as one which, even at those years, it forcibly impressed upon me, suggested itself often afterwards, and at the moment of recording it in a journal which I kept, or tried to keep, at that period. It was this: Was it possible that much truth of a general nature, bearing upon man and social interests, could ever reach the ear of a King, under the etiquette of a court, and under that one rule which seemed singly sufficient to foreclose all natural avenues to truth—the rule, I mean, by which it is forbidden to address a question to the King. I was well aware, before I saw him, that in the royal presence, like the dead soldier in Lucan whom the mighty enchantress tortures back into a momentary life, I must have no voice except for *answers*.

——"vox illi linguaque tantum
Responsura datur."

I was to originate nothing myself; and at my age, before so exalted a personage, the mere instincts of reverential demeanour would at any rate have dictated that rule. But what becomes of that man's general condition of mind in relation to all the great objects moving on the field of human experience, where it is a law generally for almost all who approach him, that they shall confine themselves to replies, absolute responses, or at most to a prosecution or carrying forward of a proposition delivered by the *protagonist*, or supreme leader of the conversation? For it must be remembered that, generally speaking, the effect of putting no question, is to transfer into the other party's hands the entire *originating* movement of the dialogue; and thus, in a musical metaphor, the great man is the sole modulator, and determiner of the key in which the conversation proceeds. It is true, that sometimes, by a little travelling beyond the question in your answer, you may enlarge the basis, so as to bring up the new train of thought which you wish to introduce; and may suggest fresh matter as effectually, as if you had the liberty of more openly guiding the conversation either by way of question, or by direct origination of a topic; but this depends on skill to improve an opening, or vigilance to seize it at the instant, and, after all, much upon accident: to say nothing of the crime, a sort of petty treason perhaps, or, what is it? if you should be detected in your "improvements" and "enlargements of basis." Freedom of communication, unfettered movement of thought, there can be none under such a ritual, which tends violently to a Byzantine, or even to a Chinese result of freezing, as it were, all na-

tural and healthy play of the faculties under the petrific mace of absolute ceremonial and fixed precedent. For it will hardly be objected that the privileged condition of a few official councilors and Ministers of State, whose hurry and oppression of thought from public care will rarely allow them to speak on any other subject than business, *can* be a remedy large enough for so large an evil. True it is, that a peculiarly frank or jovial temperament in a sovereign may do much for a season to thaw this punctilious reserve and ungenial constraint; but *that* is an accident, and personal to an individual. And, on the other hand, to balance even this, and for the moment, I have remarked, that, in all noble and fashionable society, where there happens to be a pride in sustaining what is deemed a good *tone* in conversation, it is peculiarly aimed at (and even artificially managed,) that no lingering or loitering upon one theme, no protracted discussion, shall be allowed. And, doubtless, as regards merely the treatment of convivial or purely *social* communication of ideas, (which also is a great art,) this practice is right. I admit willingly that an uncultured brute, who is detected at an elegant table in the atrocity of absolute discussion or disputation, ought to be summarily removed by a police officer; and possibly the law will warrant his being held to bail for one or two years, according to the enormity of his case. But men are not always enjoying or seeking to enjoy social pleasure; they seek also, and have need to seek continually, both through books and men, intellectual growth, fresh power, fresh strength, fresh health, to keep themselves a-head or a-breast of this moving, surging, billowing world of ours, in these modern times, when society, for reasons in part easily explained, revolves through so many new phases, and shifts its aspects with so much more velocity than in past ages. A King, especially of this country, needs, beyond most other men, to keep himself in a continual state of communication, as it were by some vital and organic sympathy, with the most essential of these changes. And yet this punctilio of etiquette, like some vicious forms of law, or technical fictions grown too narrow for the age, which will not allow of cases coming before the Court in a shape, desired alike by the plaintiff and the defendant, is so framed as to defeat equally the wishes of a prince disposed to gather knowledge wherever he can find it, and of those who may be best fitted to give it.

However, to leave dissertation behind me, and to resume the thread of my narrative, an incident, which about this period impressed me far more profoundly and more durably than my first introduction to a royal presence, was my first visit to London.

(*To be continued.*)

ATTENDANCE IN PARLIAMENT.

It is much to be regretted that some mode is not adopted for placing on record the votes of the representatives of the people, in an effective manner, instead of leaving it to Mr. Hume and other industrious members, to make out the majorities or minorities, as they have hitherto done, with great labour and loss of time. A proposal was made by Mr. Harvey, last session, to have the names of the members in every division taken down. The proposal was rejected: but it is to be hoped that, in the ensuing session, it will be renewed with better success. We have before us a list of 211 divisions in the House during last session; and although some of them may have been of minor importance, yet the publication of the names of those who voted *for* and *against*, as well as of those who were absent on every division, would be a most valuable statement for the constituents, to enable them to judge of the conduct of their representatives. Some of the members for Scotland, particularly those for Aberdeen, Perth, Kirkaldy, &c., have been entertained at public dinners by their constituents; their public conduct in Parliament, in the last session, has been praised as consistent and liberal throughout; and their votes *in support* of those measures which were demanded by the country, as the fruits of the Reform Bill, have been approved of. We hope that some person will take the trouble to collect and publish all the divisions that have taken place; that when the day of rendering account of their conduct shall arrive, each member may be judged of by his acts in the House, or by his keeping out of the House when he ought to have been there, rather than by his speeches at public dinners. We annex a list of some of the divisions; to show that, on very few occasions, so many as one-half of the members attended. Some of the most important questions were decided when only one-fourth or one sixth of the members were present. Surely these are points deserving the attention of electors everywhere. One or two examples may be cited. When the Ministers, after rendering the collection of tithes in Ireland impossible, by their unconstitutional acts of 1832, by which the King was made the collector of tithes,—proposed to advance one million, from the taxes of England, to pay Irish clergymen and lay impropriators for the arrears of tithes due to them, there were only 162 members in the House, on the 12th of August, to protect the public purse, and prevent the richest church in the world receiving one million from our taxes. On the second reading of that bill, 109 voted for, and only 53 out of 658 representatives could be found to vote against such an abominable grant. Ought not every member absent on such an occasion

to be called to account, as well as those who voted for the grant? Again, on the 19th of August, when Mr. Hume moved that that loan of one million, if not repaid by the clergy and impropriators, as proposed by the bill, should be made good to the public treasury from the property of the Church, only 111 members were present; viz., 42 supported Mr. Hume's motion, 69 opposed it; and 547 members were absent, regardless of their duty, or of the public interests they were sent to Parliament to support. The Ministers are very justly blamed, but the members of the House are more to blame. Ministers never would dare to propose such a vote, if members attended to do their duty. The exhibition of the divisions shows many curious and important results. One of them is, of itself, sufficient to condemn the present House of Commons, as subservient to *men*, and careless of *measures*. On the 14th of June, when Lord Althorp moved his resolutions for reform in the Irish Church, one of which declared that all the money arising from the sale of Church leases and lands in Ireland, should be placed at the disposal of Parliament, for the public service, there were 310 members present, and 348 absent,—of those present, 270 voted for that resolution, and only 40 Tories voted against it. But, on the 21st of June, to the eternal shame of Earl Grey's administration, and particularly of Lord Althorp, if he has any sense of shame remaining, when Mr. Stanley proposed to strike out of the Irish Church Reform Bill, the 147th clause, thereby taking away from Parliament that control of the money from the sale of Church leases, agreed to on the 14th of June by so large a majority; my Lord Althorp, and 279 of his dependents, (all of those who had voted for the proposition on the 14th of June,) turned round at the desire of Mr. Stanley, regardless of their pledge to the country, and, without shame, voted for the striking out the 147th clause, thereby rendering the bill, as regarded the reform of the Church property, absolutely worthless. Such a shameful exhibition of slavish, disgraceful subserviency, to the nod of a Minister, cannot be found during the odious Castlereagh administration. So much for Whig consistency, and for Whig honesty. By that bill they have actually made the Irish Church richer than it was, and taken from Parliament the power of interference with the Church property. It should be recollected, that Ministers defended the Coercion Bill, by assurances that, if passed, they would be able to carry into effect measures of efficient reform, of which the 147th clause of the Irish Church Bill was the most important. We feel confident that there will be no peace in Ireland, and we question whether there ought to be any, until the Church Establishment in Ireland is reduced to the wants of half a million of people, and the immense property now enjoyed by the sinecure clergy, applied by Parliament to public purposes, for the relief of the burdens of the people. In every other country, except Spain and Portugal, such has been the application of the Church property. The time is not very distant when we shall see the same use made of the Church property in Ireland; in spite of the conspiracy of Stanley, Althorp, and Grey, to keep up that enormous Juggernaut, the Irish Episcopal Church.

The people are becoming daily too enlightened, and too poor, to permit the misapplication of so much public money, as is now spent on the sinecure churchmen of Ireland; and it is unreasonable in Lord Althorp and his colleagues, who took credit with the public for their intentions to carry on the Government of the country without patronage, to expect that the people have forgotten, if the Ministers have, that pledge. Besides, it has been agreed upon by the House of Commons, contrary, we admit, to the wishes of Lord Althorp and his colleagues, that all civil, military, and naval sinecures, shall cease. They are mistaken who think that clerical sinecures can be much longer endured by a people suffering under excessive taxation.

A list of the principal divisions of last session is annexed, that the public may, from it, draw their own conclusions. The electors deserve to be, and will continue to be, loaded like asses, (and asses they will prove themselves to be,) if they allow the Ministers, or their own representatives, to act, in any future session, as they have acted in the past one; cheating the people and the cause of liberty over the world of the advantages of our Parliamentary Reform. France has been cheated of the benefit of her revolution, and now groans under the Holy Alliance persecutions through the person of Louis Philippe. Let it not be said, or tolerated, that the people of Great Britain have driven away from power the Tories, because their acts were against the liberties and rights of the subject; and that they will quietly submit to be deprived of their rights and liberties, by hypocritical Whigs, who, having got into power on the shoulders of the people, use that power which was so gallantly won, and so generously bestowed upon them, by that people, to press their supporters down by a continuance of the multifarious abuses now existing. *No, no;* the people will not longer be slaves to either the Whig or the Tory faction. They will demand, and, if they act firmly and steadily together, they will obtain the benefits sought for by the Reform Bill; which are all comprehended in a cheap and a good government.*

* We request the particular attention of the Reform Constituencies to this article. The writer (who is one of our most distinguished public men, and one of the people's most valued friends) has had ample opportunities of knowing how much the public business, especially every motion for the reform of profitable abuses, suffers by the bad attendance of members pledged to a liberal policy. On the most important occasions, the absence of not a few miscalled liberal members was not accidental. *Shirking the division* was so notorious a practice of Whiggish liberal members, who durst neither disobey the Ministry nor offend their constituents, that the really liberal members knew perfectly well beforehand, who would, and who would not skulk away, to avoid voting.

1833.		Ayes	Noes	Pre.	Abs.
Feb. 14.	Mr. Hume. Against Sinecure Offices in the Army and Navy,	128	232	370	288
21.	Mr. Harvey. For Taking the Divisions of the House, and the Insertion of them in the Votes,	94	142	236	422
Mar. 11.	Lord Althorp. For Second Reading of Irish Church Reform Bill,	189	46	235	233
19.	Irish Disturbances Bill—Court Martial Clause, (No. 10)	270	130	400	258
25.	Mr. Hume. For the Reduction of 10,000 Men in the Navy,	44	347	391	267
25.	Mr. Hume. For Reduction of Vote of L.955,220 for Seamen, &c., by 6,910, (the Pay of General and Field Officers of the Royal Marines,)	83	223	306	352
26.	Mr. Robinson. For a Select Committee to Revise Taxation,	155	221	376	282
April 2.	Mr. Hume. To Abolish Flogging in the Army,	140	151	291	367
24.	Lord Althorp. Against the Depreciation of the Standard of Value,	304	49	353	305
25.	Mr. Grote. For the Ballot,	106	211	317	341
26.	Sir W. Ingilby. For Reducing the Duty on Malt,	162	152	314	344
30.	Sir J. Key. To Repeal the House and Window Tax,	157	355	512	146
May 3.	Mr. Hume. For Reducing the Vote of L.3,168,216, for the Land Forces, to L.2,888,720,	71	239	310	348
10.	Mr. Hume. For Reducing the Vote of L.103,318, 13s. 6d. for Volunteer Corps—One-half,	53	205	258	400
17.	Mr. W. Whitmore. For Alteration in the Corn Laws.	106	305	411	247
21.	Sir S. B. Whalley. That the House and Window Tax should Cease on the 5th October, 1833,	124	273	397	261
22.	Mr. R. Grant. For Second Reading of Jewish Disabilities Bill,	189	52	241	417
June 14.	Lord Althorp. First Resolution in Committee on Irish Tithes Bill,	270	40	310	348
18.	Colonel Evans. To Repeal Rate-Paying Clause in the Reform Bill,	2	84	108	550
18.	Mr. Fryer. For a Bill to Amend the Corn Act,	47	72	119	539
21.	Mr. Stanley. To Strike out Clause 147 of the Irish Church Bill,	280	148	428	230
24.	Mr. O'Connell. To Repeal Acts Relating to Irish Vestry-Cess,	48	189	237	421
26.	Mr. Wallace. (Royal Scotch Burghs Bill.) For the Election of Provost, Bailies, &c., by Open Poll,	27	46	73	585
26.	Mr. Gillon. (Royal Scotch Burghs Bill.) That all Burgesses have a right to Vote,	58	102	160	498
27.	Mr. Finch. For the Suppression of Political Unions,	8	78	86	572
28.	Colonel Torrens. To Postpone Consideration of Bank Charter Bill till next Session,	83	316	399	259
July 1.	Lord Althorp. For Making Bank of England Notes a Legal Tender, in the Country,	214	156	370	288
8.	Mr. Stanley. That the Irish Church Bill do pass,	274	94	368	290
8.	Mr. Gillon. To Insert L.5 instead of L.10, in First Clause of Royal Scotch Burghs Bill,	36	100	136	522
9.	Mr. C. Fergusson. On Polish Affairs,	95	177	272	386
12.	Mr. Hume. Notice as to Renewal of East India Company's Charter after Ten Years,	27	76	103	655
16.	Mr. Ruthven. That the Reduction of Taxation and Sinecures are objects of paramount importance,	88	79	167	491
17.	Mr. Hume. To Adjourn Discussion on Clause 89 (on the Church) of East India Company's Charter Bill,	36	124	160	468
22.	Mr. R. Grant. Third Reading of Jewish Disabilities Bill,	189	52	241	417
23.	Mr Tennyson. To Shorten the Duration of Parliaments,	164	213	377	281
26.	Mr. C. Fergusson. To Strike out Clause 53 of East India Company's Charter Bill,	33	78	111	547
26.	Mr. C. Wynn. To Send No More Students to Haileybury College, (East India Company's Charter Bill,)	20	46	66	592
31.	Mr. Stanley. To Vote L.20.000,000 for the West India Planters,	132	51	183	475
Aug. 5.	Mr. Littleton. For the Advance of L.1,000,000 to the Protestant Irish Clergy for Tithes,	87	51	138	520
5.	Sir C. Burrell. Second Reading of Labour Rate Bill,	17	29	46	612
6.	Mr. Littleton. That Report on Irish Tithes be read,	34	15	49	609
9.	Mr. Gisborne. To Postpone Bank Charter Bill for Six Months,	40	119	159	499
9.	Colonel Torrens. To Renew Bank Charter for Five Years,	47	122	169	489
12.	Mr Littleton. Second Reading of Irish Tithes Bill,	109	53	162	492
15.	Mr. Buckingham. Against Impressment,	54	59	113	545
17.	Mr. Hume. To Postpone Grant of L.20,000 for Building Schools,	26	50	76	582
19.	Mr. Hume. To Provide for Repayment of Loan for Irish Tithes, of L.1,000,000 Sterling, from the Public Property of the Church,	42	69	111	547

PROSPECTS OF THE PEOPLE DURING THE COMING SESSION.

No. II.—POOR LAWS.*

From the evidence already adduced, and from the known intentions and opinions of the commissioners appointed to investigate the effect of the poor laws, it is evident that the course that ought to be pursued in this important and delicate subject will be marked out for his Majesty's Government. Whether they will have the courage to follow that course, we very vehemently doubt. They will not, however, be able in this case, as in most others, to plead ignorance of the right conduct, as an excuse for their mistakes: if they go wrong, it will be because they have not the courage to go right.

We will first briefly explain the plan that we expect will be recommended, and which ought to be adopted; and then point out those sinister interests which will coerce and alarm the Ministers.

The persons who are accustomed to demand parish relief may be divided into two classes—classes between whom there runs a broad and very important line of distinction. 1st, The aged, the infirm, and children. 2d, The able-bodied who are without the means of subsistence.

Respecting the first class no difficulty occurs. The providing for those whom age has disabled, and whom fortune has not so favoured as to provide them with a sufficient fund for their maintenance, cannot be such a temptation to improvidence as need alarm the Legislature. If, while he has had health and strength, the poor supplicant has maintained himself by his own hard toil, let us not fear to be charitable unto him in the hour of his distress, brought on by age and infirmity. There can be no demoralizing the labourer by obeying the dictate of humanity. The same observation holds with respect to those who are incapable, through mental imbecility and disease. We, therefore, dismiss the consideration of this portion of this class, by saying, that the State ought to provide for them a decent and comfortable subsistence.

The case of children deprived of all means of support, but that which the State may offer, is one calling peculiarly on the sympathies of their more prosperous brethren. If they come in the condition of orphans, it is hard to conceive a case more painfully distressing: and we are sure that every right-feeling man would deem it an imperative duty to alleviate, as far as possible, the misery by which they are afflicted. Do what we may, that lot must be a wretched one. The State will in vain endeavour to supply the affection and solicitude of a parent. It cannot give the little sufferers a mother, on whose bosom they may rest; who will listen patiently to their wailings, and will never feel tired with watching and tending them. Although this cannot be done, yet much may be effected to make their lives comfortable, and to rear them into industrious and worthy members of society. To this end great care should be taken of their education. They should be taught, not to feel that a foul stigma is affixed to them for life as parish children, but that they have been unfortunate in needing public support. They should be filled with the hope of one day being independent, and with an ardent desire to labour to attain that much-cherished object. Children thus reared would easily find employment when capable of labour. After the age of fourteen, they ought to be no longer considered children; but if still dependent on public support, should be treated as able-bodied paupers. Every correct system of a pauper establishment would thus necessarily include an efficient system of education.

The case of the able-bodied pauper is of a very different complexion.

Without any specific experience, we might at once assume, that to confer a *legal right* on every one not possessed of the means of subsistence, to demand support of the community, would go far to destroy the industry and morality of the labouring classes. Improvidence would not bring its punishment; idleness, extravagance, drunkenness, and all the many vices which idleness engenders, would incur no restraint, and would not be followed by those pungent evils which serve as the best sanction against their existence. Such, without any specific experience, is the conclusion to which we should be driven by the consideration alone of the principles of human nature.

"If by law every human being wanting support," says Mr. Ricardo, "could be sure to obtain it, and obtain it in such a degree as to make life tolerably comfortable, theory would lead us to expect, that all other taxes put together would be light, when compared with the single one of poor-rates. The principle of gravitation is not more certain than the tendency of such laws to change wealth and power into misery and weakness; to call away the exertions of labour from every object, except that of providing mere subsistence; to confound all intellectual distinction; to busy the mind continually in supplying the body's wants; until at last all classes should be infected with the plague of universal poverty. Happily these laws have been in operation during a period of progressive prosperity, when the funds for the maintenance of labour have regularly increased, and when an increase of population would naturally be called for. But if our progress should become more slow, if we should attain the stationary state, from which I trust

* In our next number we shall treat of the expenditure of the Government, and the mode of carrying on the business of the Session. To the subject of national education we shall also devote a separate paper. From the repeated declarations of persons connected with the Ministry, it would seem that something will be attempted on this important subject. Let us hope that it may prove a really effective plan.

we are yet far distant, then will the pernicious nature of these laws become more manifest and alarming; and then, too, will their removal be obstructed by many additional difficulties."

Actual experience has justified these expectations. The evils which a consideration of the general principles of our nature would teach us to expect, have, by the investigations of the poor-law commissioners, been brought to light, and proved to be enormous in their extent. The situation of the labouring population is, at this moment, one of imminent danger: the evil is sapping the very foundations of their morality. Feelings of independence are fast disappearing from among large classes, chiefly of the rural population; the poor-rates are increasing, and we are driving on to the consummation which Mr. Ricardo dreaded, viz., "that the fund for the maintenance of the poor should progressively increase, till it has absorbed all the net revenue of the country."

For a proof of the evil effect of these laws upon the labourers themselves, we must refer the reader to the extracts published by the poor-law commissioners.

The primary *cause* of the mischief is the conferring a legal right to a comfortable maintenance upon every person, whether he be idle or industrious.

The efficiency of this mischievous enactment has been enormously aggravated by the various modes in which relief has been granted: no pains having, in any case, or, at least, in very few cases, been taken to lessen the mischievous tendency of the original cause. General improvidence has not only been fostered, but a premium offered upon imprudent marriages; so that the mischief of a redundant and pauper population has not merely been sanctioned, but, to the utmost, favoured and aggravated by the existing system. For the proof of these various and dreadfully pernicious consequences of this system, we must again refer the reader, who may be ignorant of them, to the extracts of the poor-law commissioners.

Such being the evil, now comes the consideration of the remedy.

The first course which presents itself, is at once to do away with the law, and abolish the right to relief. If that right be the cause of the evil, surely, some will say, to abolish the right will be to remedy the mischief. "*Cessante causa cessat etiam effectus.*" Unfortunately we cannot thus easily get rid of the difficulty, or legislate for mankind upon a lawyer's apothegm.

It is to be remembered, in the first place, that the notion respecting the justice of the right or claim being firmly riveted in the minds of the poor, any attempt to take it away would by them be deemed an act of spoliation—would be resisted and revenged. This peculiarity of the people's opinions would fearfully strengthen the potency of the next consideration, by which, under any circumstances, the necessity of some provision for the able-bodied pauper is incontestably established. In the second place, it must be remembered, *that if you refuse the able-bodied pauper relief from the fund for the poor, you will have to provide for him from the fund dedicated to the maintenance of criminals.* The pauper will not starve; and what you refuse to give, he will take;—for this you will send him to the house of correction. This house of correction is maintained at the public charge, and the prisoners must be fed. Do what you will, talk as you will, there is no escaping from this difficulty.

What, then, is to be done? If relief be given, the morals of the poor, and their habits of industry, will be destroyed; and eventually every class rendered poor and wretched. If relief be not given, the whole pauper population will be converted into criminals.

Notwithstanding this apparently formidable dilemma, there may yet be safety in Israel.

Is it not possible so to administer relief, as, on the one hand, effectually to check the pernicious tendency of the law giving a right to public support; and, on the other, to avoid the equally pernicious tendency of destroying the right? Cannot we, in other words, so manage as not to foster imprudence by giving, and not to drive the people to crime by refusing to give? We think such a mode of relief can be devised.

In a well-organized state, the situation of the honest and industrious labourer would be one of far more comfort and happiness than that of the able-bodied pauper, while that of the able-bodied pauper would be more agreeable than that of the criminal. If their different conditions were thus determined, there would be a strong motive to abstain from crime, and an equally strong motive to obtain an independent subsistence.

Laying out of consideration, in the present case, the effect of punishment as a warning to others, and viewing only its influence on the criminal himself, it is evident that the objects to be obtained are,—1st, To make the criminal feel the punishment as an evil, and thus to *frighten* him from the future commission of crime; and, 2d, To reform his habits, if possible, and thus to make him unwilling to commit crime, even if he could do so with impunity. In order to attain these ends, pain is often directly inflicted; sometimes it is produced simply by withholding comforts. The prison is made "a house of care," a place which men seek to avoid. They brave the toils and pains of industry, and labour rather than suffer the inflictions which the prison ensures.

Now, although poverty be not a crime, yet he who is unable to maintain himself, and claims assistance from the community in which he lives, must not be viewed in the same light as he who procures an independent subsistence. When the able-bodied pauper comes upon the community, and says, "I am unable to find work, and, consequently, need assistance,"—the community are justified in saying, in answer, "We are willing, certainly, to give you that aid,—you must not be allowed to starve; but lest others, not deserving, make the same demand, and thus a stimulus be given to idleness and vice, we cannot make the life which you are now to lead, while living upon

our bounty, as happy as the life of the independent labourer. We do not, indeed, consider you in the light of a criminal; we are not, therefore, about to make your life as painful as the life of him who has violated the law. On the other hand, some motive must be made to act upon you, and all like you, so that you may seek again for that life of independence which you have lost. You shall have the means of wholesome subsistence; but nothing more: your living will not be better than that of the poor man not asking aid; it will, in fact, not be so good. You will not have the luxuries of life; and you must not eat the bread of idleness. You must labour; and, moreover, you must labour according to certain rules, and under a certain degree of restraint. The life of the able-bodied pauper will not be so happy a life as that of the independent poor man, while it will not be surrounded with those pungent evils with which the criminal is intentionally inflicted."

Up to this point, the practical difficulties of the subject have, in reality, been small. We cannot say as much for the remaining portion of the inquiry.

The questions that now occur, are—1st, What are the arrangements by which the life of the able-bodied pauper may be made to hold this due medium between that of the honest and independent labourer, and that of the criminal. 2d, By what authority shall these arrangements be superintended?

It is perhaps not very difficult to answer the first of these questions,—the second will task both the Commissioners and the Ministry.

It is clear that the poor-house may easily be made a place more comfortable than a prison, and yet not so agreeable as the cottage of the independent poor man.

Although the cottage of the independent poor man be scantily furnished,—although his meals be homely, and even scant, still those meals are blessed by the knowledge that they have been gained by honest labour,—by voluntary toil. The poor man knows, in short, that poor though he be, still he is independent. This thought sweetens his hard fare, and makes his rest light and refreshing. It gives him gladness under his humble roof-tree, it makes him happy in spite of all his toil.

The poor-house, if properly regulated, will forcibly contrast with this. The fare ought to be still more homely than that of the independent labourer. The inmates should be strictly confined within the walls of the house, unless leave be given to go out; *and no relief to the able-bodied should be given out of the house.* The interior of a well-regulated poor-house has been admirably described by Miss Martineau in her Tale of the Hamlets. Very little is needed beyond what she has there suggested. All plans of out-door relief—the system of roundsmen, all notions of a labour rate, which are in fact only schemes for improperly shifting the burthen of the poor-rates, ought entirely to be abolished, and all classes compelled to pay according to their means. The mode which ought to be established of gaining a settlement, and of apportioning the burthen of the rate, cannot well be determined until we have settled the next question,—viz. By what authority are the poor laws to be administered?

As the law at present stands, every parish* is obliged to maintain its own poor; and, for administering relief, two classes of authorities exist. In the first class are overseers of the poor, assistant-overseers, guardians, governors, and visiters. In the second, the Justices of the Peace.

The overseers are unpaid officers, and are appointed by the Justices, according to the direction of the 43d of Eliz. "It is usual for the magistrates to appoint the overseers out of a list selected by the parishioners assembled in vestry, and to take those placed at the head; and under the 59th Geo. III. c. 12. ss. 6 and 7., the inhabitants are to select non-resident, and assistant-overseers, whom the Justices must appoint." (See Chitty's Burn's Justice, art. Poor, p. 15.)†

Assistant-overseers are paid officers. It having been found a great burthen to overlook the poor, and also that it was inadequately done by persons serving gratuitously, power was given by the above cited act to the inhabitants of a parish, in vestry assembled, to nominate and elect any discreet person, or persons, to this office of assistant-overseer; to specify their duties, and to fix their salaries; and the Justices are empowered and required to appoint persons thus nominated.

Guardians, governors, and visiters of the poor, are officers appointed by what are called incorporated districts, under various acts of Parliament. They are chosen by the inhabitants in public meeting assembled, and approved by the Justices. The provisions of these acts endeavour to introduce a somewhat modified system; and, by enabling parishes to unite, and have one poor-house and one set of officers, and employ paid officers, point really, though ineffectually, at the true system.

But the great power governing the poor, are their worships the Justices.

The Justices, in districts not incorporated, appoint the overseers.

An appeal lies from the Justices appointing, to the Justices in general Quarter Sessions;—from Justices to Justices.

The Justices confirm the appointment of assistant-overseers, guardians, governors, and visiters.

The Court of King's Bench is in the last resort, the supervisor of the Justices; and every one knows the feeling of the Court on this subject. When was a Justice found to be worthy of reprehension?

In the government of the poor, the classes of powers are twofold,—1st, The power of raising

* In a paper like the present, it would be impertinent and tiresome to allude to the distinctions between parish, vill, and township; or to speak of the enactments respecting the management of the poor in a vill, in the 13 & 14 Car. II. c. 12. s. 21. A general idea of the existing system is all we now wish to create.

† Churchwardens are overseers, *ex officio*.

money; of taxation for the maintenance of the poor: and 2d, The distribution of such monies among the persons needing aid.

By the 43 of Eliz. the overseers, *by, and with the consent of the Justices,* are to tax the people for the monies requisite to maintain the poor.

There is an appeal against the rate again to the Justices in Quarter Sessions,—a troublesome and expensive process; and when the Justices please, a case may be submitted to the Judges at Westminster.

In places not incorporated, the persons wanting relief apply first to the overseers; in incorporated districts, to the guardian and visiter; if they deem themselves aggrieved by these functionaries, they may appeal to the Justices: if the Justices are supposed to do wrong, again there is an appeal to the Quarter Sessions; and from thence to the King's Bench. The same song set to the old tune.

What does experience say respecting the conduct of these various functionaries? Were we to answer this question from our own experience, it might be thought, because we are known not much to favour their worships the Justices, whether acting in petty or in great sessions, that our reply was partial and unfair. To preclude all imputations of this class, let us appeal to an authority not likely to be hostile to any established power; we appeal to his Majesty's Commissioners. What say they respecting these worthy persons? Prefixed to the extracts published by them, laid on the table of the House of Commons, also sold at a cheap rate all over the kingdom, and in fact sent gratis to almost every newspaper in the kingdom,—prefixed to this report is an index;—a very significant production. We quote some portions of this said index, and will refer to some of the places cited. The magistrates shall have the precedence, as their rank demands. Under the title MAGISTRATES, we have the following very pithy summaries:—

1. *Support persons of vicious habits, in opposition to the parochial authorities.*

And for this assertion we are referred to "a cloud of witnesses;" no less than twenty different pages being cited in proof.

At p. 108, we find the following statements:—

"The assistant-overseer and the other parish officers allowed that no attention whatever was ever paid to character; but that the most notorious drunkards, swearers, and thieves, with wives and families, were all duly relieved by the arithmetic of the magistrate's scale. I asked them if they never took these men before the bench for punishment. Their answer was, that they had so often been reprimanded, and triumphed over, (to use their own expression) that they had given it up in despair, and relieved all alike, bad and good, meritorious and profligate." * * *

"The rigid adherence to the scale, and the total disregard of character, have produced every evil of which they were capable. The overseers never appeal to the magistrates, knowing that they would be reprimanded, and the insolent parties supported by the scale. Thus, with the appearance of no appeal to the magistrates, *the magisterial influence is unbounded, complete, and by tacit consent, always in exercise, and ever producing evils of the greatest magnitude and worst description.*"

The same history is repeated in every one of the twenty references.

2. *Injurious effects of (magistrates') interference with parish authorities.*—Four separate instances are given.

3. *Overseers act mischievously, contrary to their conviction, knowing that the magistrates will otherwise compel them.* The case already cited comes under this head: the index refers us to another.

4. (Magistrates) by their ill-advised measures demoralize the labourers. In this we have five separate authorities.

5. When they interfere, rates much higher, and parochial affairs worse managed.

6. *Owing to little interference of (magistrates) the labourers in towns more industrious, and less vicious than in rural districts.*

In Mr. Okeden's report, (and he was for a long period chairman of the Quarter Sessions in Dorsetshire,) he makes this general statement. "In the whole district that fell under my care, I do not hesitate to pronounce a decided opinion, that the poor of boroughs, where little or no magisterial interference takes place, are superior in moral character and appearance to the majority of country parishes. I have instanced Poole; I could support it, by the cases of Bridport, Devizes, and Marlborough," p. 111.

Under the head OVERSEERS, and parochial officers, the index has, among others, the following assertions:—

"Frequently well-intentioned, but mischievous compassion for paupers.

"Mostly ignorant of the ways and habits of the working classes.

"*If tradesmen, (overseers,) afraid of injury in their trades, by opposing magistrates.*

"(Overseers) grant to undeserving persons, through ignorance and private interest.

"Afraid to refuse the demands of the paupers.

"Being possessors of property in the district for which they act, dare not, for fear of fires and breaking machinery, do their duty; strong instances of.

"*Unpaid generally give up the minimum of their time to parish affairs.*

"Disgusting public duty, the only reward for which is either a broken head, or the chance of being burnt in his bed."

Two things very significantly appear from the evidence to which these statements refer: the first, that the present machinery is exceedingly inefficient to any other end than the production of mischief; the second, that the Magistrates acquire a singular, and to them agreeable power, by means of the present poor laws. We feel confident that this power will not be willingly resigned—that a very bitter opposition will arise against any attempt to take it from the Justices;

and as the Justices are all-powerful in the legislature, we acknowledge that the Ministers will have a difficult and disagreeable task, when they endeavour to remodel their system. But certain it is, that no good can be effected unless the magistrates be completely stripped of their present authority, in all that relates to the administration of the poor-laws.

The plan that ought to be, and we hope will be proposed, is to make the administration of relief to the poor, a *general* concern : to assign the powers now possessed by the magistrates to a central board, to be appointed by the Home Secretary ; and to make the poor a charge, not upon each separate district or parish, but upon the general revenue. The benefits to result from such a plan are various.

The evils that now exist, result either from the manner of collecting the fund to supply the wants of the poor, or from the manner of distributing this fund, in other words, of giving relief.

Among the evils resulting from the manner of collecting the fund, are, first, the excessive *inequality* of the tax. It not only falls differently on different places, but houses in the same place are differently taxed.* On this, it may, however, be remarked, that there is an advantage resulting from making each parish maintain its own poor, that ought not slightly to be foregone, viz. the motive thus created in each parish to keep down the number of the poor. As the burthen of an increase is immediately felt by the parish, so there is a strong and immediate interest to prevent it.

We believe this benefit to be much overrated. It is evident that the overseers, who, as parishioners, bear only a fraction of the expense, have much stronger motives influencing them to give than to withhold. Moreover, they have little or no motive to provide against an increase of the population ; so that it is difficult to understand how the making each parish take care of its own poor, tends to prevent an increase of labourers.

Compare with the strength of the motive as it now exists, that which would act upon the Home Secretary, to keep down his demands upon the House of Commons. Fancy that Minister coming to the House, and demanding some eight or ten millions† for the support of the poor ! The poor rates now are a direct tax only upon the possessors of certain sorts of property. Though they fall eventually on every body in some degree, still they fall in an indirect way. Thus every body has not a direct interest in keeping down the tax. Whereas if the tax were made direct and general, the amount would be seriously inquired into, and the Home Secretary, and all under him, would strive their utmost to lessen the number of claimants on the fund.

But there is a *second* evil which should be borne in mind as resulting from the present mode of collection, viz.,—all the numerous mischiefs connected with the law of *settlement*, and levying rates; every one of which would be gotten rid of, if the fund for the maintenance of the poor were made a charge upon the general revenue. The whole of the expensive litigation between parishes would at once cease, and many millions be saved from this single source. If we consider, also, the immense sums that are annually expended in settling disputes connected with the poor rates, we shall at once understand the extent of good to be derived from the making the tax a general one. The single tax of the poor rate has caused more litigation than all the other taxes combined.

A third mischief from the same source is the enormous waste in collection. One system of collection would do for all, under the scheme proposed, while the various modes of unequally taxing the various inhabitants would be done away with. At present the roundsman system is a wasteful and unequal tax. The labourer thus employed is really useless, so that the farmer really pays double for the labour which is forced upon him. The sum that is actually expended annually for the maintenance of the poor, the real loss incurred, is not known ; that which goes indirectly being seldom considered, though the evil must be enormous.

If once the system were adopted of a central board possessed of a general and complete authority, and at the same time the poor were made a charge upon the general revenue, very little ingenuity would be needed to frame the subordinate details. It would not be difficult so to arrange as to give the Board a complete and efficient control over all its officers in the country ; while they themselves, being responsible to the Home Secretary, and he under the influence of a strong public opinion and the legislature, little danger need be apprehended of an imperfect performance of duty. The more efficient the Parliament, the more effective, indeed, would be the endeavours of the central Board. When framing plans for the superintendence of the interests of the people, we must assume that somewhere we shall find a power willing to do good. We must, in other words, assume the government to be a good one: if it be not, reform it ; but do not cramp and ruin every department of the administration, because the supervising body is unfit for its office. This, however, has not been the usual custom with English politicians. They have formed to themselves the beau-ideal of a government, which really is no government at all. They do not endeavour to make the government really responsible to the people, and then give it sufficient power to be useful ; but they set about to make a number of patchwork contrivances for restraining its power in particular cases, so that at length they find that they have carefully guarded against any possibility of evil ; with this unlucky drawback, that they have success-

* One pernicious effect of this mode of collection may be seen in farms entirely thrown out of cultivation, in consequence of the excessive pressure of the poor rates. In some cases, whole parishes have become unable to support their poor, and have been necessarily joined to neighbouring parishes.

† The expenses of the poor last year nearly equalled this sum.

fully prevented all possibility of good at the same time. This is by no means the policy we should recommend. Make the Government efficient, say we, and make it responsible.

The Ministers, we fear, will not be able to cope with the whole evil: that is, the power of the Justices in the Legislature, will, in their eyes, be so formidable, as to be beyond direct attack. To remedy entirely the abuses of the Poor Laws, these Justices ought entirely to be superseded,—but we feel assured that the Government will not have courage to propose this sweeping and efficient reform. And, in good sooth, we cannot altogether blame them for their fears. This is in fact, a Justice-ridden land. We see clearly what will be attempted. A plan will be proposed of remedying such evils as arise from the modes of giving relief; while the evils resulting from the modes of collecting the revenue needed, will be almost entirely passed by, or only attacked by a side wind. It is the business of the people then, to press forward, and support the Ministers on this occasion. They have the will to do good, we sincerely believe, in the present instance; but find the power of the Justices too formidable to be opposed; they will, therefore, propose a half measure, which, if the country be silent and contented, will pass into a law. Let the people, with one voice, demand a complete revision of the whole law; let them require the abolition of the power to interfere, now possessed by the unpaid magistracy; let them do this steadily and forcibly, and a real reform in the poor laws may be effected,—otherwise we shall have merely a miserable piece of patchwork.

J. A. R.

LONDON SIGHTS.

No. III.—THE STREETS.

There be many a thousand indwellers of Babylon the new, who may marvel much at being told that its streets are a "sight;" yet to strangers and thinkers, the fact is as plain as a pike-staff. Whether we take the chaos multitude that throng the city thoroughfares, all bustle and confusion, the subdued repose of patrician squares, the obscure filth-crowded alley, the princely terrace, the buildings, bridges, monumental superstructures, churches, halls, hells, markets, hospitals, shops; all is alike pregnant with matter meet for reflection and for wonderment, abounding in variety, contrast, novelty, and change.

London is veritably an extraordinary place, be it for its streets only. You shall not traverse them ten minutes of time, without meeting an incident; a view, a something, worthy of note. To an idler, a two hours' walk, will furnish food for sage rumination; he must be of course, a thinker,—if he have the philosophic taint, so much the better, *then* every man he meets, shall be a text for sermonizing on. But he must be a thinker; the veriest country yokel, (which being interpreted, means the most verdant of bipeds,) the most inveterate yokel, when first he crawls about the metropolis, becomes a thinker, though never previously detected in the perpetration of thought. Those who think not are blind; or he of the one idea—whether of sorrow, joy, or money-making, the only three incentives to human action—just as bad; such a creature's eye is too much busied about the matters that are passing within his own narrow carcass cranium. He merely *sees* the things around him, that he may avoid breaking his nose; he does not *look* at them—to see is to behold, merely: to look is to examine. Let a shrewd dog have but the eyes of his mind in their proper place, and he shall discover wonders. An ocean of thought shall pass through his brain in each instant of time. Every creature, man, woman, or animal, that flits by him, carries, in his, her, or its face, features, figure, gait, look, action, a narrative of portentous meaning, which, with unerring precision, shall at once and incontinently determine the springs of action in each. The unthinking are so shallow and selfish that they do not give credit, the blockheads! to their neighbours for possessing the same conscious importance that moves themselves. Each individual of them, is sensitively enough aware of the all-engrossing magnitude of his own affairs; but he rarely considers, that those whom he bustles by, have a notion that their, not his, business is, out and away, the most momentous in the world. Against how many hundreds a-day does not such a thing rub shoulders, who are one and all, buried in the vastness of their own cogitations on love, losses, legacies, dinners, deaths, merry-makings, misery, fun, folly, fame, honour, title, trouble, ties, vanities, vexations of spirit, and all the host of propulsives, which to name even would be to fill divers pages small pica; and yet never dream, forsooth, that this big green earth of ours was made for others' uses, as well as their own. Who would see any thing in life, then, as it ought to be seen, must be a thinker. Those, then, who would behold the streets of London as a sight, must make their minds up *to think;* it will be no inconsiderable effort to many, we are aware, but we say, as Fanny Kemble has immortalized herself in saying, "*Do it!*" They shall not be disappointed.

Let no man imagine that "by streets" we restrict our meaning to mere lines of houses, with their interspaces of foot and carriage-way. O fie, no! We mean them and the things that are therein, together and in connexion. To descant upon street buildings simply, their several names, altitudes, and variety, were but a bricklayer's job literally. Had he the skill-descriptive of Sir John Soane himself—and we will fling him in the pencil of our excellent friend Sammy Prout to boot, (no small aid by the way)—he would be incompetent so to depict the streets of London, as to convey to those who have not seen them, the

faintest image simulating the truth. Description by any hand, by even our own! would scarcely be worth the paper spoiled by it. Let him who would see them as they are, changing in aspect with every changing hour, walk forth among them, look at them, and at what is passing within them, and he shall see A SIGHT. We announce them as such; we argue nothing; we describe nothing; we merely assert.

Within the last dozen years a mighty change has come o'er the spirit of London streets. Such erasions, such alterations, such improvements! High-ways made and bye-ways hermetically sealed; humble dwellings pulled down, and palaces built up; fields once verdant piled with houses, their freshness no longer visible; the air which once might be inhaled in its balmy purity now skulking suffocatingly and feloniously down the trachea, saturated with unholy, whity-brown, miasmatic dust; acres of tenements swept from the face of the land, and their sites converted into sights of squares, "places," and *circumbendibi;* trees cut down, canals cut out, churches levelled to the earth, graves desecrated, bodies exhumed—the veritable realization of the vision of dry bones!

The less that is said, then, at the present juncture, about the streets, *per se*, the better; for this simple reason, that London seems just now in course of being rebuilt; and what it may be in even a few months of time, it would be difficult to foretell. Never, surely, was there in any stage of the world's duration such cutting and clipping of bricks and mortar as now. Masons are indeed the only beings who realize our young ideas of the magicians of old; living Aladdins they seem, each with his Wonderful Lamp, for they pull down and build up at a rub. Nothing less than magic trowels could effect the wonders they achieve. You walk to the spot where, a little while ago, you spent such a convivial meeting at your friend's house: it is gone, and with it scores of others—felled to the earth, all, as though they had not been. You turn your back, and anon a princely pile rears its proud front; but how it came there who shall declare? The less we say about the streets the better. We might mislead; for what we tell *this* month, may be by the next—mere "matter of history."

Ethereal Powers! If our poor, dear, defunct fathers (rest their souls!) could but walk forth from their deathy homes, and witness the wonders that CHANGE had of late effected, how would they not lift up their eyes in very astonishment! Old things given place to new, the venerable relics of bygone ages mouldered and crumbled into destruction; and the things which but a breath of time back were wont to exert such all-powerful, all-subduing influences, scraped from the memory, with as much recklessness as the mud from your Wellingtons on a door-mat.

This contempt for the old, and love for the new, is a very remarkable trait in the disposition of the present revolutionary times. Mankind bow the head no more to the treasures of antiquity; no longer esteem its dust as of greater price than mines of silver and gold. The glittering and perishable baubles of modernism have supplanted these once reverenced mementos; and the solemn and sad-coloured veil, which mysticism threw around the cherished remnants of fleeting times, is now rudely torn asunder by the daring hands of puny upstart flaunting Madam Change. The scenes and the monuments of the olden age are to stand before our eyes in sacred uncertainty no more; no more may we behold them as arrayed in the beautiful garb which the imagination once gave to their outlines, to challenge our awe and admiration. O! this thirst for change! Our very children eschew that which imparted measureless delight to their baby ancestors; the brilliant gold that once dazzled the infant vision as it sparkled on gingerbread spectacles, is now rejected, despised, contemned. The tales and the histories of the mighty of other days please and enchant no more; he who, though brief in space and of stature small, was, nathless, mighty in valour and fame,—the redoubted Jack, the demolisher of giants, has ceased to entrance the childish heart, to teach the young idea how to slay. The modest Goody Two-shoes, too, now fails to point to the paths of infantine morality; the sorrows of Little Red Riding-hood excite no more heart-breaking sobs; and as for Cock-Robin, his tomb is closed for ever: the bard who sung his sad sweet requiem is forgotten quite, and the last tear to his loved memory has been shed. All have passed away, their glory utterly extinct; and pyronomics, hydrostatics, phrenology, mathematics, and other crabbed sciences, are the horn-books of infancy in these our days.

Where be the streets whose narrowness made neighbourhood among the habiters therein, when man could shake hands with his fellow-gossip on the opposite side of the way; and venerable virgins, as they leant out of the first floor windows, might chat scandal, and descant on the mutability of human affairs? Where be the roads that made a journey an epoch in the life-days of humanity; an era; a time to date by? Where be the habitations whose structure seemed imperishable, whose builders wrought for unborn ages? Where be those comfort-giving, capacious, and lugubrious vehicles, that once rolled in slow and unupsettable solemnity along, —the portly, well-fleshed quadrupeds, in whom fleetness was a fault, and surety of foot a virtue? Alas! all that once was deemed permanent and endurable has passed into tinsel show and mockery; all that was once venerable has become a thing to scoff at by a novelty-loving world. A change, mighty and terrible, has taken place; and the hearts and the doings of the people, their yearnings and their callings, are—vanity, vanity, vanity!

Yet, nevertheless, the streets are streets, and as such they may be very laudably gaped at as a wonder.

The extraordinary difference in their character is a somewhat hackneyed subject; east, west, north, and south, on whatever point located,

there is a visible alteration, not less in structural particulars, than in the manners, modes of living, and habits of action of the several natives. In the city, BUSINESS is the god before whose altars all make sacrifice; at the West End, show, glitter, and aristocratical indolence are stamped on every stone and every strutter. Southwark, Whitechapel, Mary'bone, and other off-shoots, alike differ from one another in diversified extremes; all dissimilar, all palpable. In one region you shall behold nothing but equipage, ton, lordly bearing, and the outward and visible signs of luxury and affluence, in manifold abundance; in another, streets crammed with human bodies, hurrying hastily along in opposite currents, never ending, never stopping, continuous, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but as if impelled by a resistless power. The countenances of these various grades in society are a capital volume for the study of the thinker; and if properly perused, a glance will be quite enough for the dexterous—will afford both recreation and profit; emulation, ambition, wealth, want, grief, happiness, anxiety, pride, servility, all the stimuli, in short, which agitate the bosom of man, being depicted in most legible print. Truly it is a brave book to read.

The streets teem with variety; dull, bustling, noisy, quiet, dark, glaring in gas-light, wide, narrow,—in short, in every believable state *and its antagonist* (pure Hibernic!) that can comport with possibility. Whatever can minister to the need of man, in pleasure or in pain, in want or wo, in penury or wealth, are in them to be found. Hotels whose viands are as savoury as they are costly, hospitals for the sick, theatres for the gay, clubs for the social, police-offices for the naughty, lock-up houses for the debtor, gaols for the felonious, gallows for the convicted, and dram-shops for the drunkard. By the by, among the things of splendour to be found in London Streets, it would be a crying shame to omit mention of those establishments where death and disease hold their chief court,—where vice and human misery, in every conceivable form, congregate together,—where suicide, "in progression by succession of degrees," is tolerated by license,—and where poison, though slow the surest, is doled out to thousands at the small price of two-pence the "kwartern"—the gin-shops. By day and by night are these deadly dens crowded: but chiefly during the night season are the orgies perpetrated. These shops are fitted up in most costly style, brilliantly decorated, and in one general blaze of light; crowded at all hours to their very corners by all that is worthless, depraved, disgusting, abandoned in human life;—men, women, children, and even babes on the mother's bosom, partaking of the deadly draught. Here drunkenness and pollution go hand in hand;—and amid the unceasing din of oaths and brawling, vice receives its most goading spur. Thousands are expended by the proprietors in the purchase of the "Free-will," as it is called, of these "Establishments;" and in a brief space, they are well nigh all to a ma

prepared to "retire" on their realized fortunes. War, famine, and pestilence are said to be the three great agents by which nature reduces an overgrowing population: why should gin, by whom such hosts wither away into death, be omitted in the category. The subject is a capital one for a mouthful of declamation,—but the pencil of George Cruikshank has preached, in one page, a better sermon on it than we could do in fifty.

The city streets present an animating spectacle. At the hour of nine in the morning, they are seen thronging with living beings, pouring in from every suburban radius to the great city centre, like a walking torrent. One would think that London was almost wholly populated by clerks, so innumerable seems the mass. In business-life, punctuality is one, the very chief, of cardinal virtues; and as every poor devil lingers at home till the very last second of time, they all appear to be walking for a wager, so fleetly do they foot it away, to be at their posts in time! The omnibi and the stages, too, for the behoof of the more wealthy and the more indolent, join in the general race, so as to disgorge their cargoes at the Bank or Exchange gates, precisely as the various clocks are chiming the important hour. The interval between the last stroke and the quarter is filled up by the stragglers who, having loitered too long in bed or at the breakfast-table, are obliged to make up in time what they have lost in space by running themselves into a vulgar heat, blowing and perspiring like porpoises,—if porpoises perspire, a fact upon which we are not quite clear. We are almost tempted to picture forth a city clerk in this place, the opportunity seems so inviting; but he is too rich a bit to be disposed off by episode; besides, do we not design to give a portraiture of some of the leading London characters among our Sights? At about ten a different class becomes visible, namely, the *masters*, in cab and carriage, each looking as though the affairs of the universe rested on his individual shoulders,—the compressed lip, the steady eye, the furrowed forehead, anxiety riding triumphant in every muscle. This hour also brings into the field of vision a no less imposing variety, videlicet, those beings who look big and do the dignified upon ten pounds per annum and upwards of salary-augmentation over the small fry, as senior clerks. Compared with these, their very employers are infinitely less in self-consequence and importance. By about this time the city may be considered to have received its full complement of labouring humanity, and the bustle of the day is fairly commenced.

Noise is a prime ingredient in the mass which constitutes London. An incessant din, one everlasting rumble is present; the cries of the cadmen blending with the hollow roll of the carriages, the murmur of myriad tongues mixing with the undefinable ear-splitting something, coming within the sense of sound. It has always been bad enough, but latterly, it has become fearfully worse.

Within the last few months, the leading thoroughfares have presented a novel aspect. Some three or four years back, an unhappy wight, in evil hour, concocted, for the blessing of the public, a piece of mechanism, to which he appended the name of Omnibus; an ungainly oblong box, upon four wheels, sufficiently huge to encompass fourteen souls, (bodies annexed,) and designed to "run" from the city Exchange to a suburban locality named Paddington. It is said that the deviser had been long in possession of a couple of hearses which—either people wouldn't die fast enough about that time, or the survivors of those who did, liked not the expense of hearse-hiring—he was unable to bring into profitable employment. The brilliant idea shot across his prolific mind that by "striking" the feather pegs on the top of said hearses, knocking out a window or two on either side, and covering the sooty suit of his vehicles with a plentiful layer of yellow varnish, he might turn them to some account as a means of conveyance—if not for the dead, at least for the quick. The public love a novelty to their very hearts. Our hearses (now severally rejoicing in the name of omnibus,) *took* amazingly; and in process of time they multiplied exceedingly. In a great commercial city, a new idea is bread and cheese to thousands: the omnibus trade became too flourishing to be limited to what are called the, "metropolis roads;" and, in due course, the leading streets soon became themselves its chief mart; and so omnibi are, at this hour, as thick as rogues and blackberries. For the convenience thus afforded to every one individual passenger, hazard to life and limb is occasioned to innocent dozens: indeed, nothing could have been more capitally contrived for the peril of person to his Majesty's lieges, and for loss of trade to harmless shopkeepers, than these rolling monsters. Competition, at all times an excellent thing, has had the fortunate effect of making their numbers numberless; and as the respective proprietors are enthusiastic in their rivalry to benefit a liberal and enlightened public, it not unfrequently happens, that in their meritorious ardour to recommend to its notice the best, the cheapest, and the fleetest vehicle, some slight mistakes occur in the occasional fracture of a few bones, belonging to people who are not sufficiently alert to get out of the way. *Messieurs les conducteurs*—Cads in the vernacular—are discreetly selected, in general, from among the most incorrigible ruffians which guilty London teems withal; and the altercations between these worthies, by no means unfrequent, if not in strict accordance with classic taste, is, at least, managed with an eloquence singularly vehement, and, now and then, peculiarly striking. Although almost every leading street is infested with these vehicles and their insolent appendages, to the hindrance of all other locomotive traffic, the nuisance is tolerated as of course; for nothing can be put down in this land of law and liberty except by act of Parliament. The unfortunate shopkeepers, too, find themselves in a bitter bad plight from this omnibus tyranny. The public was once wont to loiter in the streets, and, gazing on the exhibited wonders in each window, haply be decoyed to buy; but now, a portion of the public is in the omnibus, far removed from the temptation of the shop windows; and the eyes of the rest are obliged to be directed exclusively to personal safety, and they are glad to hurry on, uninspective of, and so, unallured by the choice exposures.

Apropos of noise: it is doubtful whether the taste for street music was originally generated by the French and other foreign organ-grinders, who, since the peace, have visited our shores; certain it is, that we are becoming fast a musical nation. It is in the nature of improvement, (as of man,) to look contemptuously on the means by which it was first advanced; so that barrel-organs are fast f.lling in general estimation. Music of a higher cast, and masters of deeper science and more skilled execution, are, therefore, in nowaday request. Some of the street-bands of the present era are, in sober verity, getting to be of a really listenable quality; and if they proceed in their calling, with the same extent of excellence and rapidity which has recently marked their progress, Meyerbeers and Rossinis will spring up among us, thick as mushrooms. We make honourable mention of these pleasant itinerants, not only because they give a certain degree of character to the streets, but because we consider that this meed of praise will, as an equivalent, justify our non-distribution, for some time to come, of the "superfluous pence" which we are too prone to disburse among them. This is a benefit to both parties, and a loss to neither.

The most incongruous intermixtures are often to be found "on the stones." Sometimes a funeral procession is seen moving slowly along; its solemnity made ridiculous by a motley and interminable string of waggons, hackney-coaches, cabs, and drays, all following apparently as an integral part of the mourning train; at another time some lusty carter is heard oathing a bit of the blood patrician for "cutting him out," with all the force that slang abuse can administer; a dustman's cart in close succession to the noble's carriage; the grimy, cindery, unshorn knaves, cracking their coarse jokes at the "warmunts wots keeping the old 'un's back warm" within; the powdered and bedizened footmen the while looking volcanoes at the ineffable audacity of the filthy varlets' mistimed frolic. A "stoppage" is sure to provoke a bit of fun of some kind; every one knows it is of no use to be in a blockhead hurry, and all very contentedly await the removal of the distant and unseen obstruction, ripe and ready for any "lark" that may offer itself to beguile the tedium. It would be wormwood to many a proud aristocrat, if he suspected by what ignoble cause his passage was oftentimes arrested, and his lordly pleasures delayed—some costermonger's cart-wheel off, or haply his donkey down; occasioning as effectual a suspension of movement to a mile of vehicles as the preventive slap of a harlequin's wand. Be

it, however, what it may, he must put his indignation in his pocket, be he duke or dog's-meat man. Such an occurrence is priceless, for it teaches a rare lesson of philosophy to those who are inclined to learn it.

A rainy day in London is a treat alike to the sheltered and the shelterless. Business may not be stopped for a shower; and if it please the clouds to pour down Perth pebbles instead of water drops, those with whom business peoples the streets are not allowed to indulge in love of idle creature-comfort. None but the foolish ever dream of having recourse to umbrellas; but as the multitude are fools, so multitudinous are the umbrellas mounted in such an extremity. As politeness is admittedly at discount among the crowd in a storm, he alone whose arm is longest and strongest can hope to navigate his protector through the turbulent ocean of gingham visible in a soaking day. Such poking and pulling, such blood-mantling, such asperity! who in their senses might hope to escape the drench? No; let all people in such extremity prepare for it like Stoics true; umbrellaed or umbrellaless they must *have it*, and the wise know this. It is fine to witness a pure legitimate London rain, how it comes peppering down; not a mere drizzle—now a little harder, now a semi-cessation; but a true, right-lined, continuous, equable outpouring of water pellets from above; each drop the fourth of an inch in diameter, and descending at the rate of thirty-three feet seven inches per second of time, as correctly computed by the learned Leslie. You feel that the clouds really *mean* what they are about; no half measure, no make-believe, but all in downright earnestness. On such a day the rain is like the blood, in truth, a circulating fluid; for all are in motion, man, beast, cab, coach, and omnibus, —not a loiterer among them; all is pensive submission; and, like the impersonation of detected guilt, every eye is downcast.

After the rain, comes, as meet it should, the mud; and is there anybody this side of Crim-Tartary, who has not heard of London mud? The mud of no town, city, province, duchy, or nation in civilized Europe is like it. Proverbial for the peculiarity of its attributes, it stands unrivalled by any plebeian mud yet known. Gluey, well-kneaded, closely-packed, and slippy, it requires the foot of genius itself to maintain undisturbed the proud distinction of man over the lower animals—erectness of body. He or she who, without a fall, can walk the streets of London carpeted with London mud, may walk any portion of the earth's surface, fearlessly, confidently, securely.

Notoriety is of such paramount importance in commercial matters, nowadays, that the placarding plan has universally obtained; and a race of ragged peripatetics has accordingly sprung up, who announce, in various modes, the claims of various individuals to the patronage of every passenger. Some of this wandering tribe are furnished with handbills, for distribution to all who will take, announcing the sovereign efficacy of Smith's family pills, for the cure of all diseases of the human body; the unapproachable excellence of Thomas's steel pens; the advantages of Frisby's filter, and so forth: others are cased in a couple of boards, cuirassier fashion, on which, conspicuous in four-inch type, is set forth the wonders of Mechi's razor paste; the speed of the Brighton Quicksilver, the hour when, and the place from which it daily starts; the bear, just killed, whose grease will restore hair to the bald; the public meeting, to be held this day at the Freemasons' Tavern, at twelve or one o'clock, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of petitioning the Legislature, for the removal of the odious, unnatural, and flagitious tax on French poodles, and similar matters of equivalent moment. But valuable as are the services of these walking advertisements, they are absolutely as nought compared with their bill-sticking brethren. This latter respectable tribe are of a superior grade, by reason, apparently, of a great natural gift—alertness of vision. The sharpness of a hawk's optics is a proverb; but no hawk, surely, possesses more intensely that searching faculty. If a house, by any chance becomes tenantless, on a given day, the next shall see its walls covered to the very chimney tops with posting bills, not a square foot unprofaned by paste. How they become possessed of the knowledge, no one may divine, excepting it be by intuitive perception. Cockneys are now so accustomed to the sight, that they have ceased to be, if, by the by, they ever were surprised at it; but to a stranger or a thinker, it wellnigh simulates a miracle. Times were, when walls were, under certain conditions, accounted "dead;" but times are altered: instead of being dead walls they veritably seem instinct with life, teeming with information on every subject, most urgent to the necessities of mortal man. A placarded wall, house-front, or board, is in itself a volume full of interest, the perusal of which must inevitably make us wiser and happier; for every advertisement, large or small, is philanthropically designed for the comfort of mankind. Even to him who happens to be both wise enough and happy enough to need no further assistance, it shall be a source of capital amusement; for no cross-readings in Joe Miller shall be found more pregnant with drollery and conceit. Perhaps there is not one in a million who has had the ingenuity to make this discovery. Yet, let any lover of fun take this hint, and planting himself in a se ure position, minding his pockets, being too even-tempered to be moved by a jostle, while away ten minutes before a bill-pasted wall, he shall be upon the broad grin before two are expired, and in convulsions before five. But an hour ago we jotted down the following random medley:—"Grace Huntly, and other entertainments, for the benefit of—The Reverend Joel Byers. On Sunday evening will be Preached a Sermon on the Nature and Attributes of—J. Biffen, Bug Destroyer to their Majesties. Reward of L.50. Absconded—5000 Acres of Arable, Meadow, and Pasture Land. To

be let on Building Leases—Burgess's Essence of Anchovies. For Bombay and China; will Sail on Thursday—The Lothbury Bathing Rooms (Back of the Bank) for the Cure of—Fine Yorkshire Hams. Lost on Tuesday last, a Pocket-book containing—Garraway's Coffee-House—All that Capital Freehold Estate and—Marsden's Warehouse for Bedding and Mattresses, Warranted to be well Stuffed with—Industrious Fleas." This, however, is but a short and sorry sample compared with what may be sometimes picked up.

People engaged in the whirlpool of business are prone to snatch a glance at a curiosity for transient amusement's sake, whether it be in the shape of a row, a thief-hunt, a fire, a show, a skull-fracture, or any other novelty: novelty, we mean, compared with the tedium of business-routine. Accordingly, here and there are to be found, in any waste spot, some juggler or sleight-of-hand man, tossing balls, balancing wheels or live jack-asses [fact as death] on his chin, casting somersets, and other deeds pertinent to his vocation; our—everybody's—old friends, Punch and Judy; or some such entertainments got up for the relief of pence-encumbered pockets. Such things are an occasional relief to the monotony of the scene; we wish they more abounded. But alas! times are sadly altered; the good old days of dancing bears and creeping camels are gone by. The hackney coach horses, in the march of improvement, got conceited and affected terror, so the foreigners were "put down." Bah! all things are altered. The red-letter days in number now hardly exceed a couple or so; Lord Mayor's Day, Guy Fawkes' Day, May Day, being all that are left in the calendar, and these are fast fading into desuetude. We may not let off a squib under fear of a fine; every Jack-in-the-Green soot-scraper does not know but he may be dancing towards the tread-mill; and even the whole corporation of London are trembling lest Charley Pearson should take it into his noddle "to move"—and with him to move is to "carry"—that there be no more processions. Out upon such innovations!

Beneficent London teems with charitable institutions, hospitals, asylums, refuges for the destitute, the indigent, the sick, the lame, and the blind; there is scarcely a calamity that miserable humanity is liable to, for which Pity, in her affluence, has not provided a palliative. Yet are the streets thronged with beggary, beggary the most abject and revolting. Our national vanity may admit that in other countries beggary is in overmuch plenitude, because compared with this, all other countries are less advanced in wealth, wisdom, and that perfection of wisdom, law; but how it is, that in this first of nations upon the earth's surface, and especially in this first of cities among nations, beggary should be allowed to rear its fearful front, would appear passing strange, were it not for a reason that rarely shoots across the humane of heart. Beggary is a business, a profession, out-and-away the most thriving, profitable, secure, and comfortable of all that are practised. It has its schools of tuition, and learned professors, whereat, and by whom, men, women, and infants, are instructed upon the most improved principles in every branch of the science: to whine, to halt, to gasp, to feign convulsions, starvation, orphanism, widowhood, and every bodily affliction nameable or conceivable. The progress of the scholar varies, of course, according to the aptitude or genius with which he is gifted: some, not many, make a sad, miserable botch of it; but, generally considered, the greater part evince great talent. The facial expression of wretchedness and hunger is frequently sublime—a perfect study. Tattered garments, rags, and filth, are within the means of every one of these artists, and they, of course, are of no more value than as being simple adjuvants; but he, or she, to whom nature, or good-luck, has imparted a spare tallowy face, a hump-back, ophthalmia, a distorted limb, a scrofulous nose, or any equivalent blessing, and who has the gumption to set it off to advantage, is sure of never-failing success. The worst of it is, that *a hit*, whenever made, becomes at once overdone and marred by general adoption. "Give me a ha'penny to buy a bit of bread," a sentence got up a few years since, was, as a bit of soul-stirring pathetic, one of the finest things of the kind on record; but it soon lost its power by becoming the one universal appeal. The little square bit of brown paper, with the words "I am starving" written in chalk, and though appearing in multiplied copies throughout town, evidently by the *same penman*, is another clever hit; but like its precursor every beggar uses it. We have daily passed a sly rogue who, to our knowledge, has been starving for the last two years. He does his best to look wo-begone, it is true, and by constant practice he has succeeded tolerably well in schooling his muscles into the required grin: but the cunning dog has been picking up in flesh weekly in spite of himself. By practice also he has managed to get up a masterly teeth-chatter, and this he continues till the weather gets so hot that the perspiration trickles down his cheeks.

If any fact were wanting to show the precocious talents of infancy it will be found manifested in London. Lots of little urchins, but a few spans high, are to be found, with and without brooms, as occasions require, running about, begging with a vehemence and vociferation quite refreshing; and it is astonishing how many silk handkerchiefs accidentally fall into their possession. The proficiency which these imps make in their art must oftentimes be a source of proud and soul-glowing satisfaction to their parents or employers, as well as of no inconsiderable profit. The facility with which they can do the famished is often admirable. A knot of four or five, sprawling upon some door-step, shall be amusing themselves at the game of toss-halfpenny, laughing and shouting to the top of their voices; their very souls, if they have any, apparently absorbed in the excitement of the play; yet no sooner does a passenger approach, than in a moment up start

one or two of them, and with a sudden change of countenance that might shame our best tragedians, and with a whine the most lamentable that can assail a benevolent ear, they sue and pursue till he gives an alms, if not for charity at least for riddance sake. These young lumps of mud dried in the sun, however, complain much just now of the "falling off of business" in consequence of the shameful influx of Savoyard boys, and their monkeys, of whom Government countenances the importation. As professionals these new claimants to our sympathies cannot, in truth, approach our native artists. They are young, wretched, and strangers in a foreign land, —and that is a good deal,—but they are passive, and leave to their monkey kindred the performance of facial expression. It is not to be expected that we can enumerate any of even the leading varieties of the begging art; but we ought not to omit notice of a novel mode which must be powerful, were it only for numercial strength; namely, begging in gang. We have counted no less than fourteen gentlemen, of a row, suitably attired as artificers "out of employ," of course, and by their clean white aprons apparently, if not carpenters at least *joiners*, singing away like so many pauperized Lablaches. How far the system has proved to be a profitable investment of time, we know not; but the notification may, through the instrumentality of the press in these literary times, convey a hint worth the knowing to those whom it may concern.

Can any mind be so perverted as to infer from the tenor of these remarks that they are intended as a ribald ridicule of human suffering, or of the god-like grace of human charity? Hardly. It is against the weak-minded waste of alms we would protest, which properly administered might be indeed a goodly boon, but which dispensed, as they too generally are, among street beggars, can but perpetrate a system of roguery, imposture, vice, and idleness. Such a system, true charity can never countenance—except as being an appurtenant to a street SIGHT.

Such are half a dozen out of the million and one things that strike a stranger's eye, and challenge a thinker's cogitations. The theme is a fertile and exhaustless one, yet are we compelled to stop from its very illimitability.

Ever varying, ever teeming in novelty and change as a sight, and as one of the very worthiest, we commend to the study of the pleasure-seeking and reflective, the STREETS of LONDON.

THE ESTABLISHMENT AND THE DISSENTERS.

THE present article is intended to show, not what will hereafter be done, but what is now doing, a panoramic view of the combat now waging for liberty of conscience; in the hope that it may incite many yet inactive to buckle on their armour, to rise up and be doing, and like the good knights of old "strike ane fayre stroke" in the noble cause of religious independence.

In each of the three kingdoms, the Dissenters have made mighty progress; so much so, that, collectively, they far exceed the disciples of the Established Churches, even whilst the numbers of the latter are swelled by those—unfortunately too numerous—who, belonging to no communion, are uniformly counted with the adherents of Establishments.

The increase of the Dissenters furnishes at once an irrefragable argument for the abolition of the Establishment, and the means of carrying the sentence into execution. That which might have been endured, while the recusants were few in numbers and low in station, becomes intolerable when the scale of numbers and of intelligence has been turned against the priesthood. The former submission of the Dissenters may be excused, but its longer continuance would cover them, and deservedly, with contempt.

Strange as it may appear, the first blow, and it has been a hard one, struck in the battle of laic independence, proceeded from the peaceful and war-abjuring Quakers. From their quiver came the arrow which shall yet transfix corruption. For to them is undoubtedly owing the invaluable example of passive resistance to clerical extortion. Conceiving that the law which ordained the exaction of tithes was an interference with the higher claims of conscience towards God, they have always refused payment of tithes and other ecclesiastical demands. In the earlier periods of the society, its members were exposed to grievous sufferings and persecutions on this account. Not only were they despoiled of their property in a vexatious and ruinous manner, but their persons were seized and immured in dungeons, in the vain and cruel expectation of coercing conscience, and of overcoming principle by persecution. The reasons for the steady resistance made by the Quakers to the exactions of the priests, even when that resistance could only result in ruin to themselves, are so meekly, yet so forcibly, stated in the petition on this subject, lately presented by the Society to the House of Commons, that we cannot resist transferring them to our pages.

1. That we regard the interference of the Civil Government, in matters of religion and private conscience, to be the usurpation of a prerogative which belongs only to God. 2. That we consider the setting apart of tithes for the maintenance of the ministers of religion to have been an unwarrantable return to the provisions of the Levitical law, and at variance with the nature and character of the Gospel. 3. That we believe the ministry of the Gospel to be free in its nature, according to the command of our Lord and Saviour to his disciples: "Freely ye have received, freely give;" and that the contravention of this principle has an unfailing tendency to convert religion into a trade, and grievously to impede the diffusion of vital Christianity.—We also deem the compulsory support of the ministers of any Church, and of an ecclesiastical system connected therewith, to be opposed to that liberty which the Gospel confers; and when claimed from those who conscientiously dissent from that

Church, to be a violation of the common principles of justice.

The imprisonment of Quakers for non-payment of tithes has now long ceased; and (unless the unfortunate Friend should happen to become a citizen of Edinburgh) is not likely to be soon resumed; but the forcible seizure of their effects has all along continued, and incontestibly suggested to the gigantic mind of O'Connell, that daring plan by which, after centuries of a bondage, during which apathy and frenzy mournfully alternated, Ireland is about to become free, and the Catholic to be uplifted into the rights of citizenship.

I.—In Ireland, the injustice of the Establishment is monstrous, indefensible, undefended,—a sink of iniquity so foul, that beside it, the impurities of the sister establishments of England and of Scotland, appear comparatively pure. In Ireland, the nuisance had become intolerable. In Ireland, began the attempt at its abatement. With the efforts of O'Connell and the Catholics, to obtain the right of admission to the benefits of the Constitution, we have little here to do. Great and important in its effects as the Roman Catholic relief bill undoubtedly was, it virtually left the question of Establishments untouched; although it may have incidentally accelerated the strife, by raising the sufferers from the degrading state of political slavery in which they had long languished. It is the war of church rates, the battle of tithes, that we would here describe; during which the feeling mother often looked

> On her sad offspring—famished—dying,
> While Christian priests, with military aid,
> Drove the last heifer from the little farm,
> To pay a tithe for a religion
> Which they ne'er taught.

On the oppressive exaction of tithes from the people of Ireland, we have already expatiated, in the earlier numbers of this Magazine. Church rate, though less extensive in its operation, is an exaction which, when levied from Dissenters, is quite as vexatious and equally unjust. Originally the tithes of a parish were divided into four parts, of which the first was dedicated to the support of the edifice of the Church; the second, to support the poor; the third, the Bishop; and the fourth, the parochial clergy. After the Sees had been endowed with their present magnificent provisions, this order was, in some measure, changed; the Bishop's share being divided among the other three. Nowadays, however, the whole goes to the parson. The poor-rates supply the poor; while the repair of the edifice, and all and every expense connected with divine worship and the celebration of the sacrament, are paid for by the parishioners, who are annually assessed by the vestry for the amount. In Ireland the tax is called vestry cess; in England it is better known by the name of church-rate. In both countries, Ireland particularly, the most shameful extravagance has been practised in this matter, with perfect impunity. Not only was everything, that the imagination of avarice could fancy in any way connected with the Church Establishment, provided for out of the pockets of the parishioners; but these were charged for at prices, the exorbitance of which is absolutely incredible. It was against these evils that the people of Ireland opposed the Quaker-shield of passive resistance. The battle has been long; although the combatants were fearfully unequal. On one side were arrayed the Government, the Clergy, and the Landlords, backed by thousands of armed police, and tens of thousands of soldiers. On the other, stood the peasant, strong in poverty, formidable from desperation. Nor was the battle lost for want of due exertion. British soldiers, the conquerors of Napoleon, were unscrupulously marched for days, to escort the pounded cow or pig to a place of safe and distant sale; while the meaner myrmidons of the police, were multiplied like locusts, for the sole purpose of gathering in the clerical harvest. Even the landlords lent their powerful assistance to the Church, and, in some instances, actually swindled their tenants into payment of church-rate, by giving over to the parsons part of the monies which had been paid to them as rent, and coolly telling their tenants they should be credited for the balance. Last of all came the coercion bill, that dreadful measure, which at once shook the Whigs from the hold they possessed on the feelings of the British people; and which was, undoubtedly, employed to a limited extent, in enforcing the payment of tithes. Yet what has been the result? Vestry cess has been abolished in Ireland. The clergy must now pay out of their own pockets, for the surplices which they seldom wear, and the bibles which they do not read. Even tithes are virtually abolished in Ireland. With all the aid of bayonets and batons, mounted dragoons, and patrolling policemen, the whole sum which the Government has been able to collect for the Church, amounts to L.12,000; and this has been abstracted from the people, at a direct and acknowledged expense of L.28,000, or more than twice the amount of the sum collected. What the *real* cost of gathering in this pittance, truly is, cannot be exactly ascertained; but, as it includes the expense of keeping up an army of 30,000 men, some faint idea may be formed on the subject. The chance of recovering the arrears from the Irish peasantry, is so utterly hopeless that the idea has been given up; which, when we recollect the pertinacity with which Governments persevere in squeezing, demonstrates that the sponge cannot be made to yield one other drop of moisture. The vessel of the Irish church is evidently foundering. The rubbish which the Ministry have lately thrown overboard, is not enough to lighten the ship. She is waterlogged and fast sinking. May the misery of Ireland be buried with her for ever and ever!

II.—While such efforts, followed up by such success, were made in Ireland, what line of conduct might have been expected from the clergy of England, the possessors of a property held by a tenure so very fragile? Cautious and prudent circumspection—an anxious avoidance of all discussion, either as to the nature or extent of cle-

rical property,—a slackening of the rein—a show of forbearance—a temporary disavowal of rapacity. What has been their actual conduct? Precisely the reverse. In the words of the *Examiner*, they are literally "worrying the land like a beast of prey." They have manifested a most insane desire to augment the burden already hateful to men's hearts, and appear determined to leave the nation no rag of an excuse—not even that of ignorance—for future submission to their rapacity. Within the last eight months, many thousand suits have been instituted in Chancery, for the exaction of tithes, and those of the most obsolete, contemptible, and yet oppressive kind. These are not confined to any one county, or even district of England. They cover the breadth of the land. From east to west, from north to south, from Yarmouth to St. David's, Carlisle to Cornwall, nothing is heard but outcries against clerical rapacity, and exhortations to firmness,—and exclamations of disgust and defiance. Almost every parish in England is at war with its pastor; and, in several, many hundred suits have been instituted. Thus, in the parish of Abbey Holm, in Westmoreland, alone, upwards of three hundred Exchequer processes have been instituted; in the parish of Leyland, in the county of Lancaster, 488; and many more in the parish of Guiselep; hundreds also have been brought in the parish of Kendal, where the sums claimed by the Rector would form an addition of L.10,000 a-year to his reverence's income! In the parish of Standish, the reverend William Green Orret, has cited 362 of his parishioners; and the Rector of Eccleston, 245. In the county of Lancaster alone, the number amounts to 1,319. In the comparatively small county of Glamorgan, matters are still worse, for there thousands of suits have been raised. The expense of these has been estimated by the present Solicitor-General for England—who must certainly be allowed to be a competent judge—at only Two Millions of Pounds Sterling!! Nor is it the numbers of these ecclesiastical demands alone, which is now causing the Church Establishment to stink in the nostrils of the people of England. They are of the most vexatious, contemptible, and disgusting character. Our Scottish readers, uncursed by the visitation of the tithe-proctor, may probably not be aware of the multitudinous demands made upon the pockets of English laymen. To enumerate the titheable articles, would be to draw up an inventory, not only of all that moves, and breathes, and has its being from the soil of the earth, or the waters under the earth; but of all the inanimate substances which in any way contribute to the sustentation of human life. The beast of the earth, and the fowl of the air, the fish of the sea, and the herb of the field, are all liable to decimation; all contribute their component parts of the price of those glad tidings of great joy, the Divine Proclaimer of which, had not where to lay his head! According to Blackstone, tithes are defined to be "the tenth part of the increase yearly arising and renewing from the profits of lands, the stock upon lands, and the personal industry of the inhabitants; the first species being usually called predial, as of corn, grass, hops, and wood; the second mixed, as of wool, milk, pigs, &c. consisting of natural products, but nurtured and preserved in part by the care of man; and of these, the tenth must be paid in gross; the third personal, as of manual occupations, trades, fisheries, and the like, and of these only the tenth part of the clear gains and profits is due. But personal tithes are only payable by a special custom, and perhaps are now paid nowhere in England, except for fish caught in the sea, and corn mills."*

This universality of exaction has, however, been in some cases curtailed by immemorial usage, and, in others, by the nature of the tenure of the land, as having belonged anciently to monastic institutions paying no tithe. In some parishes a pecuniary compensation has been, from time immemorial, accepted in lieu of tithe,—as a shilling per acre for the tithe of land, tenpence a score for the tithe of lambs, &c. In other places, tithe has been commuted for labour to be done to the parson; and in others, for a smaller quantity of a superior article, as two fowls in lieu of the tithe on eggs, &c. This custom of taking less than the actual tenth of the titheable subject is commonly called, in England, a *modus*. To render it valid, it must have existed uniformly from time immemorial, which, by the law of England, is held to have terminated at the accession of Richard I., in the year 1189. A year or two ago, Lord Tenterden,—seeing no good reason why the law of prescription, which, in the rights of laics, extends only to sixty years, should, in the matter of tithes, stretch out to the exorbitant term of six hundred and fifty—introduced a bill for rendering all *moduses* effectual, which could be proved to have existed uniformly for the term of thirty years. The bill was passed; but not until, under the malign influence of Lord Wynford, the commencement of its operation had been deferred until twelve months after that session of Parliament. This was done for the purpose of enabling the clergy to defeat its beneficial tendency altogether by raising actions for the payment of all tithes of which a uniform *modus*, ever since the year 1189, could not be legally made out. Of this permission these true sons of Becket have availed themselves to an extent which must have astonished even Lord Wynford. Myriads of suits are springing up in England; not as might, at first view, be imagined, for the purpose of recovering arrears of tithes acknowledged to be due, but for the purpose of increasing their yearly amount; not to enforce the burden under which the people of England have groaned for the last thirty years, but, if possible, to increase it tenfold. Thus the income of the vicar of Kendal, should he prove successful in his tithe claims, would be increased to nearly L.10,000 a-year. In some places, tithes are now demanded for green crops, which were never dreamt of before; and in Glamorganshire this has been attempted to be extended to the produce of coppice-woods, of which, as immense quantities

* Blackstone, P. II. C. iii. p. 24. Edit. 1794.

are consumed in the great manufactories of iron, a tenth would amount to a very considerable sum. In the valley of Neath, in Wales, where hundreds of processes have been served, the vicar is attempting to set aside a modus which was held to be good during the reign of William III., and which has never since been disputed; and also to subject to tithe, land, which being attached to the ancient Abbey there, is not liable to tithe, or, at all events, has not paid it since the Reformation. The case of Mr. Isaac Redmond, at Caewern, which is only one out of thousands that might be instanced of a similar nature, is peculiarly illustrative of the disinterested character of the clergy. We quote it as given by Mr. Redmond himself, in the *Cambrian* of Tuesday, 6th September last:—

A few words on my own particular case. I occupy a small farm in the neighbourhood of Neath, that having been attached to the Old Abbey, has ever been considered tithe-free. I have endeavoured to exhibit to my countrymen the advantages of high cultivation, and in the culture of my little farm have adopted the principle of spade husbandry. The land, when I took it, was wet, poor, and unproductive; I have manured it, drained it, and dug it to the depth of two feet and upwards. For the correctness of these particulars I may appeal to the Vicar himself; he has seen my improvements, visited my farm, and often expressed his admiration of my enterprising spirit in giving employment to so many of our labouring poor. Mine is only one instance out of more than a hundred in this parish.

Here is a worthy successor of the man of Tarsus, who wrought with his own hands rather than be burdensome to the flock! "We seek not yours, but you," says the apostle. This text must be misprinted in the bible of the Vicar of Cadoxton. It is not "them," but "theirs," which he demands from his parishioners. The proceedings against the tenants in the parish of Holme Caltram, afford a farther manifestation of the same spirit. This parish formed part and parcel of the great Cistertian Monastery of that name, founded by Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, and magnificently endowed by the mistaken piety of David I., Malcolm IV., and William the Lion. At the dissolution of the greater monasteries by Henry VIII., a report was given into the auditor's office of the tithe of meal, barley, and oats, which had been received by the monastery; and in founding the present rectory, the same tithe was granted in endowment. This living was afterwards granted by Queen Mary to the University of Oxford. Various attempts were shortly afterwards made to disturb the existing modus, but they were all unsuccessful; and for MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED YEARS, no other or higher claim has been made. Now, however, nearly three hundred of the parishioners have been served with writs, the object of which is to destroy the ancient modus, and to subject them in payment of tithes for all corn, grain, hay, pulse, turnips, potatoes, or other green crops, not only for the present, but for six preceding years! Is the bare recital of such a transaction not sufficient to excite universal indignation; and was not the honest yeoman of the district, thus wantonly oppressed, justified, when he expressed his wish, that the battle should be fought with these cormorants, now when the blood is up?

Some of the newly got-up claims are so pitiful, that, did they not afford incontestible evidence of this widely ramified conspiracy against the pockets of the laity, they might only awaken a contemptuous smile. Thus the Dean and Chapter of Ripon, not content with tithing cow and calf, have brought processes against the inhabitants of the small town of Grantly for tithe of milk. "Several poor persons," (we quote from the *York Courant*,) "have had as high as five shillings demanded from them for this tithe; and the affair has created such a sensation at Ripon, that the very walls are chalked with, 'Take the Dean milk,' 'The Dean wants milk,'" &c. Again, we learn from the *Carlisle Patriot*, that "The rector of Egremont, the Rev. A. Scott, sometime ago laid claim to tithe of pigs, in the parish of Beckermet, because they had been farrowed by sows belonging to persons residing in his parish. The claim was resisted; and the parson having consulted his oracles, has been obliged to forego his claim—to the great joy of all the pigs in the parish." This endeavour to tithe pigs, even to the third and fourth generation, is all but equalled by an attempt lately made to extort tithe from turnip eaten by sheep, without being removed from the soil! the said sheep consumers being, of course, tithed at the same time! Shame! shame!

In any country but England, the following lines would be inapplicable and absurd; in that priest-ridden land, their point is universally felt:

TITHING MOONSHINE.

Oh moon, thou art shining fair and bright,
O'er all our parish by tithes oppressed:
Were our vicar's eyes to see thy light,
Not long in quiet he'd let thee rest.

To a tenth of thy light he'd lay a claim,
By "right divine" or by statute law;
And if thou wouldst not admit the same,
On thee a Chancery writ he'd draw.

And then thou'dst have to search and try
If thou hast always continued to shine
Without claim of tithe since the fourth of July,
One thousand one hundred and eighty-nine.

All must regard as a *lunatic* scheme,
The idea of tithing moonshine in kind;
But just as mad the man must seem
Who to the signs of the times is blind.

He who batters a building that's ready to fall,
And tears off the ivy that o'er it is spread,
May think, if he likes, he'll dig gold from the wall,
But he stands a fair chance of a broken head.

All these instances, however, disgraceful as they are, relate to attacks on property of some kind or other. But your true churchman scorns to be confined in his demands by this distinction. *Ex nihilo nihil fit* is a brocard which he at once despises and shows to be erroneous. There is a limit beneath which even the tax-gatherer considers it ungenerous and unsafe to descend; but there are churchmen who have no such compunction, and who can seek and find their prey even amongst the lowest depths of poverty. We find Blackstone, in the innocence of his heart,

forty years ago, imagining that no personal tithe was then exacted in England. We have improved in that respect since his day. Personal tithes are now exacted from the labouring peasant, as well as from the laboured earth. It is not enough that the priest gets the tenth sheaf, and the tenth lamb, the tenth turnip, and the tenth potato,—the very labour which produced them must yield so much of its sweat to the coffers of the church. All our readers are doubtless aware of the famous case of Jeremiah Dodsworth,—for has not Britain, we may say Europe, rang from side to side with its details? It is, however, necessary to the completing of the picture of the times, that it should be here repeated and preserved *ad futuram rei memoriam;* not because, as we shall presently find, it is by any means *unique* of its kind, but because being authenticated beyond the reach of cavil, the facts are past disputing. On the 17th October, 1832, the following application is made by the Rev. Francis Lundy, Rector of Lockington, in the East Riding of the county of York:—

"To Robert Wylie, Esq., and John Blanchard, Clerk, two of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the East Riding of the County of York.

"John Hudson, in behalf of the Rev. Francis Lundy, Clerk, Rector of Lockington, in the said Riding, humbly complaineth—that the said complainant did, in behalf of the said Rev. Francis Lundy, by the space of 20 days and upwards, before the date hereof, demand of each of the persons hereafter named, servants in husbandry, in the parish of Lockington: that is to say—

	Wages.			Sums demanded.		
Jeremiah Dodsworth, for last year,	£13	0	0	0	4	4
Ditto, this year, hired weekly, .	15	0	0	0	5	0
Wm. Hall, ...	10	10	0	0	3	6
Harrison Moment, ...	9	0	0	0	3	0
Henry Blakeston, ...	15	0	0	0	5	0
Wm. Foster, ...	8	8	0	0	2	8
George Femby, ...	6	6	0	0	2	0
John Hall, half a year, . . .	10	10	0	0	3	0
John Milliner, ...	15	0	0	0	5	0
Matthew Blakeston, ...	8	8	0	0	2	8
Carling Risim, ...	16	0	0	0	5	4
John Dodsworth, ...	15	0	0	0	5	0
Wm. Fallowfield, miller's servant,	18	0	0	0	6	0
Robert Braithwaite, ditto, promised to compound, but now refuseth,	15	0	0	0	5	0

Being tithes, offerings, oblations, and obventions of fourpence in the pound of the amount of their wages, justly become due, within two years now last past, from each of the persons above named, unto the said Rev. Francis Lundy; and that the said persons, severally, upon the said demand, did refuse to pay and compound for, and have not yet paid nor compounded for the same, nor any part thereof. The said complainant, therefore, prayeth such redress in the premises as to you shall seem meet, and to the law doth appertain.

"Signed this 27th day of October, 1832.

"JOHN HUDSON.

"Robert Wylie,
"John Blanchard,"

Jeremiah Dodsworth, who heads the foregoing list of victims, being unable to pay the Peter's-pence demanded by the rector, a distress warrant for seizing and selling any bed, chair, or table, of which the recusant might happen to stand possessed, was immediately granted by the Justices. But Jeremiah was too poor even for that. He had literally nothing to distrain! What effect had the representation of his utter poverty on the feelings of the Reverend Francis Lundy of Lockington? The following document will testify:—

"East Riding of the County of York.

"To all Constables in the said Riding, and especially to the Constable of the Township of Lockington, in the said Riding, and to the Keeper of the House of Correction at Beverley.

"These are, in his Majesty's name, to command you, the said Constable of Lockington, forthwith, to convey and deliver into the custody of the said keeper, the body of Jeremiah Dodsworth, of Lockington, servant in husbandry, convicted before me, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said Riding, upon the oath of Peter Roantre, constable of Lockington, that the said Jeremiah Dodsworth having refused to pay his tithes, offerings, oblations, and adventions, due to the Rev. Francis Lundy, Rector of Lockington, the amount of which is 4s. 4d., and also 2s. 8d., for the recovery of the said tithes, obventions, offerings, and oblations, due to the said Rev. Francis Lundy; and, whereas a distress warrant was issued upon the goods and chattels of the said Jeremiah Dodsworth, and the said Peter Roantre having sworn that no distress could be found on the goods of the said Jeremiah Dodsworth, and the expenses of the said distress amounting to 5s., together with this warrant of commitment. And you, the said keeper, are hereby required to receive the said Jeremiah Dodsworth into your said custody, and him safely there to keep, for the pace of three calendar months; and for your so doing, this shall be to you, and every of you, a sufficient warrant. Given under my hand and seal, this 22d of December, in the year of our Lord, 1832.

"JOHN BLANCHARD."

A poor labourer, whose wages, on the showing of his assessor, averaged barely 5s. a-week, sent to jail for three months, because, out of this miserable pittance, he had been unable to scrape the tribute due by the law of man to the Minister of Religion! No wonder that the press was unanimous in its execration,—execrable would it have been had it not. The *Standard*, however, endeavoured to extract a miserable consolation from the affair, by representing it as a solitary instance of priestly villany; falsely arguing, that as no other clergyman had been publicly complained of, no other had been guilty of the same brutality. This is, however, far from being the case; personal tithes are enforced in many parts of England. We extract the following paragraph from the *Sheffield Iris* of the 6th August last:—

At the Rochdale Petty Sessions last week, Robert Swalwell and John Pearson, sen., and John Pearson, jun., of Middleton, were summoned for refusing to pay five-pence each for Easter offerings, to the Rector of that parish. After hearing the case, the magistrates ordered them to pay 5d. each for vicarial dues, and 10s. each for expenses! Swalwell and the senior Pearson paid immediately, to avert worse consequences; but the younger Pearson declared that he was unable to pay, on which a warrant of distress was issued against his furniture, and the constable proceeded on Wednesday to execute it; but on finding the destitute situation of the poor parishioner, the warrant was withdrawn.

The following, extracted from a recent newspaper, demonstrates the continuance of the disgraceful practice:—

EASTER OFFERINGS.—On Wednesday week the house of a poor man of the name of Pearson, of Middleton, near Manchester, was stripped of all his furniture, consisting of an old table, two chairs, two mugs, and a number of other small articles of crockery, to satisfy a claim of 5d.,

made by the Rev. J. C. Way, Rector of Middleton, for Easter Offerings (so called.) It appears that Pearson had neglected to pay the Rector's claim, and that costs to the amount of 18s. had been incurred to recover the original sum of 5d. Three bailiffs entered the house, and proceeded into his bed-room, expecting to find a sufficient amount of property to satisfy their demand; but there was neither bed nor bedding.

Nor is it from the toil of manhood only that our Vampire Church extracts its bloody sustenance. Childhood, infant poverty, is also sucked, to yield its little drop. So far has the matter been pushed, says the *Morning Chronicle*, at one place, that a penny a-head is exacted from each of the little bare-legged girls who seek for cockles, on every occasion of their being out. The picture is complete! Let any of our readers imagine he sees the agent of the preacher of Christianity watching for, and way-laying the bare-footed innocent, as she returns, weary and wet, from her toilsome labours on the wild sea beach; and there, with an inhumanity which highwaymen might blush for, robbing her of her little coin! Faugh, faugh! well may we say with *The Times*, surely the Clergy of England have gone mad in thus revolting and disgusting the world!

But then exclaims a reverend clergyman, like Shylock, "I stand here for law."

> My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
> The penalty and forfeit of my bond!

a claim which has been recognised by those who should have known better. Cobbett has forcibly shown that this eternal answer, "It is the law," is the very thing which is chiefly endangering the safety, or rather ensuring the destruction of the Establishment! "We know it is the law, and therefore we want other laws to do this law away." So conscious are the real friends of the clergy of the madness of their proceeding, that they had recourse to the plenary power of Parliament to arrest their insane course. A bill for the stay of tithe prosecutions was introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Blamire, member for the eastern division of Cumberland, and passed without serious opposition from any party. In the House of Peers, however, it met a different fate. To the Right Honourable and Right Reverend inmates of that respected place, the measure appeared absolutely hateful. And no wonder! Was not its object to protect the sheep against the wolf, the weak against the strong? Lord Brougham, who, before he sunk into the woolsack, was ambitious of being thought the people's friend, objected to it on a curious ground: He thought the clergy would not have it in their power to do much more evil, before Parliament should again assemble. Much more evil! Is this the man, who, in his better days, denounced with such tremendous energy, the evils of the Court of Chancery, and drew so feelingly the picture of its beggared suitors? Does he think the addition of a few thousand suits no evil? Is the ruin, which these prosecutions must bring on hundreds of the smaller farmers of England no evil? Is the dissemination of bitter and irradicable hatred towards the whole clergy of the Establishment no evil? But we wrong Lord Brougham. His Lordship is doubtless a Voluntary Churchman, and has quashed this measure, solely that the enormous mischief of the Establishment may be made more fully manifest. If this was indeed his intention, he could not have more effectually promoted it, than by allowing the clergy to proceed unfettered in their present mad career.

The clerical conspiracy, of which we have just sketched a few of the atrocities, has naturally augmented the number of Dissenters, and excited in the people of England the most vehement indignation. In one quarter this has been carried so far, that, at a recent vestry meeting, the assembly literally voted the Church a nuisance, and advertised for a contractor who would remove it for the value of the old materials! Even among moderate men, a determined opposition to church-rates has sprung up, and is rapidly spreading throughout England. The demand for a rate has been everywhere met with a motion for adjournment; and the general feeling of the people on the subject is now so well known, that in many places the church-wardens do not venture to propose a rate at all; while, in others, tricks and false notices are had recourse to, for the purpose of keeping the rate-payers away, and obtaining a rate from a previously-packed assemblage. Our limits prevent us from doing more than noticing a very few instances of what we have just stated. To narrate even the half of what has come under our own notice would more than fill the magazine. The campaign, we believe, commenced at Birmingham, where it was successfully argued, that it was beneath the dignity of the Establishment to call on the Dissenters for the support of their churches, and quite as unreasonable as if the Dissenters were to call on the Churchmen for the maintenance of their chapels. This good example was followed at Tavistock, where, at a meeting, held on the 6th August last, several strong resolutions were passed, "protesting against the levy of Church-rates upon Dissenters, thereby compelling the whole of the community to pay for the repairs of the religious edifices and the maintenance of the forms of worship belonging to but a part; and recommending Churchmen to follow the example of the Dissenters, by raising, through voluntary subscriptions, the sums necessary to support the interests of their Church. The Vestry farther passed a resolution, that "this meeting cannot entertain any question connected with the estimates now brought forward by the Church-wardens for the ensuing year; and do, therefore, adjourn till February 6, 1834."

Only two days afterwards, (August 8,) a Vestry meeting of the parish of St. Andrews, Newcastle, was held for a similar purpose. From the report of the proceedings that took place, (for which we are indebted to that spirited and thriving paper, the *Newcastle Press*,) it appears, that in that parish the expenses for which a

church-rate are required amounted to the sum of L.337, 1s. 11d.; while the whole pew rents of the church yielded only L.50, 17s. 6d.—the same being let at the small and easy charge of one shilling and threepence per annum! A rate of one penny per pound having been moved and seconded, Mr. Pengilly, a very respectable dissenting minister in Newcastle, opposed the motion in a speech which we regret our limits prevent us from giving at length. The following extracts, we are sure, will be read with pleasure.

I believe, sir, the time has happily arrived when we are prepared to recognise this principle—"that no one man is amenable to another for his religious view—that God alone is the Being to whom alone every man, and every man alike, is accountable in spiritual things." If any one in this parish were to attempt to interfere in the rights of conscience, I conceive we all should be ready to address him in the firm, powerful, and beautiful language of the apostle Paul, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth." We have on earth one Bible, one revelation of the will of our great Creator and Saviour; and by the Divine Author of that revelation, we are commanded to search the Scriptures, and are taught that all religious error arises from ignorance or a departure from that only standard of divine truth. Upon this principle it is, sir, that thousands and tens of thousands of persons in this country have felt it their duty to dissent from the religious establishment; and they do it not from any captious or cavilling disposition, God forbid! but because, if they should continue in union with that establishment, they should do violence to the dictates of their consciences, and be unfaithful to Him who hereafter is to sit in judgment upon their conduct. I would inquire, therefore, whether, in a case of this kind, it is right or just, or is it according to the spirit of Christianity, to *compel* a man, thus conscientiously dissenting, *to pay* his money to support what he conscientiously disapproves? Upon this point I appeal to the enlightened mind, and to the liberal and Christian heart of every man in this meeting. Now, church cess being imposed for the express purpose of supporting the worship and service of the Established Church, and demanded and insisted upon from Dissenters, is a violation of the principle of religious liberty, and of the dictates of conscience; and if this parish be aware of this circumstance, I do not believe that they would be disposed to enforce the demand.

Mr. Pengilly concluded by moving the following resolutions:—

1st, That it is the opinion of this meeting, that man is accountable to God only, in what relates to religion and religious worship; and consequently, that it is unjust and contrary to the spirit of Christianity, to compel pecuniary payments to support what persons conscientiously disapprove.

2d, That this meeting, hoping that the legislature will speedily introduce a law, as they have done *in reference to Ireland*, by which Dissenters will be freed from any demand for supporting the worship of the Establishment, do adjourn the consideration of imposing a church cess upon the inhabitants of this parish, until this day twelve months.

After some conversation as to the hardship of leaving the newly elected church-wardens without funds, the amendment was put and *carried* almost unanimously, about twelve hands only being held up against it!

A Vestry meeting of the parishioners of St. Nicholas, Nottingham, having been advertised to be held, about the same time, for the purpose of voting a church-rate, handbills were extensively circulated about the parish, apprising the ratepayers of the meeting, and requesting them "To assemble as numerously as possible, as it is intended to meet the proposal for the grant of the Church-rate, by a motion to adjourn the meeting to that day twelve months; hoping that, in the meantime, as the Church-cess in Ireland is now abolished by law, the same measure of justice may be dealt out in this country." We have condensed the following interesting account of the proceedings which followed, from the *Nottingham Review*. After it had been moved and seconded, that a 9d. rate should be granted,

Mr. B. Boothby, jun. said, that in presenting himself before the meeting, with the intention of offering an amendment to the motion just made by the churchwarden, he begged in the outset to disclaim any, the slightest personal hostility towards the Rev. Chairman, or that body of Christians over whom he presides as minister; he desired to wage war with opinions, and not with men. It would be in the recollection of some in the meeting, that on the present churchwardens being first elected to the office, he submitted to the vestry, and which they did him the honour to adopt, resolutions pledging the ratepayers to resist, by every legal means, the imposing of any future church-rate. He appeared before them this day in fulfilment of that pledge, and his motive for referring to the resolutions of a former time, was for the purpose of showing that he was not suddenly seized with the anti-church-rate epidemic, which seemed likely to run its course through the country, but that he acted from long-cherished convictions. The resolutions with which he should close the observations he now addressed to the meeting, were declaratory of the inalienable right of every man to worship God according to his conscience; and that it was tyrannous and unjust to impose a pecuniary exaction for the support of a dominant sect. The meeting would deem it presumption in him to attempt any illustration of "the rights of conscience;" these now formed but the A B C of the political lesson-book. He intended only to remark on the solemn mockery of religious freedom, which was included in the acknowledgment of the right of every man to worship God in his own mode, and then, with the next breath, to demand from him money to support religious opinions and ceremonies which he believed to be utterly repugnant to the word of God, and injurious to his fellow men. The meeting knew that the legislature had recently passed an act abolishing the odious exaction of church-cess in Ireland; but why this distinction between the two countries—why was Ireland relieved, and England still burdened? It was because of their passive resistance to *the law*; and in this case our modern legislators have offered a premium on resistance, and said to the people, "bow to our oppressions and we will continue the wrong; but if you resist, we will acknowledge your rights, and remove the grievance." He recommended the meeting to take a leaf out of the Irish book; the right of petition was utterly disregarded by our present lawmakers, and his opinion was that passive resistance to the law would prove the best and quickest means of removing the grievance. The proposition of the churchwardens was that a rate be granted; he recommended them to reply, that they would take time to consider, and that they would meet again on that day twelve months, to talk further about it. He concluded by moving the following resolutions:—

"*That this meeting, recognising the inalienable right of every man to worship God according to his conscience, regards all laws as tyrannous and unjust which impose a pecuniary exaction for the support of a dominant sect. That this meeting has witnessed with pleasure the passing of a law which has put an end to the collection of Church-cess in Ireland, and hoping also that the same measure of justice may in the meantime be dealt out to this country, RESOLVES TO ADJOURN TO THIS DAY TWELVE MONTHS.*"

The amendment having been seconded, a conversation ensued, in the course of which the

Rector explained that the emoluments of the living were not more than L.200 per annum, that he was constantly resident, and that he did the whole duty. Mr. William Sharp spoke in favour of the rate, and censured the present desire for change, which was but too prevalent. This line of argument not seeming to suit the taste of his auditors, Mr. Sharp concluded by moving that the amendment be rejected. The question being put, almost every hand was held up for the amendment, at least 150; and but very few in favour of the original motion, twelve or fifteen being the very extreme. The Chairman then declared the meeting adjourned to that day twelve months.

The friends of the establishment, however, managed to discover that the proceedings at this vestry meeting were null, in respect no notice of it had been stuck up on the church door! A second meeting was held; but the same spirit was still predominant, and a similar amendment was carried by a large majority. Still the scruples of the churchmen were not exhausted. It was found out that the name of the individual who moved the obnoxious amendment was not inserted in the rate-book! A third meeting was therefore held, with precisely the same result. Mr. Samuel Fox, grocer, and one of the Society of Friends, in a speech of some length, moved as an amendment, "That the vestry do adjourn to the 22d of August, 1834, (the day to which both former vestries were adjourned,) in the hopes that the legislature would in the meantime take measures to abolish the impost." The amendment having been seconded, the Reverend Rector tried to intimidate the voters, by threatening them with the once formidable wrath of the Spiritual Court. This turned out a mere *brutum fulmen* however. The adjournment was again carried by a vast majority; and a poll having been demanded, at the close, there were, for the rate, 50; for adjournment 123; majority against the rate, 73!

These examples have been followed in every part of England; and opposition to Church-rate is spreading with a rapidity which the writers for the public press find it difficult to characterize. By one editor it is said to travel faster than the cholera; another designates it the Church-rate influenza; while all seem to agree that it will soon become general, and acquiesce in Lord Wharncliffe's prophecy, that "Church-rates cannot be much longer collected in England." We cannot pretend to enumerate one-half of the places in which this vexatious burden has been flung from the shoulders of the people, but we may mention *Canterbury*, *Durham*, Manchester, Wakefield, Middleton, Chorley, Gateside, Morley, Chard, and a great variety of parishes in and about the metropolis. In fact the determined nature of the opposition to Church-rates is now so well known, that, in many places, the church-wardens have been instructed not to propose a rate at all. Thus, at the Vestry meeting lately held at Leeds, although it had been advertised that a rate was to be imposed, the church-wardens wisely refrained from proposing one. Even this did not satisfy the meeting. They insisted on examining into the different items of expenditure proposed to be allowed by the church-wardens; and after a most merciless scrutiny, reduced the amount from L.289 to L.146, 14s., or about one-half. The rate-payers terminated their proceedings by unanimously adopting the following resolution:—"That it is unjust in principle, and injurious in practice, to tax individuals for the support and extension of any particular denomination of Christians, whose tenets and form of church government they do not approve; and therefore this meeting trusts that Parliament will speedily pass a law, under which each denomination will be left to uphold and maintain their own places and forms of worship." Well might *The Leeds Times* assert, as it did in adverting to these proceedings, that they "afford too decisive indication of the state of public mind to be mistaken. It is evident that some change must be effected in the mode by which the church is supported. The time is at hand when the members of the Establishment must sustain both their own ministry and their own institutions!"

The powerful character of the opposition we have been describing, may also be estimated by the unworthy practices which its enemies are obliged to resort to, in order to evade it. At Stoke-upon-Trent the vestry meetings have, for the last twenty years, been held at twelve o'clock, though the nominal hour of business is eleven. On the 3d of October last, a meeting was held for the purpose of laying on a church-rate. The friends of the tax, instead of waiting till the usual hour, attended precisely at eleven o'clock, and instantly proceeded to business. A chairman was installed, the different demands were moved in one resolution, promptly seconded, and immediately voted. So great was the haste, that the whole affair, though it included the voting a rate calculated to produce L.3000, was transacted in from ten to fifteen minutes! The opponents of the rate, who had foolishly trusted to the honesty of their antagonists, now began to pour in. But it was too late: the trick had been completed, and the outwitted parishioners were left to console themselves with passing the following protest:

> We, the undersigned, present at the parish office, on Thursday the 3d instant, previous to twelve o'clock, the usual hour at which parish meetings have heretofore been held, and finding the business done, and the meeting dissolved, do protest against the manner in which the whole has been transacted: a manner, we regret to say, that we deem not more uncourteous than improper, and therefore deserving the consideration of the parishioners.

When a cause can only be supported by manœuvres of this description, it is lost, even in the estimation of those who resort to them. Such measures can only accelerate the downfal of the Church establishment. They display its weakness as well as its tyranny.

We are glad to observe that Voluntary Church Associations are rapidly spreading in England. What can be more cheering than the following account of their labours in the principality of Wales, which we extract from a recent English print?—

Wales is probably the poorest, and decidedly the most thinly-inhabited part of the kingdom, containing, Monmouthshire included, less than one million of inhabitants on a superficial area of 8000 square miles—about 120 persons for each mile; yet there are more than 1700 Dissenting chapels, all of which, with very few exceptions, have been either rebuilt, or built for the first time, within the last forty years; all of course, by voluntary contributions, and at the expense of at least L.850,000; L.500 for each chapel being a very low average. Not one-tenth (perhaps not the one fifteenth) of the inhabitants of Wales take their religious instruction in the "Establishment," derive any benefit from it, or consider themselves in any way connected with it, save only by being compelled to pay towards its support. During a late tour of some hundreds of miles through the length and breadth of the land, almost in all places "chapels" were being then erected, or recently erected; while the "churches," supported by vast compulsory revenues, decay, wax old, and appear as ready to vanish away.

III. In Scotland, with the exception of the capital, the pressure of the Establishment on the purses of the laity has been comparatively light. The rude rapacity of the Scottish nobles, at the Reformation, rent from the Church the fairest portion of her inheritance; and the mad determination of Charles I. to reconstruct the then hated fabric of Episcopacy, made him consent to measures which ensured a wholesome poverty to the clergy in time to come. Still, the evil does exist in no inconsiderable degree, and, as is usual in such cases, presses hardest on those individuals who are least able to endure it. It is more from love of principle than pence, however, that the opposition to the Establishment has taken its rise in Scotland. The Voluntary Church Associations, which are now springing up in every town—we might almost say in every hamlet—are not influenced in their doings by any hope of plunder. Many of the members contribute nothing directly to the support of the establishment, and would not be a penny richer, though its domination were ended tomorrow. It is the noble principle of equality in matters of conscience which they contend for. It is the unscriptural and irreligious nature of the structure, which has raised against it their destroying hands. Now, here precisely lies the peculiar danger of the Scottish establishment, as compared with the others. Were it only for a share of its wealth that the combatants contended, the surrender of a portion might purchase delay, and bribe the invaders, at least for a season, from the gates of the citadel. The nuisance might be abated, and still exist. But the Kirk has nothing to give; and, if it had, its opponents could not possibly receive it. The Establishment is hunted, not for its wealth, but for its life.

The numbers of Voluntary Churchmen have been greatly augmented by the disgraceful proceedings which have lately taken place in Edinburgh. The annuity tax, by which the established clergy of that city are chiefly supported, unites in itself all that is odious, unjust, impolitic, and irreligious. And it is notoriously known, that until 1809 this abominable tax was illegally exacted; and that the Act of Parliament which then legalized it was surreptitiously and fraudulently obtained. Can it be wondered at, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh should abhor a tax of such a nature and authority; or that abhorring, they should follow the example of the Friends in refusing payment? They did refuse; and, so universal was the feeling on the subject, that no one could be found to purchase the goods distrained for payment. Determined not to be baffled in their object, the clergy now tried a bolder, and, as they imagined, a more certain game. The pain of imprisonment, it was thought, would soften the obduracy of resistance, and the *squalor carceris* would thus become a sweet smelling savour in the nostrils of the clergy. Their right to imprison was disputed: but this was decided in favour of their reverences by Mr. Justice Boyle, and his brethren of the second division; and as the opinions of their Lordships on matters of law are generally held good once out of twice in the Supreme Tribunal, we presume we must not quarrel with the decision. But admitting that the Clergy of Edinburgh had the law on their side, did they act as Christian Ministers when they imprisoned the bodies of men for a conscientious refusal, on their part, to pay for the service of an altar at which they did not worship? Beaton had the law with him when he sent the pure soul of Patrick Hamilton to Heaven from amid the flames kindled by his order in the streets of St. Andrews! Sharp had the law with him when he hounded out Dundee, to shoot and hang the noble-minded men who worshipped God on heath and glen, with a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other! Are they execrated the less on that account?

But what has been the result of the coercive system? Have the citizens been subdued? Have the clergy triumphed? Far from it. The opposition to the annuity tax has been increased tenfold; for not only have its enemies been augmented in numbers but in determination. A majority of the new Town Council of Edinburgh have been pledged by their constituents against its continuance. It has been openly reprobated by members of the Government, and is in short looked upon even by its friends, as *in articulo mortis. Percat in sempiternam.*

We have now taken a rapid survey of the several districts in which the battle against clerical intolerance is being fought. The odds are evidently in our favour. In the words of an old Scottish preacher, "The wark gaes bonnily on!" In every quarter men are shaking off that superstitious reverence for the Establishment, under the debasing influence of which they feared to lift their eyes to its gross deformities. They are now applying to its deficiences the same microscopic gaze which they had previously confined to those of the twin establishment—the State. They have discovered, that though it may be necessary for our political welfare that we should all live under one king, it by no means follows that we should have one chief priest. Convinced that there is no parliamentary path to Heaven, they demur to the toll existing longer than the road. Admitting that the labourer is worthy

of his hire, they assert that their labourers shall be chosen by themselves. In a word, the reign of knowledge has commenced; that of priest-craft has consequently ended.

Note.—Since the foregoing article was put in types, unequivocal symptoms have appeared of the determination of the people of England no longer to submit to the power which has displayed itself in the abuses we have enumerated. Opposition to Church-rate has now spread so widely, that it may be safely termed universal. Rather than submit to it, men are suffering their goods to be sold by auction for the most trifling sums. These sales are attended by great numbers of respectable individuals, loud in their execrations of the system under which they are carried on. Hooting mobs accompany and vilify the purchasers; the Church-wardens who levy the distress are threatened with prosecutions; and the public excitement, and, consequently, the public information on this subject, is every day heightened and increased. This cannot last long. Moreover, the Dissenters, as a body, have now taken up the great question. A very numerous meeting was lately held at Leeds, at which a strong memorial to Earl Grey, regarding their claims and grievances, was unanimously agreed to; and we have no doubt the example will be universally followed. We have extracted from the memorial the following abstract of what is now claimed by the Dissenters of Leeds:—

From everything in the shape of levies, rates, or taxes for building the churches, and maintaining the worship of the Episcopalian community in this country, we ask to be forthwith relieved.

The cemeteries, belonging to the respective parishes of the country, are public property, and have been provided by rates levied on the inhabitants generally, to which Protestant Dissenters have contributed their full proportion; we ask, therefore, that these, which, in many instances, are the burial places of our fathers, may be open to us, to bury our dead, in our own way, without being compelled to submit to the ritual of the Church of England.

The Universities claim to be national institutions; and owe their existence to the authority, and their means of support, in whole or in part, to the pecuniary grants of the Legislature; we ask access to the privileges to be enjoyed there, and to the honours to be acquired there, without the imposition of oaths which would fetter our consciences, and of forms which militate against our principles.

We respectfully claim to be released from the necessity of performing the marriage service in a church, and according to a certain ritual; and to be left at liberty to conduct it, so far as the religious part of the ceremony is concerned, in a manner more consonant with our own views.

As much confusion and many evils have arisen from the want of due and authorized registration of births, baptisms, &c., we, your memorialists, are convinced of the necessity there is for the establishment of one uniform system of registration, applicable to all classes, and to be conducted without regard to religious distinctions; we beg, therefore, to urge upon the serious consideration of his Majesty's Government the early adoption of some plan by which births, marriages, and deaths may be recorded, with all possible facility and accuracy, in all parishes throughout the kingdom."

All this is very well, so far as it goes; but we are sorry to observe that the memorial blinks the main question, or at least does not, with sufficient energy, demand the total abrogation of all compulsory assessments, whether in the shape of TITHES or otherwise, for the support of the dominant sect; and we earnestly recommend to the numerous meetings which will no doubt be immediately held on this all-important subject, that their petitions should embrace the following objects, which we have adopted from the *Christian Advocate*:—

1st, A total disconnexion between Church and State, leaving the details consequent thereon to be dealt with by Parliament.

2d, The repeal of all laws which grant compulsory powers to raise money for the support of any Church whatever.

3d, The reformation of the Universities, the repeal of all religious tests, and a grant of equal rights in them.

4th, A reformation of the laws relative to marriage and registration, with equal rights in places of public burial.

The Dissenters at Manchester have indeed spoken somewhat more to the purpose than their brethren of Leeds. Their memorial contains the following comprehensive and energetic sentence:

We therefore earnestly solicit your aid and influence to procure for the British nation such a full, complete, and sound plan of Church Reform, as will at once and for ever separate the unnatural and unholy alliance between the Church and State, and place all sects and parties on an equal footing, of maintaining at their own sole expense their own religious worship:

and concludes in these emphatic terms:—

We are well aware of the present state, and rapid growth of our principles in the country, and especially in all the trading and manufacturing districts; and we beg to assure you that we will never relax our efforts until we have established our claim as Dissenters to justice and equality with those of the Established Church; and we feel confident that we shall meet with the countenance of his Majesty's Ministers, and the support of all or most of our countrymen, and even of many who prefer the Church worship to our own.

At a meeting of Dissenters, held at Sheffield, on the 6th instant, resolutions of a similar nature were moved and carried unanimously. We extract the followiug sentences from the memorial to Earl Grey, adopted by the meeting, as indicative of its spirit:—

Of this, then, your memorialists complain, considering it an unjust and severe grievance that we should be required, nay even compelled, to contribute funds for the support of a system which we conscientiously disapprove, and whose services we do not attend. We therefore unhesitatingly ask, that we may be relieved from all rates, levies, and *taxes* for building the churches, and *supporting* the worship of the Ecclesiastical Establishment of this country.

The determination of the people has awakened the alarm of the Clergy, who are now meeting and petitioning their Right Reverend Chief, to make use of the legislative power with which the superstitious folly of our ancestors vested his predecessors, to defeat our demand for justice. The battle has, therefore, fairly begun, and all who are capable of appreciating the value of civil or religious liberty, know which side it behoves them to take in the combat. Let them but strike boldly, and success is certain!

ON THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE EMPIRE OF FASHION.

If the Reform Bill should do no other good for England, it is still worth its cost—of a Whig cabinet—if it be only for having given the *coup-de-grace* to that most empty and impudent of all abstractions, "The Fashionable World." Not the newspaper so called,—for reform has made the fortune of that, by forcing into its service, for want of something worse to do, that attenuated tail of the *Quarterly Review*, which the rat-trap of the Whigs was too clumsily constructed to cut off without mangling the whole body, which was not its cue. No; like a good crop of crime to the Old Bailey barristers, the advent of the Whigs to power, on the wings of reform, has been a decided godsend to the trading advocates of unhanged abuses. Accordingly, the "*Morning Post*" flourishes. But the triumphal pillar to which it has hitherto acted as a buttress bends and totters to its fall. The Corinthian column of "polished society," which a select band of its own builders and supporters have been for some time past amusing themselves and others by unconsciously undermining, on pretence of examining the stability of its foundation, and exhibiting to the admiring world the nature of its materials, and the manner in which the precious superstructure is put together, has at last received its deathblow, and totters from its topmost stone even to its base.

We repeat, the Reform Bill would be worth another three years of Whig rule, if only for having completed the extinction of the most insolent and ridiculous, at the same time that it was the most detestable and mischievous assumption that ever outraged common sense and insulted human nature,—an assumption of infinite *general* superiority, founded on an express and almost avowed and boasted natural inferiority in every individual case. For what is "Fashion" but an affair of weak nerves, wasted sensibilities, and intellectual wants of every kind and degree; an empty head, a callous heart, and a broken constitution?

"People of fashion" become so, not because of what they *can* do, but of what they cannot do—not for what they know, but for what they are ignorant of—not in virtue of their moral, intellectual, and physical endowments, but the degree of deficiency that they can boast in all these. Who ever heard of a "woman of fashion" wearing the hue of health upon her cheeks? Why, it would be the death of her pretensions, if it were supposed that she could walk across her husband's park. In short, no person can aspire to that "bad eminence," who is not in a condition to "die of a rose, in aromatic pain;" especially since the scent of that flower has been voted a vulgarism! And only conceive the idea of a "man of fashion" being capable, if called upon to do so, of earning his own living! Brummell has (in the absence of a worthy rival) retained his supremacy even in exile, because he had the wit to live upon the charity of his friends, till they could contrive to shift the burden from their own shoulders to those of the public, by providing for him that refuge for decayed and destitute dandies—a foreign consulship.

In fact, the beauty of all pretensions to what is understood by "Fashion," in its moral, personal, and intellectual sense, is, that there is nothing else in the world so essentially *vulgar*, and that whatever is true of "The Vulgar" *par excellence*, is especially true of "The Fashionable."

It may be worth while to give a few illustrations of this proposition, before proceeding to the chief object of this paper, which is, to furnish a brief history of the Decline and Fall of the Empire of Fashion,—a history that will be found not a little curious and instructive, if it be only in consideration of the strangely discrepant sources which have united together to accomplish the good work.

We set out, then, by laying down the dicta, that Fashion and Vulgarity are convertible terms; and that whatever is essentially true of the latter, will, *à fortiori*, be true of the former; that, in fact, Fashion is merely a refinement on Vulgarity, and that they differ only as the demirep of St. James's Square differs from the female denizen of Fitzroy Street.

Let us see in what Vulgarity consists, and in what it does not consist. Vulgarity does not consist in any one or more distinct qualities or deficiencies, but in an unnatural union of qualities and deficiencies, that are inconsistent with, and contradictory of, each other.

It is not vulgar to be ignorant; but it is vulgar to be ignorant, and at the same time to despise the ignorant for being so. It is not vulgar to be coarse and awkward; but it is vulgar to be coarse and awkward, and affect to be all that is delicate, graceful, and refined. It is not vulgar to be ill-dressed; but it is vulgar to be ill-dressed, and to pique oneself on being well-dressed. It is not vulgar to have been born and bred in the city; but it is vulgar in one so born and bred, to feel a contempt for those who are in the same predicament, or for those whot are *not* in the same predicament. There is noghing essentially vulgar even in vice and profligacy, though there is something a thousand imes worse; but it is vulgar to affect horror, or even to feel it, at all vice and profligacy, but that which is practised after *your* particular fashion.

In short, the essence of Vulgarity consists in fancying that everything is vulgar, but that which is trimmed, trained, and attired after some conventional standard, that has no foundation in anything but the accidental habits and associations of the *set* to which you belong, or aim at belonging to. What is properly understood by the *Cockney*, is the most vulgar creature in the world, and the next in the scale of Vulgarity is the fashionable "Exclusive."

Now let us see how these definitions apply to the denizens of "the Fashionable World."

It is the very essence of fashion to have no fixed principles, or criterion of taste or judgment, in regard to morals, manners, acquirements, dress, personal appearance, mode of life, &c., but to follow in all these any "leader" who has the courage or the cunning to go first. And it is precisely so with the vulgar of every class. The only reason with each, why any given thing should be thought, said, or done, is, that certain persons think, say, and do it;—the natural consequence is, that what is the idol of to-day is the scorn or the jest of to-morrow,—what is the virtue of one is the guilt and shame of another. When the Duchess d'Angouleme returned to France in 1814, and reentered, after twenty years of exile, the spot where her father and mother and half her family had been butchered, the Parisians, from the Peeresses of the Faubourg St. Germain, to the Poissardes of the Boulevard Poissonnière, could see nothing worthy of notice about her but the smallness of her bonnet—large ones being then the fashion. If she were to return there to-morrow, they would see nothing worthy of notice about her, but the *largeness* of her bonnet—small ones being now the fashion. The reason is, that the Parisians are *all* "people of fashion."

If a London "woman of fashion," on visiting Covent Garden Theatre to see Fanny Kemble in the "Hunchback," happens to come into contact, as she ascends the steps of the portico, with another female of a less "*un*-certain description" than herself, she is shocked beyond measure at the immodesty of her attire. It is an outrage on public decency—an insult to the sex—the Parliament should put a stop to it. She sees the play—goes home—and is *un*-dressed, for Lady A.'s "At Home," or the Duchess of B.'s ball,—where she makes her appearance, half-naked, just as her husband gets home to bed; and waltzes with the first man who asks her, till, overcome with heat and vertigo, she is obliged to cling to him and an Ottoman for support; where, after a little "innocent" small-talk, she recovers sufficiently to repeat the process with the next claimant of her person.

To what does all this lead in the way of morals and manners? Doubtless to the most open and scandalous profligacy. Yes; but that is not the *gist* of the argument. It leads not merely to profligacy, but to a species and degree of profligacy that sounds the very lowest depths of vulgarity—such depths as the annals of the saloons never yet reached. It leads to the daily occurrence of such cases among women, as that of Lady E——, the daughters of the Countess of O——, Lady L——, the Marchioness of A——, &c. &c.; and, among men, of the Hon. Mr. A——, the Earl of ——, Captain G——, &c. &c. [At the time that Lady E—— was making daily visits to the lodgings of Prince S——, in Harley Street, and dressing and undressing herself at his drawing-room windows, while the maid-servants and footmen at the opposite houses were openly looking on,* she was the pet, the glory, the idol of "the fashionable world."] What we are pointing attention to is, not the vice of these things, but their vulgarity, not to be paralleled even in the Police Reports of High Street Poplar, or Union Hall.

Brummel was decidedly a vulgar-minded man. Nobody could doubt it who looked in his face. But he was, for years, the high-priest and oracle of "the fashionable world"—

> "A decent priest, where monkeys are the Gods!"

Do you ask the secret of his supremacy? It is this:—he was the *most* impudent and gratuitous assumer among a class whose sole secret is their impudent and gratuitous assumption; the superiority assumed being itself a pure assumption, namely, "the fashion."

Lord Byron was, in many respects, a vulgar man;† because he desired, above all things else, to be thought a "man of fashion;" and yet, at the same time, sought to gain the suffrages of those who were something better, by pretending to scorn that on which he secretly prided himself. The only spirited and creditable thing the "world of fashion" has done in the present day, was that of kicking Lord Byron out of its confines. But it was done in a spirit of folly, not of that cunning which it sometimes exhibits in similar cases. Indeed it appears to have grown *daft* of late, as it feels its latter end approach: for it has recently committed a similar act of suicidal weakness, in the case of a very different man from Byron, and one not much inferior to *him* in his strong points, and with few, if any, of his weak ones. His chief weakness—that of a similar desire with Byron to be deemed a denizen of "the fashionable world"—that world has effectually cured him of, by refusing to patronize his pretensions to it. The doors of Lansdowne House have been shut upon Mr. Bulwer; and the consequence has been a most happy one for the good cause. He has evidently "an oath in heaven" against the whole set and system of the upper ranks of society: witness his "Godolphin," his "England and the English," and the ultra-radical turn which his politics have lately taken. And his restless, profound, and sensitive spirit will never know peace till his purpose is accomplished; nor then either, perchance,—for a first

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* See the evidence before the House of Lords in Lord E——'s Divorce Bill.

† It is worth remark, that this opinion was first promulgated in the *Court Journal*; a pretty place for such an avowal! It is equally curious, that when the actual projector of that feasible speculation first set it on foot, he could not, among all his "fashionable" connexions, find anybody fit to conduct it but a pawnbroker's son! or cater for it but a physician's daughter! He had the wit to know, that had he confided its management to the hands of one of his "fashionable" writers, it would have become a bye-word of vulgarity and bad grammar in a month, and would have ruined him in libels, and itself in scandal, in the course of half-a-year; for there is no scandal-monger like your "man of fashion;" his own wife's or sister's reputation is not safe in his hands!

love is not got rid of by being turned into hatred.

It should be observed, however, that Bulwer has too just a notion of the value of his own powers and reputation to pit them openly against so paltry an adversary as "the World of Fashion," *as such*. So he merges the less in the greater, and hopes to kill the two birds with one stone; to bring down the "soaring eagle" of the aristocracy, and the "mousing hawk" of the May-fair coteries, with one and the same cast of his sling. Moreover, being an ambitious man, he would fain have to say, with the conqueror of the Volscians, "Alone I did it!"

But this latter may not be, except in the sense in which every man who has voted at a contested election that was carried by *one*, may take the credit of the triumph to himself. In fact, an evil system, which has gained the degree of ascendency lately exercised by that of which we are treating was never yet overthrown, without aid from within itself. It is in the very nature of evils, that they work their own cure; as the opposite is the Godlike distinction in favour of good over evil. Actual health is the surest earnest of its continuance; whereas sickness is essentially self-destructive, and the sharper the shorter its duration.

But let us pursue a little farther one individual example of the vulgarities of the genteel.*

Would you have a specimen of vulgar conversation? Do not listen for it in the *back-slums* of St. Giles's, but in the *boudoirs* of St James's; for, as we have said before, mere coarseness is not vulgarity: the vulgar (in talk) is that which assumes to be "fine" in face of its absolute and essential want of all intellectual refinement.

Do you desire to see examples of the various types of vulgarity in personal appearance? For a personification of the gross animal propensities of our nature, look at the Earl of S——. For the "compliment extern" of Cockney priggishness and petty intellectual pretension, look at that rising hope of Toryism, Lord S——. For the symbols of innate and intuitive meanness, and mental littleness, look at the Marquis of S——. If you want to know how a man looks who is likely to prostitute his name and rank for a settlement of ten thousand a-year, get a sight of the Duke of ———. If you seek some one to sit for a model of mental emptiness and imbecility, beg that favour of the Marquis of D——. Not to multiply instances, but accomplish a climax at once, look at the most celebrated "leader" of the Fashionable World for the last twenty years. His dress is more vulgarly outré than that of the most ambitious of Sewell and Cross's shopmen on a fine Sunday,—his equipage looks like one of the cast-off "properties" of a Christmas pantomime,—his postillion (for he eschews coachmen as "vulgar errors") wears a sky-blue satin vest, with crimson-velvet sleeves; and his Countess, (for he is a Peer of the Realm) who sits beside him within, it is * * * *

* "Fears of the brave and follies of the wise."

But it is time to proceed with our promised history of the circumstances which have undermined the empire of fashion, and with it the very foundations of the aristocracy, of which, though not necessarily the offspring, it was the natural and chosen ally.

At the period when Mr. Ward published his "Man of Refinement," "the Fashionable World" was apparently in a sufficiently flourishing state to preclude the fear of a little gentle satire, gently applied, inflicting upon it any serious or lasting wound: for, had it not seemed so, of a surety, the no less aristocratic than amiable author of Tremaine and De Vere would have thrust his pen into the fire, and even the hand that guided it, rather than they should have been the guilty instruments in such an office. We must therefore beg his friends to be patient under the honour we are about to inflict upon him, in declaring that *he* has been prime agent in bringing on the happy consummation that we are now celebrating,—somewhat by anticipation it is true, but not less confidently than if it were a thing past instead of to come.

Let not Mr. Ward take this unwelcome honour too much to heart. We are far from accusing him of wilfully tripping up the heels of that "unspiritual goddess," at whose altars he has so often, and so amiably condescended to serve. Nor do we even believe that there was the smallest spice of malice mixed up with that amiable satire, (the only satire that ever deserved that epithet,) so daintily strewed over the fashionable portion of the "Man of Refinement." In fact, he has nothing whatever to do, *directly*, with the predicament in which the Fashionable World is now placed. But, we must still insist, that, collaterally, he has had considerably more to do with the catastrophe than Tenterden steeple had to do with the Goodwin Sands.

We trust the admirers of Mr. Ward will not suspect us of wishing to confound him with the "Fashionable Novelists" of the day, or his works with the "Matildas" and "Almacks" of the Colburn press; or even with its "Granbys" and "Sydenhams," which are several grades above those contemptible abortions. His "Tremaine" and "De Vere" deserve the name of philosophical novels, in the very best sense of that phrase. They evince talents, if not of the most lofty, of the most rare and refined description. But we cannot relieve them from the paternity, nevertheless. They must be content to stand in that relation to after events, in which the condition of society at the time they were produced, and the subsequent changes which have been wrought in it, have contributed to place them. The mob of "Matildas," "Almacks," "Granbys," "Exclusives," "Sydenhams," "Herbert Lacys," and the rest, crowded on the heels of "Tremaine," and disputed with him the honour of being foremost in the noble art of turning our friends and relations, (not to mention ourselves,) into objects of mingled scorn and hatred. And most justly did they wrest the palm of supremacy from his hands; for the author of "Tremaine" is evidently a man incapable of feel-

ing that petty and vulgar impulse of mingled vanity and malice, which could alone have furnished the *moral* motive for the works in question. Such works as "Matilda" and the like, are written from the beggarly ambition of showing to all the world that the writer of them is fully conscious of the contemptible part which he himself is called upon to act in the drama of human life; as if such a knowledge lifted him above that part, instead of sinking him lower into the dirt of it! It is precisely on a par with that *vulgarism* appertaining to all actors, of openly despising their adopted profession.

There was, however, another motive to the production of the "Fashionable Novels," which was more sordid and vulgar still. We mean the money that was to be got by writing them. Lord Byron had brought authorship into fashion, and made a fortune by it, but without bringing into fashion the intellectual "appliances and means" of following it. People of fashion might make books if they pleased, but they could not make publishers buy, or the public read them; and to write a book without a publisher or readers, is like being "At Home" to empty rooms. In this crisis of affairs, Mr. Ward made it appear that "Fashion" was a sauce, by the aid of which, even reason and religion might be made palatable. And, moreover, his publisher had the cunning to discover that it was the sauce alone, not the meat, that sold the dish. And thenceforth his course became simple, and the success of it eminent. "Colburn's genuine sauce-piquant of Fashion," became the condiment, without which nothing would go down, and *with* which "you might eat your own grandmother." There was no lack of under cooks, when the *chef* was prepared to offer *carte blanche* to those of the "two thousand"* regular-bred ones, who were willing (for every one was *able*) to supply the desiderated sauce. And in twelve months time from the publication of "Tremaine," the whole World of Fashion was invited weekly to a filthy feast, at which nothing was served up but the mangled characters and reputations of their own friends and relations; and when *they* had done, the *orts* were distributed to the rest of the "reading public."

And *here* was the melancholy error into which the Fashionable World fell. Could they have kept their precious knowledge of themselves to themselves, they might still have retained the privilege of purveying it, and there would have been no harm (or good) done. But the "reading public" are no longer what they were when Mr. Coleridge invented the phrase. They were then a petty and pragmatical party, who read only when and because they had nothing else to do, and who studiously forgot what they read one day, in order that they might be the better prepared for what they were to read the next—who "*read* the more because they read in vain." They are, now, not an empty and conceited few, but a great and a mighty multitude; not a Party, but a People; and they read not as before, to amuse themselves, for they have something else to do, but to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the purport and bearing of what they read, (whether the writers intend them to do so or not,) and to think, and resolve, and act accordingly. And they have done so with a vengeance in the case of the "Fashionable Novels." As the world did with the "Confessions" of Rousseau, they have taken the writers at their words,—judgment is recorded, and *anathema* has already gone forth against them.

It must not, however, be supposed, that such miserable trumpery as "people of fashion" were capable of telling about themselves, put into the still more trumpery form and language in which they were able to clothe it, could so speedily have produced the result at which we are looking. The Mulgraves and Masseys, "Almacks"-makers, and the rest, might have drolled and drivelled forth their sickening imbecility for half a century to come, if they had been able to keep the field of "fashionable" literature as much to themselves as they do that of fashionable pretensions in other respects. And this they might very well have done, but for the unlucky fact of their having, about ten years ago, admitted a lady into their circle, who has ever since been "takin' notes," which, with a tact and sagacity perhaps never before combined in a female head, she, at the period in question, set about to turn to the double account of filling her purse, and fostering her love of mischief, at one and the same time. Of course we use the word "mischief," in its amiable and *French* sense, (*méchanceté*,) not its hard and English one; in which latter we do not believe it to be at all applicable to the accomplished and popular lady we have taken the liberty of alluding to above.

We repeat, justice will not allow of our finding a verdict of *felo de se* against the Fashionable world, and of ordering it to be divested of Christian burial accordingly. If it has tumbled over head and ears into the standing pool of its own paltry vices and prurient corruptions, it is because it was led thither unwittingly by the Will-o'-the-wisp of its own folly and vanity. And if it is perishing in the mire, it is because another hand than its own has given it the *coup-de-grace*, without which it might have kept its head above the surface for a few years longer. It was not the vulgar "finery" of the "Matildas," nor the naïve, truth-telling and empty imbecility of the "Almacks," nor the would-be satire of the "Sydenhams," nor even the clever caricatures of the famous "Exclusives," (of which latter a bit of pleasant history by and by:)—it was not by these, and countless others such as these, that the Fashionable World met its doom. These Lilliputian attacks covered it with innumerable skin-deep wounds, but they did not touch or even approach any vital part. They aimed at that alone of which their shallow

* A competent authority, the author of Vivian Grey, rates the Fashionable World, or rather "*The World*," as he more emphatically and comprehensively calls it, at the above-named number of members.

aimers were cognisant—the "compliment extern." No; the wounds which dealt discomfiture and downfal to the empire of the "two thousand" were aimed, we grieve to say it, by no other hands than those of the pet and spoiled child of that ill-fated fraternity. It is the brilliant and entertaining pictures which Mrs. Gore has flung off in such gay profusion, from her graceful and facile pen, during the last five or six years, added to those no less piquant sketches which have served as a running commentary on them, in the pages of the "fashionable" weekly paper before alluded to, * and the bitter and biting satire in which all these were steeped, even to saturation, (for the spirit of satire is the spring and staple of Mrs. Gore's genius;) it is these, and these alone, which have given the mortal wound to that at once monstrous and ridiculous system of society with which they exclusively concern themselves!

That famous "fashionable" of the last century, Captain Macheath, exclaims to his friends when they come to condole with him in the condemned cell, "That Jenny Diver should have 'peached, I own, surprises me." As none but a Jenny Diver could have brought to the foot of the fatal tree the gallant culprit just alluded to, so it was reserved for the most favoured protegée of the "Fashionable World" to betray that distinguished delinquent into the hands of its enemies; an incident which gives a touch of pathos to the tragi-comedy of the "Downfal of the Two Thousand," that it would otherwise have wanted.

"That Jenny Diver should have 'peached," we own, seriously affects us,—so much so that we are tempted to bring our history to a more abrupt conclusion than its materials might warrant. We must not do so, however, without throwing a brief glance at one or two more of the incidents and agents connected with the subject of our record.

It is impossible to conceive anything more ludicrously unlucky than the Fashionable World has been in the choice of its historians. As we have seen above, the only person who is thoroughly qualified for the task, both by talent and circumstances, is so essentially embued with the love of satire, and so habituated to its exercise, that (with all her respect for the Aristocracy) she could not describe the King's Coronation without making you mistake it for the Lord Mayor's Show. The only other person of real talent who has attempted the task is one whose sole art consists in turning everything into mischief or ridicule, from a pure love of the sport, and without the least "malice" in the world. The amusing editor of the *John Bull* will murder you an honourable man's character, or blast you a virtuous woman's reputation, and all the while "mean no harm." "He does but jest—poison in jest. There's no offence i' the world!" It is mere fun! To-day he shall concoct you a lie that shall set a whole town together by the ears. What fun! To-morrow he shall invent you a calumny that shall carry dismay into a whole family, and leave it there when the cause has been removed. What excellent fun! He is the Falstaff of the Fashionable World. "Let's rob the Exchequer, Hal," he exclaims to one of his cronies; and he goes and does it accordingly. But do you think he has any bad motive? Oh dear no! It is merely a joke. How can it be otherwise; for is he not the idol and mouth-piece of the Church and the Tories?

That a moral physician like this should try his hand upon the mental diseases of the Fashionable World, was as natural as it was unlucky for the patient. He is the St. John Long of the Faculty. The counter-irritation of comicality is his only nostrum; and he rubs his besotted patients into their shrouds, with a full persuasion that his cabbage-leaf is a cure for all the ills in the world. Look at some of the individual pictures of fashionable life in his entertaining novels. They are the very essence of truth and vulgarity. Here is a specimen of the most recent, from his new work, just published:—

> Lord Snowdon, pride itself personified, broke a shaft of his cabriolet, on a wet day, upon Barnes Common; an omnibus rattled up, and his servant, no house being near, persuaded his lofty master to "get in."
>
> The Marquis stepped in, and the conductor gave the word "all right;" but this was done so soon after the admission of his Lordship into the vehicle, and he was so long picking out a clean place to sit down upon, that the jerk of the hearse threw his Lordship forward into the lap of the fattest woman that ever was seen out of a caravan at a fair, who, unfortunately, was carrying a jar of pickled onions on her knee, which was upset by the Marquis's tumble, and, in its fall, saturated the front of his Lordship's waistcoat and stock with its fragrant juice.
>
> The Marquis made a thousand well-bred apologies, and was got upon his legs by the exertions of the fat woman; whose struggles to rescue herself from the imposing weight of nobility, materially assisted the efforts of a good-natured dirty little man in the corner, and a thin spare woman, who was carrying a bantam-cock and three hens in a basket to London, having upon her other

* This is another curious fact in the little history we are tracing; and it exactly corresponds with that insane passion for self-exposure which we have shown to be so characteristic a feature in the class we are treating of. The *Court Journal* owed the whole of that success which it obtained before it sunk into its present nonentity, to a series of Fashionable Sketches, (attributed to Mrs. Gore,) every one of which could have no possible result, nor is it conceivable that they could have had any other *motive*, than that of turning into ridicule and contempt the order and system of society, to which alone the *Journal* itself appealed, and from which it received its patronage and support. It is true the "fashionable" sketches continue to appear as usual, while the vehicle that bears them has sunk into a byeword of vulgarity and contempt. But this proves nothing against the argument, that they alone gave vogue to the *Journal*; for at the time they gave it that vogue, it was "got up" with a tact and judgment that prevented any but a select few from discovering the difference between the real Simon Pure and the false one;—whereas, at present, Mrs. Gore (if it be she—of which we speak from report merely) cuts the same kind of figure among her *obligato* associates in the *Court Journal* as the lady Millamant would have done at a "genteel" party in St. Mary Axe.

hand a large-faced child, with great blue eyes, and a cold in its head. It wore a brown skin cap with a gold band round it, while a green and white net-comforter was twisted round its chin and body; its dress, generally, bearing very strong evidence that the dear little thing was an extremely bad traveller. • • • •

After a short delay, during which several aristocratic carriages rolled by—at which period the Marquis adopted the celebrated system of *ostrichism*, and hid his head—, the omnibus rattled on towards town. At Walham-green, two tall scraggy girls from a boarding-school were pocked in. A gentleman with very red mustachios, was picked up at the Queen's Elm gate; and a poulterer's boy, with a couple of skinned rabbits in a tray, was added to the party at the corner of Sloane Street, the said rabbits being on their way back to a poulterer's in Duke Street, St. James's, because they were not fresh.

At the top of St. James's Street, the caravan stopped. The day had cleared up; the pavement was dry. The King was in town; there were many people about. Lord Snowdon just peeped through the windows, and saw groups collected—men he knew. *Here* it was clear he could not get out—whither should he go? how far—what place was safe? At length he resolved upon going the whole journey to the Bank, so that he might emerge in the city, and then enveloping himself in a hackney-coach, reach the habitable part of the town without fear of discovery. • • • •

Still the Marquis kept peering out of his prison—nobody saw him—and it was pleasant to peep through the loop-holes thus unobserved. In a few minutes all was right; but the pavement in Piccadilly was up; it was necessary, therefore, that the huge machine should go down St. James's Street; and so it did; but short was its progress in that line of march. All the bumpings and thumpings which its rapid course in the earlier part of its journey had excited, now were to be compensated for. The driver smacked his whip, the horses obeyed the sound; when, bang went something, and, in an instant, the whole fabric came down with a crash like thunder, exactly in front of White's.

Now, as far as we can see, there is nothing vulgar in any of this picture, *except the Marquis*, who is the very concrete essence of it. But does anybody suppose that the author *intended to make him so?*—that author being at once a bought slave, and a born worshipper of the aristocracy, and, moreover, a man who would die a martyr to his faith in the silver-fork school of manners and morals? The supposition would be ridiculous. What is the explanation, then? Why, that the man is himself essentially a vulgar man, and therefore cannot, by possibility, know what vulgarity means; and is so governed by his genius and passion for the ludicrous, that he bestows it upon his patrons, as if it were a boon from Heaven, as they bestow their patronage on him.

As Mr. Theodore Hook employs the rubbing process upon his patients, and kills them out of pure ignorance of their nature and his own applications, so Mrs. Gore goes to the opposite extreme, and professes to effect her cures by the delicate and elegant system of *acu-puncturation*. Her polished and finely-pointed needles penetrate to the very bone, without being felt otherwise than pleasantly by the patient: and there is no saying that they might not in time have effected a cure of the disease, but that their points are steeped in poison; and thus, for every bad humour that they dissipate or draw off, they inflict a wound that is "past surgery."

But, after all, "the unkindest cut" (howbeit very far from the hardest) that has been inflicted on the Fashionable World, reached it from the last quarter that would have been suspected of such a design. "The Exclusives," which is a regular and systematic attack on the whole plan and principle of aristocratic life, is written, not as its worthy publisher insists, by a Prince of the blood and a Peer of the realm united—a Beaumont and Fletcher of the Fashionable World—but by a pillar of the Church!

Our limits, long since overstepped, warn us to conclude. We have, not ungraciously, we trust, compared the present melancholy predicament of the Fashionable World to that of the "Great Captain," who was its representative, by anticipation, in the last century. Betrayed by its pals, and deserted by its parasites, it lies, like him, bound hand and foot in the black-hole of public opinion, hopeless of a reprieve. But, like him also, its fate for the moment rests in some measure in the hands of the Peachum and Lockit of the political world,—the Whig and Tory parties, who may possibly agree between themselves to give it "a session or two longer." But be this as it may, its doom is decreed and is imminent: the fiat has gone forth, and nothing can long avert the ignominious end that awaits it. Whether, like the gallant Captain aforesaid, it will have the spirit to "die game," is more than we shall predict; though our own private opinion is, that in all probability it will. For there is, after all, something in "blood," which keeps the courage to the sticking-place, when nothing else can. If we remember rightly, "The Tenth" fought capitally at Waterloo.

Something, of course, will depend upon the artificial stimulants to which we are all apt to resort on great emergencies. If, like Macheath's brandy-flask, those should be run dry, it may possibly cut but a sorry figure when arraigned at the awful bar of that public opinion which it has so long outraged; for the case is one of so flagrant a nature, that the assembled judges will indeed form "a terrible show" in the eyes of the delinquent. If, on the other hand, it can contrive to keep possession, to the last, of its ill-gotten means of keeping up its spirits, we shall chance to see some sport yet.

In any case, *we* shall, at whatever cost, secure a seat within view of the place of execution, and thus give ourselves the high moral satisfaction of witnessing the final exit of the most impudent and successful culprit that ever cried "Stand!" to a true man. Z. Z.

MINISTERIAL SKETCHES.

No. II.—LORD ALTHORP.

READER, did you ever, in the course of your various experiences, see a burly Yorkshire farmer bargaining respecting a horse? If you did ever behold this specimen of humanity under such an aspect, you did not fail to remark, that Dame Nature had been kind to him in much that regards our real comfort here below. You saw by the hale and florid countenance, that she had blessed him with a hearty constitution; and by the general good round appearance of the man, you perceived that he had not neglected to do his part in maintaining the due and comfortable condition of the bodily man. Under a rather heavy good-natured exterior, you perceived also, by the twinkle of his eye, a sort of shrewdness, not indeed of a high character, but still sufficient to rescue the man from the imputation of stolidity. You thought, too, that you would not like to buy a horse of that man. Now, reader, if you ever did see such a person, you can easily form to yourself no very incorrect idea of the appearance of that important person, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The habiliments, too, with which that noble Lord *adorns* his person, would not seem in any way to disturb this comparison. A low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, an eternal black coat, broad at the tails, a grey waistcoat, and checked trousers, that seem made out of an old bed ticken,—all seem to strengthen the notion, that the noble Lord is some well-to-do, good-natured, and rather sly farmer of the North Riding. And sooth to say, the exterior is no bad index here of the interior man. Nature meant him for that very position; but one of those strange freaks of fortune, which so disturb all our calculations and set at nought our philosophy, made him Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Had the noble Lord started in life as plain Mr. Anybody, he would never have occupied the position he now holds; though, from the sharpening that his wits would have received, that native shrewdness of which we have spoken, would have become more prominent, and he would have acquired the reputation of a *sharp* man. His character and influence, at the present moment, are of a somewhat curious description. It is probably known to our readers, that Lord Althorp is now leader of the House of Commons. They, however, may not exactly know what that means, nor the sort of influence which the Chancellor of the Exchequer exercises over that assembly.

The leader, then, manages the whole business of the House. He represents the administration generally, and determines upon the mode in which the Ministry shall meet every matter transacted. He, in fact, determines when the House shall adjourn, what questions shall be discussed, and the order which ministerial business shall follow. The Speaker always sees him—the House always listens to him: so long as the Ministry exists, the House, in fact, give up their guidance to his hands.

In an assembly like the House of Commons, composed of all sorts of materials, and every member being able, to a certain extent, to pursue an independent course as regards the business of the House, it is of enormous importance to the Ministry, that the leader should really have the ear of the House, and receive from the members implicit obedience. Mr. Pitt bullied the House; frightened them. He was lord paramount; and would have his own way, simply because he chose it. Lord Althorp's influence is nearly as complete, but attained and exercised in a very different manner. His burly, good-natured appearance, his extreme good temper, and suavity of manner, have raised in the minds of nine-tenths of the members the idea that he is really a very well-intentioned, kind, and honest sort of a person. He never bullies. As for his being angry, why, the thing seems impossible. He has always a good-humoured smile; and if he do not, or cannot understand what is intended, people always feel and say, that he would, if he could. If he go wrong in the opinion of any one, it is always observed, "he really does not intend it; and he is so good-natured, and well-intentioned, that I have very little doubt but that I shall set him right." Thus he has become what is called very popular with the House. No one believes him possessed of much ability, but all give him credit for very good wishes. He, by this means, has become a sort of general referee from all the discordant elements of the House.

If one were to ask any of the members of the House, if he thought the noble Lord fitted for the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, we would venture any odds, that, nine times out of ten, the answer would be, "No, certainly not." Were you to inquire whether he ought to be leader of the House; as certainly would they answer "Yes." On account of his knowledge? "Oh, no—he knows very little." "On account of his capacity to catch quickly what is intended, and to answer it?" The person questioned would laugh in your face, and cry out, "Oh, dear, no one suspected him of that." Well then, what is it that fits him for this very difficult office? The answer would be, "He has the confidence of the House." Yes, but how has he gained it? "Chiefly by his good temper, and his appearance. No one wishes to think ill of him; and if one were to wish it, the thing would almost be impossible. You would feel next to certain that he could not overreach you."

As to the superior skill of the noble Lord, in managing that very troublesome assembly, the House of Commons, a striking example was afforded during the last session, pending the de bate on the famous 147th clause of the Irish

Church Bill. A very opportune fit of the gout compelled him to be absent during the discussion of that affair; and, consequently, Mr. Stanley not only managed the debate, but was, in fact, leader *pro tempore*. The result might easily have been foreseen. The Right Honourable Secretary's temper was not fitted for the task. What with his own petulance, and that of those by whom he was assailed, he was nearly driven frantic; and the House became more like a bear garden than ever. Had his dictatorship existed for ten days, it would have been dangerous to have entered the House; and we sincerely believe the Ministry would have been ruined. All parties seemed heartily pleased when the Chancellor of the Exchequer returned: good nature became again part of the order of the day, and serving in Parliament was no longer a thing to be deemed personally dangerous.

The reader may perhaps wonder at this history, and puzzle himself by endeavouring to account for it. Perhaps he will permit us to aid him in his difficulty. Did you ever see a badger hunt, a bear baited, or a Spanish bull fight? Any one of these is a fit illustration of the position of the unfortunate leader of the House of Commons. Take a very ordinary case as an example:—A motion is made, that the Speaker do leave the chair, whereupon up start some twenty persons having questions to put to the leader of the House. (Every member may then put a question, though he cannot discuss it, except on a motion to go into a Committee of Supply. That is indeed the grand holiday for the House.) "Seeing the noble Lord in his place," says, perhaps, some member for the city, "I wish to put a question to him respecting the duty on nutmegs." When the important matter of the nutmegs has been duly answered, there immediately rises some agricultural member, who is in an agony respecting taxed carts, or the Corn Laws; and not being able to contain himself, wishes to put another question to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. That being over, some pompous person, of more extensive views, wishes to know, "Whether anything definite be known by our Government as to the negotiations now supposed to be pending between the various Northern Powers?" Lord Palmerston here rises, and, with a flourish of his hands, begs, in roundabout phrase, "to assure the honourable member, that in the present condition of the various difficult and intricate considerations involved in the nature of the inquiry, the Government intend to preserve that caution which the great interests at stake necessarily demand." The House, or rather the ministerial benches, cry, "Hear, hear;" and the questioner issilenced. The next person rises with solemn gravity, and is really very sorry to detain the House, but the very important and pressing urgency of the matter must be his excuse; he desires to know "whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer has learned that a little black boy, who was supposed to have been landed some weeks since by a vessel from some infected port in America, had been attacked by the cholera, had turned particularly blue,—and, it was said, died very suddenly? Of the latter part of the statement the honourable member was not quite certain; but he really should be much obliged to the noble Lord, if he could give the House any information respecting this distressing occurrence." The Chancellor of the Exchequer, having answered, some person, as pertinacious as Mr. Cobbett himself, gives notice, that, on such and such a day, he intends to move the following resolutions;—he thereupon commences reading amidst a din totally indescribable. At length there is a hope of going to business, when some angry member chooses to be heard upon a breach of privilege. Everybody is immediately silent; then it usually turns out that an impudent newspaper has called the honourable gentleman a fool. The member having no newspaper of his own, answers the writer from the floor of the House. Every person now begins to be seriously impatient,—the poor Minister has been badgered for half an hour, and the Speaker has made sundry attempts to put the question, that "I do now leave the chair;" the shouts are becoming intense, everybody very hot, and out of humour. An Irish member usually selects this identical moment for the detail of some abominable grievance. He also wishes to put a question to the Secretary for Ireland. He will not be put down. He knows that English members are unwilling to listen to Irish grievances; why then do they not let them take care of their own affairs? He is ready to prove that they are perfectly competent to the task. "Question!" "Question!" now resounds from every quarter of the House. The member, undismayed, and fancying himself a martyr for the cause of Ireland, assumes a dignified attitude. He folds his arms, gets exceedingly red in the face, and looks with affected unconcern at the chandelier, as if to prove that he intended to stand till the House should be silent. Hereupon the Speaker, cries, with a sonorous voice, "Order!" "Order!" and rises to address the member, having first, with great grace and dignity, blown his nose, and put his white handkerchief leisurely into his pocket. "The honourable member must be aware that his privilege at present extends only to putting a question; and the House must perceive that such questions cannot be put, if order be not preserved. On the one hand, the privilege of the member must not be lost sight of, nor on the other, the convenience and wishes of the House entirely disregarded,—and he feels assured that the honourable member will so exercise his discretion, and the House their power, that the dignity of the House and decorum of its proceedings be preserved inviolate." Cheers from all sides, and the Speaker sinks with great dignity into his chair. The Irish Member "is ever ready to bow to the decision of the Chair, and act upon his suggestion," and he magnanimously agrees to forget and forgive the interruption, and proceeds to state his grievance:—"Has the Right Honourable Secretary for Ireland become acquainted

with a case of horrid atrocity, stated in all the Irish papers to have occurred in —— (some unpronounceable place is always mentioned) a mother and ten children murdered in cold blood by the police,—their throats being cut from ear to ear, their bodies stripped and thrown carelessly upon the dunghill before the door, and there partly devoured by the pigs running about the neighbourhood?" The Secretary rises, and declares "that he has made inquiries respecting the fact, and that he has indubitable evidence that no such person as the woman lives, or did live, at the place mentioned: that the whole story is a pure fiction, and got up for the purpose of throwing odium on the police. While on his legs, he would also take this opportunity of answering a question put to him last night by the honourable member for ————, respecting the murder of an Orange family by a party of Catholics. He begs to assure that honourable gentleman and the House, that no such occurrence ever took place. A fight indeed did occur, and two Catholics were severely wounded on the head, and afterwards sent to prison by an Orange magistrate; the originators of the affray having been a body of drunken Orangemen, who had been drinking "The Glorious Memory." All this being said with the peculiar sneer of the right honourable gentleman, every Orangeman in the House is on his feet in an instant. In vain the Speaker cries "Order!" and the House "Order!" and "Question!" The confusion of Babel must have been nothing to it. All chance of quiet seems for ever gone, and the sensible men of business give themselves up to hopeless despair. However, the worst tempest must end; and so with these bursts of confusion. They end at length; and all parties being heartily tired, the actual business of the day commences. From the description of such a scene as this, the reader can easily learn how a petulant and quick-tempered person would be made to lose all command over himself and the House; and also, he will thus see the immense importance of having some person in whom all parties confide, and to whom they are willing to be obedient. Such a person is Lord Althorp, simply in consequence of his good temper.

The noble Lord's admirers (and a Chancellor of the Exchequer never was without admirers, particularly if he happened to be heir to estates like Lord Spencer's) will consider this an unfair depreciation of his worth. It is asserted that no one, except Lord Althorp, could have carried the Reform Bill through the Commons; and for his success in this case he is lauded, as if possessed of remarkable personal qualities. Even if all that is said on this subject were true, it would appear that no conclusion flowed *necessarily* therefrom, in favour of his Lordship's talent. What chiefly influenced the condemned House, was the position of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. That position naturaliy gave him great weight in an assembly notoriously susceptible of the aristocratic influences. The heir to a peerage, to one of the largest fortunes in the country, even had he been an absolute idiot, they would have listened to his opinions, and attached to them greater weight, than they would have done had the statements come from the greatest philosopher the world ever knew. Nothing is more marked than the slavish obedience of all English assemblies to aristocratic influence. No public meeting is believed complete, unless some half-dozen noble or honourable blockheads can be persuaded to move and second the resolutions that may have to be propounded. Do they understand the matters in hand? The question is never asked. Are they competent to make the inquiry needed? This also men never dream of asking. The chairman rises, and declares, with pompous emphasis, that Lord —— will move the next resolution,—whereupon dead silence ensues, marked attention is paid to every word he utters; and though he retail the veriest nonsense that an addled head can conceive, all parties will go away satisfied, and quote the authority of my Lord ——. Not long since, the Royal Society—a society established for scientific purposes—composed of scientific men, had to elect a president,—and the contest was between a philosopher and a Royal Duke. The philosopher had no other recommendation than that of being peculiarly fitted to discharge the functions of president. He had a great scientific reputation, and everybody was agreed as to his ability and fitness. The Royal Duke was nevertheless chosen, simply because he could give more eclat to the soirées of the society. The Royal Duke's presence would draw all that was great and fashionable to the rooms of the society; and so the philosophers, out of sheer love of this vulgar display, passed by their deserving brother, and selected his Royal Highness. Who then can wonder that Lord Althorp should have great influence with the House of Commons? Were he ten times more inefficient than he is, on the score of talent, the influence would be the same. Of his position, the House can judge; they can determine whether he be the heir to Lord Spencer; but whether he be competent to the duties of his office, is a question which they themselves do not possess the capacity of deciding: that would require some knowledge in themselves; they, therefore, wisely eschew all notion of adopting such a test, and rest contented with the simple inquiry of "Who is he?"

This inefficiency, however, sometimes leads to awkward accidents; and we remember one that induces us very much to doubt as to the skill exhibited in conducting the Reform Bill through the House. Before we mention this circumstance, however, it may be well to remark, that, in the House of Commons, the ministers on that occasion had a decided majority; that no great difficulty was ever felt in that House; so that it becomes a matter of surprise now, to hear people talk of the dangers run by the bill in that stage of its course. In the Lords, on the other hand, great dangers were incurred; and who, we ask, piloted the bill through the shoals there? Was it Lord Grey, or Lord Brougham? We answer,

it was neither the one nor the other—it was the people. They frightened the Lords into acquiescence. The bill was not gained by a manœuvre, but by the plain, downright determination of the nation at large.

The circumstance to which we allude occurred during the passing of the Coercion Bill. The grand point was to get up a thorough tale of horrors, in order to scare away the senses of the House of Commons. A regular raw-head-and-bloody-bones story was to be fabricated, and terror and alarm were of the order of the day. To propitiate the House, also, the affair was committed to Lord Althorp's charge; for, although Mr. Stanley has a reputation for talent, his prudence is not deemed of the highest, and it was thought of the utmost consequence to conciliate the Commons. Lord Althorp, more than any other person, possessed their confidence; and they would consequently view, with less jealousy, any obnoxious measure which came recommended by him. The grand field-day arrived;—the bill was brought from the Lords, and the Commons were in great excitement and expectation. At length Lord Althorp rose to move that the bill be read: and it was plain the members on the ministerial benches, and the Tories also, were like the women who went to see Mrs. Siddons,—prepared for floods of tears. The ladies, on those occasions, commenced operations on coming into their box, by arranging fan, shawl, and *pocket-handkerchief*, which was always carefully displayed, and unfolded, to be ready for immediate use. The gentlemen settled themselves ominously. They all, in sailor phrase, pulled long faces: got up a gravity, and seemed to obey Antony's directions, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." It was evident to any one who knew anything of human nature, that a scene had been prepared, and was just about to be enacted. The noble Lord began in his usual hesitating, unimpressive, common-place manner. The pocket-handkerchiefs were evidently ready; but as yet there was no excuse for crying. The noble Lord proceeded, and at last began his endeavours at horror creating. They who came to cry began to feel awkward. There was evidently no case for tears. It is a rule given us by Horace, "if you wish to make me weep, you must first weep yourself." The noble Lord's acting never reached this point,—no man ever seemed farther from tears. He did not, indeed, seem pleased,—he felt that he looked very silly. The taunting cheers of the Radicals were not calculated, as restoratives, much to aid him. The noble Lord tried his hand at rhetoric—it would not do:—as a last resource, he remembered he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that *figures* were consequently his weapons,—not figures of speech, mind good reader, but regular units and tens,—so he opened his official box, and drew from thence a statement. Instead of horrifying the House with vivid descriptions of atrocities, he coolly ran over the number of murders, &c.—murders, so many,—ditto, in the day-time so many,—so many burglaries,—so many ravishings, and so on. The House came to cry; they now were inclined to laugh. The official people below the bar were terror-stricken; they shrugged their shoulders, and turned up their eyes. Mr. O'Connell crowed again,—his eyes sparkled with pleasure, and his cheer became triumphant and deafening. Poor Mr. Stanley! he was as pale as a ghost: he bit his lips, put his heels, like a Yankee, on the table, close by his noble colleague; and at last, in his rage, fairly snatched the box of papers out of his hands, shut it with a loud bang, and locked it; as much as to say, "You shall not spoil excellent materials; you are ruining us." The noble Lord seemed startled by this angry proceeding, and hastened to the close of his speech. When he sat down, the House was a dead blank; there was a painful silence among the great majority, who wanted an excuse of horrors for their intended votes, and who felt that this afforded none. During the whole night the debate laboured on against this painful disappointment; and not till both Mr. Stanley and Sir R. Peel, had properly dished up the horrors, could the House forget the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In this case, the failure was of a description which everybody in the House could understand. No knowledge, no talent, was needed fully to feel how miserably the noble Lord had fallen short of his aim. People know well enough, that if you desire to frighten and horrify your hearers, you must not enumerate a dry catalogue of murders and burnings; they also understand, that the assertion of twenty murders having occurred, will not harrow up the feelings and terrify your audience one hundreth part as much as would the minute detail of one atrocity. Knowing all this, they could not fail to be aware of the singular breakdown of the noble Lord, and to feel something like contempt, for the strange attempt to excite an audience, self-styled highly educated, by dotting off a list of crimes, as if it had been a ship's invoice. Such an exhibition would have utterly ruined any one, not the heir to a peerage and some fifty thousand a-year. As it was, the affair was the subject of a day's joking; and next day the noble Lord was thought quite as clever as before.

But here the inquiring reader may step in, and ask if there be not in the character of his Lordship something so honest, so open, frank, and straightforward, as to win for him great and deserved confidence. The quiet insertion of the *deserved* confidence puzzles us. "We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us." We fully acknowledge that such is the character usually ascribed to the noble Lord; but we must as frankly aver, we do not agree with that estimation.

Previous to his coming into office, the noble Lord went farther than any of his brethren on the side of popular government. He was never deemed a man of much ability; but still in this country his advocacy of democratic government was of great and essential service to that cause.

Seeing one so allied, and having such expectancies, support the cause of the people, many who otherwise would have shrunk from any connexion with liberal views and measures, were induced to take that side also. The same frankness of manner, too, which the noble Lord now possesses, then equally distinguished him, and added weight, and even gave dignity to his opinion. In those days Lord Althorp advocated economy, a large extension of the elective franchise, and also vote by ballot. Now, a man of Lord Althorp's age, and of his sedate habits, would not, it may easily be supposed, have lightly assumed an opinion, or acted on it without careful consideration. While in opposition he steadily pursued this course, and never led any one to believe that anything but the most sincere conviction influenced his whole political life. In a lucky hour, as it was thought, for the people, this liberal, almost democratic nobleman, was created Chancellor of the Exchequer. In other words, he had now an admirable opportunity of putting into practice the principles he had spent his life in supporting. Let it be remembered, that Lord Althorp has a character for great frankness, for an absence of all double dealing, for doing everything aboveboard; and, then, let us also consider one or two of his acts since he has come into power. He made, for example, a very remarkable declaration respecting his reason for having voted for the repeal of the assessed taxes. He stated that he had so acted to embarrass the existing Ministers; that his vote at that time was one of a series of votes to shake the then Ministry, and to obtain the co-operation of the people. In other words, this was declaring, that although he thought the assessed taxes good taxes, yet to gain the people's favour, and thereby a chance of coming into power, he voted against those taxes,—against his own conscience, in fact! Was this, or was it not, the proceeding of a man deeply impressed with the necessity of truth in all our dealings?—was it the behaviour of a high-minded political opponent? We ask again, Is it the behaviour that any of the educated and leading Radicals of the present day would imitate? We answer, fearlessly, it is *not* such a proceeding as they would condescend to follow: we assert, that they would deem themselves degraded by a conduct stamped with such duplicity and meanness. It is true that these men have not a peerage at their back; they have not fifty thousand a-year in expectancy; and glad are we that they have not this support, if it could lead them to imitate such unworthy courses.

But we have not yet done with the noble Lord's honesty. Mr. Hume, during the last session, moved to abolish the punishment of flogging in the army and militia; declaring, at the same time, that he expected the support of certain of the gentlemen now sitting on the Treasury Bench; because, when he had made a precisely similar motion, those persons, then in the opposition, ardently co-operated with him. Hereupon the member for Middlesex read the names of the persons who had thus voted with him; and among them was that of Lord Althorp. What did the noble Lord do on this occasion? With apparent *naiveté* he declared he had forgotten his vote on that occasion; and very coolly stated that he should now oppose the motion. The noble Lord in this case had better speak for himself. He said,—

"My honourable friend, who brought forward this motion, *much to my surprise*, read my name as one of those who, upon a former occasion, voted with him in the minority on this question. I am aware that while I sat upon the other side of the House, motions of this kind were brought forward annually; but I certainly thought, that while I had never opposed, so I had never voted in favour of any one of them. I always thought, and, I am sorry to say, I still think, that the weight of military authority (responsibility?) is so great, that it would not be prudent in the House to take away the power of inflicting this punishment entirely from the officer."

Now we ask the honest Lord Althorp, how he could bring himself to vote for a motion against which his reason was in decided hostility? He owns that he has *always* been in favour of flogging; and yet, for party purposes, it appears, he voted in favour of one of the annual motions against it! And all this notwithstanding, the noble Lord has a great fame for frank dealing, for a sort of burly, straightforward kind of honesty! We are very much inclined to believe, that if it were possible to fix such a charge upon Mr. Hume, we should never cease to hear of it: both Whigs and Tories would unite in making an everlasting outcry against the outrageous inconsistency of the honourable member for Middlesex.

We cannot leave this subject without a passing remark on the general laxity exhibited in the morality of public men; we mean, be it observed, in their public capacity. Although, in the very case before us, a very remarkable deviation from right principle was openly avowed, no apology was deemed necessary, no explanation was given or demanded, but the whole affair went off quite as one of course. Another very curious instance of something very similar was afforded by Sir John Hobhouse: he had spent the whole of his political life in very violent opposition to the Tory Ministry,—one of his favourite topics of abuse was their lavish expenditure; yet he had not been six weeks in office, before he declared, that he had learned, by his official experience, how very unfounded and unjust were charges of extravagance, and how very difficult a thing it was to cut down the expenditure. Under such a feeling, it would have appeared but common justice to have openly and avowedly recanted all his former abuse; to have declared that he had been guilty of gross error in being opposed to the Tory Government, and also to have acknowledged their greater fitness for the office which he then held, and hereupon to have resigned it. But it appears that the Whig discoveries in office do not reach this

point. They succeed only in discovering that they were formerly wrong, just so far as it would be inconvenient in them now to have been right. They do not advance beyond this. One would have supposed that Sir John Hobhouse, after this his famous discovery, could not look back upon his former life without a feeling of remorse and shame. A few short weeks had shown him that his career had been one long error, that his opponents had been all the while in the right, he egregiously in the wrong. And yet this same discovery did not convince him that reparation was called for. Oh, no: he still could claim praise from the Westminster electors, and descant on his doings in the days of opposition. That is to say, those doings were to be set on one side, when the recollection of them was annoying, but to be brought forward and blazoned forth when they might be serviceable. Just so with my Lord Althorp. He rests much on his former conduct as a liberal in opposition; he desires, and obtains great praise for his *honest* support of popular principles; and, in the next breath, he will composedly state, that all the while he was in his heart the opponent of the very measures by the support of which he gained the whole of his popularity.

The noble Lord's former support of, and present opposition to, the Ballot, is precisely in the same spirit. The support was a mere matter of party policy; much reputation was gained by this liberality, and no danger incurred of really obtaining the object for which he was apparently struggling. Now, indeed, support by the noble Lord would be very likely to lead to that result; and consequently, the support is not given. This conduct, we acknowledge, does not surprise us. The same game has been played over and over again, by the two parties of the aristocracy, with precisely the same objects in view. Some seventy years since, the Tories were for Universal Suffrage and Short Parliaments:—simply, because they hoped thereby to obtain power, and oust the Whigs. The Whigs, for many years, have supported the liberal side; and why? because the Whigs, being out, were driven to this shift in order to have a chance of regaining power. The Whigs are now in; and if it were not that a new and dangerous element has arisen to disturb party politics, viz. the interference of the People, we should soon see the Tories becoming liberal, and fighting the Whigs with the weapons of liberality. The People, however, begin now to look about for themselves; they will soon come to a proper estimation of this sort of see-saw, and put an end to the long-practised imposition. But while we acknowledge that we are not disappointed in our expectations by this conduct of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we must also allow, that the continued eulogy bestowed on the noble Lord for his peculiar honesty does surprise and pain us. We by no means desire to have it thought that his Lordship's public morality is worse than that of his brethren; all that we insist on is, that it is no better. For the truth of this assertion, the above instances, selected out of many hundreds, are, in our opinion, damning proof. They cannot be explained away, and are in exact accordance with the proceedings of all his party. Why, then, should he be singled out from among the herd of self-interested politicians, as deserving praise for his straightforward and honest course? His course has *not* been straightforward; it has been marked by as glaring and interested inconsistency as has distinguished all or any of his colleagues. Let us not, then, we earnestly beseech of the dispensers of reputation, whoever they be, be farther molested by these undeserved though oft-repeated eulogies of the *honest* Lord Althorp.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

ENGLAND.

When Parliament is not sitting, domestic intelligence seldom possesses much interest. Rumours of the intentions of Ministers in the ensuing Session are always rife; but what is set down the one week as firmly resolved on, is in general contradicted the next, as never contemplated. The speeches by members of the Ministry at public dinners form the best means of anticipating coming political events; but such speeches are commonly vague, or enigmatical, and little information is to be derived from them. At a dinner given to Lord John Russell and Lord Ebrington at Plymouth, on the occasion of conferring the freedom of the borough on these noblemen, Lord J. Russell communicated the gratifying intelligence, that at a meeting of Ministers in London, it had been agreed that reductions in the army should be made, and that orders had been given to stop recruiting. This reduction, it was said, would be 8,000 men. It appears, however, that Lord John Russell's announcement was premature; for, in point of fact, no orders have yet been given for any reduction, nor does it appear that any intention of the kind is entertained at the War Office. His Lordship also stated, on the above occasion, that it was the intention of Ministers to take off the house duty, as soon as the state of the revenue permitted it; an intimation which will give little satisfaction, after the expectation so generally entertained that the house duty would be repealed, and means found to equalize the revenue and the expenditure. In defending himself from an attack made on him by Bishop Phillpotts, in a charge to the clergy of his diocese, Lord John Russell stated, that he was not of opinion that the revenues of the Church of England were too large, but only that they ought to be more equally distributed. We are afraid, therefore, we need not expect that any part of the revenues of the Church will be applied to secular purposes, nor even to provide more effectual means of education. The Church Reform Bill will, in all probability, be such a measure as the Irish Church Act.

At a dinner given by the electors of Manchester to their representatives, Mr. Poulett Thomson said, it was impossible to deny that the English Church needed reform; and that the call of the Dissenters to be relieved from contributing to a church to which they did not belong, appeared to be a just and fair demand. Public education, he remarked, called perhaps more than any other subject for the attention of Parliament. What he said regarding the

Corn Laws was far from satisfactory, and seems to indicate that there is no intention on the part of Ministers materially to relax the restrictions on the importation of corn. He said that the people were entirely disagreed upon this subject. This disagreement he attributed in a great measure to ignorance; and he appeared to think, that until that ignorance was removed, small progress towards the removal of the restrictions could be made. He expected from a change of system not so much cheap bread, as a more steady price, and a more equal and constant supply of grain from the corn-growing countries. He advocated a fixed duty, not only with the view of preventing fluctuations in price, but because he considered that, under such a system, there would be a steady traffic in grain; by which means the foreign grower would gradually acquire a taste for the products of this country, which could not fail to open an extensive market for our manufactures. We may remark, that all these consequences depend on the amount of fixed duty imposed; for unless it is low, we may find ourselves in a worse situation than at present. It ought always to be kept in mind, that under the present law the duty paid on wheat has scarcely exceeded on the average 6s. per quarter. Nothing will content the people, or ought to content them, but the total abolition of this most iniquitous tax.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.—Great activity has for some time prevailed in the dockyard at Sheerness. In the threatening aspect of affairs in the East of Europe, Ministry no doubt feel it their duty to place our navy on the most efficient footing. Whatever else may prove deficient, there is no danger of our not being able to furnish any fleet we can by any possibility require, with officers.

THE ROYAL NAVY consists at present of 557 vessels, carrying from 1 to 120 guns each. Of these, 166 (including 20 Falmouth packets) are in commission; the rest are building, or in ordinary. In time of peace, 20,000 seamen and 12,000 marines are employed. We have officers sufficient for all the navies in the world. There are 44 Admirals, of whom two are employed; 51 Vice-Admirals, and four employed; Rear-Admirals 64, and five employed, besides 34 Rear-Admirals on retired half-pay,—in all, 194 Admirals for 166 ships! Of Captains, we have 783, or nearly five to each ship, besides 867 Commanders,—of the former, 50 are employed, of the latter, 59. To these must be added 9 retired Captains, and 276 retired Commanders. There are 3155 Lieutenants, about 20 to each ship, and only 369 employed; of Masters 485, and 86 serving. Of Physicians 12; of Surgeons 694, besides 43 retired, and only 96 employed. We have also 309 Assistant-Surgeons, besides Hospital Mates, &c.—in all, 1027 medical men for 166 ships, or six to each. Surgery and medicine seem considerably more in demand in the Royal Navy than religion; for there are only 63 Chaplains, 30 of whom are employed. Of Pursers we have 619, and only 90 serving. The Coast-Guard service employs 2 Captains, 50 Commanders, 300 Lieutenants, and 2 Surgeons. Such is the British Navy on the 1st January, 1834, the nineteenth year of peace. Well may it be the wonder of surrounding nations! It would be curious to know how many there are in this list—for many there must be—who never saw the vessel of an enemy. A large proportion of the men who fought and bled during the war must be long since dead. Thus it appears from the tables exhibiting the law of mortality at Carlisle, that of 10,018 men living at the age of forty, more than one-fourth (2520) die in the course of nineteen years; so that a great number of those on the half-pay list must be the scions of the aristocracy, the younger sons and brothers of those who have resorted to this means of making the country support those who ought to be provided for out of their own estates.

THE REVENUE for the quarter ended on the 5th January, exhibits a decrease, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year, of L.91,547; and the deficiency on the whole year is L.442,494. The falling off in the quarter is more than accounted for by the decrease in the direct taxes, occasioned by the reductions made last session in the assessed taxes.—The deficiency in the customs during the whole year amounts to L.612,894, being L.170,000 more than the whole decline in the year's revenue.—The excise, an increase of which is always considered the most authentic indication of the comfort of the people, had produced in the quarter just finished nearly L.300,000 more than the corresponding period of last year.

POST-OFFICE REVENUE.—An Account of the amount of Postage collected in the nine Cities or Towns producing the greatest Revenue:—

	1831.	1832.
London,	L.628,644	L.637,178
Dublin,	101,529	80,610
Liverpool,	70,974	70,018
Manchester,	52,320	53,499
Edinburgh,	42,621	42,758
Glasgow,	35,641	35,754
Bristol,	36,670	33,867
Birmingham,	29,864	28,864
Leeds,	20,963	20,315
United Kingdom, nett produce,	1,467,169	1,399,246

CHURCH RATES.—At Maidstone and Reading, the inhabitants have refused to pay church-rates; and in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, the same resolution has been adopted by the rate-payers. In Lambeth, numerous seizures for the rate are now being made, but the spirit of opposition is not thereby broken. These are significant signs of the times.

IMPRESSMENT.—Ministry seem preparing for the abolition of this inhuman practice. The Lords of the Admiralty have ordered the flag-ships to enter 30 first-class boys, of the age of seventeen, for foreign service, at a pay of 14s. 9d. per month. They are not to continue in this class more than three years. Line-of-battle ships are to enter ten; fourth and fifth rates, eight; sixth rates and sloops, six; and all smaller vessels four, in addition to their present complements. This measure cannot fail to prove beneficial to our navy; but the outscourings of our jails must no longer be sent on board of men-of-war as a punishment.

THE MINISTRY.—Changes of the Ministry are talked of, on account of a division regarding Portuguese affairs; one party is desirous of sending an army to the Queen's assistance, and the other protesting against all interference. There are also some members of the Government, and among them Mr. Stanley, who are greatly dissatisfied with the mode of proceeding which Earl Grey insists on in regard to the Church. The King also, it is understood, has been prevailed to consent, with much reluctance, to the proposed bill for the reform of that body.

LAWYERS AND ATTORNEYS.—The High Sheriffs in various parts of England have opened courts, under the act for the purpose of trying issues joined in actions depending in the superior courts of law, for any debt not exceeding L.20. We are glad that the attempt has at last been made to bring justice to every man's door; and we have little doubt that the jurisdiction of these courts will be gradually extended, until, like the Sheriff Courts of Scotland, they are competent for the trial of actions involving sums of any amount. We are greatly rejoiced to observe that the Lord Chancellor and the Justices have decided that Attorneys, as well as Lawyers, are entitled to practice in them. Nothing can be more absurd than the rule enforced in the Supreme Courts of England and Scotland, that a litigant shall not only employ an Attorney, or agent, regularly bred to the law, to manage his cause, but also a Barrister, or Advocate, to plead for him. In this manner it often happens that the pleading of a cause is taken away from the Attorney who has been intimately acquainted with the action from the outset, and given to a barrister, who has only had an hour or two to study the case; and the client pays double fees that his cause may be bungled.

A SINECURIST.—LORD GRENVILLE.—This genuine sinecurist has at last paid the debt of nature, after pocketing hundreds of thousands of the public money, for doing in reality nothing; for of late years it has not been necessary for him even to sign the nine letters of his name, except when he drew his pension and salary. He has been on the State pauper-roll as Auditor of the Court of Exchequer, with a salary of L 4000 a-year, for half a century. Pitt made him Speaker of the House of Commons, an office which he held for some time at a salary of L.6000 a-year. He was then Secretary at War; and

the Whigs, on coming into office, made this Tory tool their First Lord of the Treasury, with a salary of L.6000 a-year, in addition to the sinecure office of Auditor, with L.4000 a-year, which he had all along held with his other offices. A difficulty, however, occurred: the law held the offices of Lord of the Treasury, and Auditor, incompatible, for the obvious reason that the Auditor would then have to pass his own accounts; but the subservient Parliament soon solved all difficulties, by passing an act to enable his Lordship to hold both offices.

HUDDERSFIELD ELECTION.—In consequence of the death of Captain Fenton, a new election has taken place for Huddersfield. Mr. Sadler stood on the Tory interest, Mr. Blackburne on the Whig, and Captain Wood, who is a Radical, was also a candidate. From the first hour, the election was never doubtful; and at the close of the poll the numbers were, Blackburne, 234; Sadler, 147; Wood, 108. The latter seems to have given himself little trouble, never having been in the town during the election.

THE UNITARIANS.—Much interest has been created by the decision of the Vice-Chancellor, in the case of the Hewley charity. This decision deprives the Unitarians of all right to the management or enjoyment of a valuable property, left by a Lady Hewley of Manchester, more than a century ago, for the support of certain "poor and Godly preachers of Christ's Holy Gospel." The Vice-Chancellor decided that no person who denied the divinity of the Saviour's person, and the doctrine of original sin, as it is generally understood, could manage or participate, in the benefit of Lady Hewley's charity; and the Unitarian trustees were therefore appointed to be removed. The decision, it is said, will be appealed to the Lord Chancellor.

BANK OF ENGLAND.—The following is an account of the liabilities and assets of the Bank of England, on the 31st December, 1833:—Liabilities,—circulation, L.18,216,000; deposits, L.13,101,000; total, L.31,317,000. Assets,—securities, L.23,576,000; bullion, L.9,948,000; total, L.33,524,000.

SCOTLAND.

A PUBLIC DINNER was given to the Earl of Ormelie at Perth, by his constituents, on the 27th December. Nearly four hundred gentlemen sat down. The Lord Advocate was present, and his health was drank with "tremendous cheering." In returning thanks, his Lordship observed, that the election contest in Perthshire had been viewed with strong interest during its progress, from the position of the county in the centre of the kingdom, and as it had always been considered the stronghold of Toryism. Nothing was elicited during the meeting, as to the future measures of the Ministry. Meetings of this kind are apt to impress persons at a distance with the notion that the Ministry are popular in the country. It is not considered that when a dinner is given to the eldest son of one of our greatest proprietors, there are no scarcity of sycophants who are desirous of worshipping the rising sun, without any reference to politics. During the last election, the Earl of Ormelie spent probably more money than had ever been done in Scotland upon a similar occasion. He had numerous agents employed, in every part of the county, to canvass for him, as well as lawyers from Edinburgh, to support the votes on his side, and to object to those of his opponent. When to those *employés* are added the Whig aristocracy who supported him, a few of their tenants, the persons who, in a provincial town, attend public dinners out of curiosity, and the shopkeepers, who think it may be advantageous for them to appear to be of the same politics as their wealthy customers, we have a muster-roll of those who partook of the Ormelie dinner.

THE GAME LAWS AND THE TENANTRY.—The tenantry of Perthshire deserve the gratitude of the Scottish agriculturists, by the efforts they are making to direct public attention to the injuries sustained by the community from the increase of game. A deputation of the Perthshire farmers had an interview with the Earl of Ormelie on the subject at Perth, on the 4th January. Valuations, by competent and impartial judges, of the damage sustained on different farms in Perthshire during the last season, were laid before his Lordship; from which it appeared, that the damage on each of the farms was equal to one-fourth of the rent. About half a century ago, game was not at all plentiful in Perthshire; there was little cover, and the low state of agriculture rendered food scanty. But, since that period, the increased cultivation of grain, and the introduction of turnips and of artificial grasses, furnish to the game, at all times, a plentiful supply of food; while the numerous plantations which have been formed yield them ample shelter. Weasels, polecats, and carrion crows, were formerly abundant, and kept the game from increasing; but the numerous gamekeepers have greatly diminished the number of the animals and birds which prey upon game, and hence, another cause of the increase. The broad ground which the deputation took was, that every person was entitled to protect his own property from injury; but that, by the present game laws, the crops of the farmer were placed beyond the pale of the law. The Earl of Ormelie, in his answer, admitted that it had been already made out that great injury had been sustained on many farms by the depredations of game, and that the tenants of such farms would not obtain justice unless they received a reduction of rent to compensate them for their loss. His Lordship, however, held out little prospect of any legislative enactment being obtained to remedy the evil. Mr. John A. Murray, the Member for Leith, who was also present, considered the increase of game "*a great public evil.*" We hope that the proceedings of the Perthshire farmers will have the effect of rousing the tenantry in other parts of Scotland to endeavour to obtain protection to their crops against the game; for, in many counties, the depredations are as great as in Perthshire. It is only by a general and simultaneous effort that any relief is likely to be obtained. While on this subject, we may remark, that the Court of Session has, within these few years, decided that a farmer may kill rabbits on his own farm without his landlord's permission; but that Court has, with some inconsistency, lately found that a farmer is not entitled to kill pigeons, even when eating up the seed he has just sown.

THE BISHOPS.—The opening of the Burgh Constituencies, by the Burgh Reform Act, has entirely changed the character of the magistracy of the Scottish burghs. Instead of being as formerly the mean time-serving tools of some one or other of the neighbouring aristocracy, they are now the leaders of their fellow citizens, in the good work of improvement and reform. The Town Council of Cupar in Fife, has agreed, by a large majority, to petition the legislature, for the expulsion of the Bishops from the House of Lords. At a numerous meeting of the inhabitants of the county of Linlithgow, at which that stanch reformer and independent representative, Mr. Gillon of Wallhouse presided, a similar petition was agreed to. The latter petition very properly stated, that the burden imposed on the Bishops, of sitting in the House of Lords, and their legal and judicial functions, were incompatible with the proper discharge of their clerical duties; and that anything which interferes with their important charge of the cure of souls, diminishes their usefulness as teachers, and is injurious to the best interests of the people. This notwithstanding, we do not concur in the prayer of the petition. Until a total separation of Church and State takes place, it is good that the working of the State Church be seen, where it has free scope to display its spirit. Besides, the Bishops are no greater enemies of improvement than the Lords temporal. They are generally men of learning and good character; and they are Peers only for life. An effectual reform of the House of Lords must go much deeper than the expulsion of the Bishops.

CHURCH PATRONAGE.—The presbyteries of Glasgow and Arbroath have agreed to petition Parliament for the repeal of the act of Queen Anne, which imposed patronage on Scotland. We have no doubt that the present year will see this abomination abolished.

THE BANKRUPT ACT.—The Chamber of Commerce of Glasgow has suggested several alterations, among others, the following, on the existing act. We conceive them to be great improvements. Denunciation on letters of horning, or an act of warding, on an ex

pired charge, joined with insolvency, to be sufficient to create bankruptcy. Every person residing, or carrying on business in Scotland to be liable to sequestration. The sheriff to have a jurisdiction in sequestrations, with a direct appeal to the Inner House of the Court of Session. The sheriff to preside at the elections of interim factor and trustee, and decide who is elected. From the decision in the latter case, an appeal to the Inner House o be allowed. Creditors not to be personally liable for the expenses of the proceedings in a sequestration. A majority of the commissioners to sign drafts by the trustee on the cash account of the estate. First dividend to be payable in seven months from date of sequestration, and the second dividends within four months afterwards.

CHURCH ACCOMMODATION.—It appears from a recent investigation, that in the Royalty of the city of Edinburgh, which contained 55,252 inhabitants in 1831, there are thirteen established churches, eighteen clergymen, and 15,133 sittings, of which 4,815, are unlet. The clergy, on the average of the last three years, have each received L.590 per annum. The highest charge for a sitting in any church is L.2, 2s. per annum, the lowest 1s. 6d., and the average rate varies in the different churches from 18s. 9d. to 5s. In Paisley there is unoccupied sittings in the different Presbyterian meeting houses in the town for 5,943 people, exclusive of meeting houses of Methodists, Baptists, and the whole class of Independants.

THE TURNPIKE ROADS in Scotland in 1821, were in length, 3,666 miles; the average income L.51, and the average expenditure L.50 per mile. The debt amounted to L.1,495,000, being equal to about eight years income.

BERWICKSHIRE ELECTION.—What is the reason that the electors of this large and opulent county have submitted to the election of such a representative as Sir H. P. Campbell? What earthly qualification has he for the office? The Whigs and Tories each claimed him for their own, and we believe they are both right. He is a Tory in disguise, which we suspect is a correct definition of a Whig. This youth, who has just attained majority, lately succeeded to a large estate by the death of his father, who was an open and undisguised Tory; and he is about to ally himself with a family which has, in like manner, been always distinguished for its Toryism. Does the whole county of Berwick not contain a proprietor of liberal opinions? The election of the late Mr. Marjoribanks was triumphantly carried by the tenantry and feuars over the old Tory aristocracy. Why were they afraid to renew the struggle?

DINNER TO MR. FERGUSON OF RAITH.—This dinner, at which about 160 gentlemen were present, was remarkable chiefly by the declaration made by Captain Wemyss, the member for Fife, and who had also represented the county under the old system, that he had more applications from the old freeholders in a month, than he had had from the new constituency in a twelvemonth. The cause of this fact is easily explained. The old freeholders never considered the qualifications of the representatives, but how they could make the most of their votes; and freehold qualifications were purchased avowedly with no other object than to aid the purchaser in his schemes for advancement in life. A lieutenant in the navy, for example, purchased a vote in the county of Edinburgh, and immediately intimated to the Tories who were then in power, that unless he was made a captain, and appointed to a ship within a twelvemonth, he would vote at the next election for the Whig candidate. He was accordingly appointed to the command of a ship; but bidding adieu to politics, sold his vote and pocketed the price, leaving his Tory friends to manage the next election without his assistance. The reform act has put an end to all this jobbing.

IRELAND.

MEETINGS for the repeal of the Union have been held in many places in Ireland: that at Cork was very numerous, and attended by several persons of property and high reputation. At a large meeting in Dublin, Mr. Pollock, a very young man, the son of a merchant in Dublin, who is a friend of Mr. Boyton, the Orange leader, spoke with great eloquence on the same side as Mr. O'Connell, who moved that he should prepare a copy of his admirable speech for publication. Mr. O'Connell has declared his intention of making his repeal motion in the House of Commons on the 15th April.

Assaults, robberies, and murders, with party and combination outrages of all sorts, abound in Ireland, notwithstanding the boasted tranquillity said to be caused by the Coercion Bill. The Irish papers of the 19th December contain no fewer than nine government proclamations, offering rewards of from L.30 to L.100 for the detection of crimes of the most heinous nature, committed in the counties of Mayo, Louth, Armagh, Down, Kildare, and Tipperary. In the neighbourhood of Cork outrages are assuming a party character, and at Londonderry many Protestants have been waylaid, and savagely beaten. To such an extent have these outrages reached, that no person is safe to venture even into the suburbs of the town after dark. Such is the boasted tranquillity of Ireland!

Mr. Barrett, the proprietor of the *Pilot* Dublin newspaper, who was convicted of publishing one of Mr. O'Connell's letters to the Irish people, has not yet been brought up for judgment. The Crown solicitor lately addressed a letter to him, stating that the Government has not, nor ever had legal evidence to prove that Mr. O'Connell is the author of the letter which bears his name; but that if he would procure Mr. O'Connell's acknowledgment of the authorship, or furnish evidence sufficient to convict him of having written the letter in question, the Government would abandon all further proceedings against Mr. Barrett. To this letter an answer was written, in Mr. Barrett's name, stating that Mr. O'Connell was ready to avow the authorship, provided he had a jury fairly selected to try him: but Mr. Barrett has filed an affidavit, swearing that he never wrote any such letter. The statement that the authorship was ready to be avowed by Mr. O'Connell, was, at any rate, insufficient; for the criminal act did not consist in writing the letter, but in publishing, or causing it to be published.

FRANCE.

THE French Chambers were opened on the 23d December. As far as reliance can be placed on Louis Philippe's declaration, the policy of France is still eminently pacific: but it is well known that much activity prevails in her naval arsenals, and no reduction of the army is to take place. The ministry appears to be powerfully supported by the Chambers. M. Dupin, the government nominee, was re-elected President of the Chamber of Deputies by 220 members out of 299 who were present. Lafayette received 39 votes, Lafitte 11; hence we may judge that the republican party, however powerful elsewhere, have little influence in the Chambers. The government also succeeded in electing three vice-presidents favourable to their party, but the election of the fourth was decided against ministers; M. Persil, the Advocate-General, distinguished for his prosecutions of the press, having only 98, and M. Beranger, who belongs to the *juste milieu*, 165 votes. The debate on the address lasted four days, and was rendered remarkable by the speech of M. Bignon, on foreign affairs. The speech was delivered in the name, and with the unanimous approbation of the committee appointed to draw up the address. He dwelt upon the barbarous treatment of Poland by Russia, and denounced it as in contravention of the faith of treaties. He alluded to the discussion of the subject in Parliament, on Mr Cutlar Ferguson's motion, and to the energetic declaration against the injustice of Russia made by Lord Palmerston on that occasion; and added that he could have wished some equally strong declaration had been made by the French government. He then adverted to the dangers to which Turkey was exposed, and stated, in order to show the perfidy of Russia, that, in 1808, the Emperor Alexander had proposed to Napoleon to give up to him Spain, Portugal, and Italy, along with Bosnia, Albania, the Morea, and the Greek islands, provided Napoleon would permit him to seize Constantinople and the Dardanelles. Though much urged, Napoleon would not consent to this insidious proposal. He no doubt saw that while Turkey would in a few years be firmly consolidated with the Russian Empire, and the power of

Russia thereby greatly increased, the heterogeneous territories which he was to receive in exchange could never be consolidated with the French Empire, but would be ready to break out into rebellion on the first favourable occasion. The fact of this offer being made is worthy of record, as evincing the light in which Kings and Emperors view mankind. Spain, Italy, and the other countries, were, in the eyes of the Autocrat, nothing else than two large estates, and the inhabitants nothing else than the stock upon them, who had no concern whatever with the manner in which, or the persons by whom, they were governed. M. Bignon proceeded to expose the designs of Austria on Italy, and of Prussia on the German States; and insisted on the necessity of resisting the usurpation of the Three Powers. The Duc de Broglie highly applauded M. Bignon's speech, and thanked the committee for their address, "every paragraph and principle of which the Ministers adopted." So far all was well; but, alas! Pozzo di Borgo appears to have lost no time in taking the Duc de Broglie to task for the liberality of his expressions. The very next day the Duke explained away, that is, retracted, amidst the universal laughter of the Chambers, the approval he had given of M. Bignon's speech.

Twenty-seven persons have been tried for a conspiracy to revolutionize the government at the celebration of the three days in July last. The mode in which the trial was got up was most disgraceful to the French Government, and proves how little fair dealing is appreciated by the Crown lawyers of France. The witnesses were mostly police spies—men who had been proved unworthy of credit on former occasions; and it was distinctly established that a false copy of a document, found on the person of one of the accused, was inserted by the government lawyers in the body of the indictment. The whole of the alleged conspirators were of course acquitted. The counsel for the accused, although they did no more than their duty, did not, however, escape punishment. On the fraud being discovered, M. Pinart, one of the counsel for the defence, exclaimed, "That is a falsification—I say it—will maintain it." M. Michel, another advocate on the same side, said, "That expression is mine also;" and M. Dupont told the Advocate-General, that the papers produced were not in the hand-writing of the prisoner, but "that he recognised the red pencil of one of the bar." For these expressions, strictly justified by the circumstances, Dupont was suspended for a year, and Pinart and Michel for six months, from the exercise of their professional duties. It is in vain to talk of liberty in France while such proceedings as disgraced this trial can take place.

PORTUGAL.

THE paltry contest in Portugal, between the two contemptible Dons, continues without the prospect of termination. Don Pedro, instead of attacking his enemy, has contrived to get into a quarrel with his nobility. The Count de Taipa published a letter, calling upon Pedro to summon the Cortes, and adopt a liberal policy. In a second letter, in alluding to the proceedings of an ecclesiastical commission for the suppression of religious houses, he styled their President "a profaning counsellor." For this expression the Count was seized, but ultimately made his escape to the Asia, Admiral Parker's flag-ship; and nine of the peers protested to Don Pedro against this breach of the privileges of the peerage. Don Pedro pleaded ignorance of the whole matter, and promised satisfaction; but not only failed in his promise, but aggravated the injury, by styling the remonstrance of the peers a *petition*, in the answer which he deigned to give them through his Minister. The peers again waited on Don Pedro to remonstrate. He denied them admittance; but ultimately, on the representation of the Duke of Terceira, gave an assurance that, on the meeting of the Cortes, the whole affair would undergo discussion.

Near Oporto there has been some skirmishing, which has, on the whole, been favourable to the Miguelites. Don Pedro's troops have, on the other hand, destroyed several flour-mills in the neighbourhood of Torres Vedras; so that the military exploits of the month are pretty equally balanced. Don Miguel has, in the meantime, rejected the offer of mediation made to him at Santarem by the Queen of Spain. His efforts to recruit his army among the peasantry have been attended with success. Captain Robinson, the agent of Don Miguel, has left this country for head-quarters. He is charged with a mission from some of our Tories, and from two foreign ambassadors, with whom he has had repeated interviews. One of the most important circumstances, in judging of the character and objects of the Tories, has been elicited of late years—that is the undeniable fact, that they keep up a constant intercourse with the most despotic of the European tyrants, and that the cause of despotism in every state is considered by them as their own. What, but their hatred of liberty in the abstract, could induce them to give their countenance and support to that monster, Don Miguel?

SPAIN.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the efforts of the Queen, the Carlist party gains strength. They have appeared in considerable force in Biscay, Navarre, Arragon, and Valencia. On the 26th December, they made a formidable attack on Tolosa, but were successfully resisted. On the 30th December, Zavallo, the General of the Fransiscans, who is the real leader of the Monkish party, attacked with 2,000 insurgents the Queen's troops, under Valdez, at Durango in Biscay, and gained some advantage over them. The French papers, on the other hand, assert that, Quesada has cleared Castile of the rebels, and has caused several of their leaders to be shot; Merino himself escaping with difficulty into Portugal. The Council of Regency has, by a royal decree, been declared to be the first and highest of the kingdom, and each of its members is to have an annual salary of 120,000 reals, or L.3,000 sterling. In this manner this irresponsible and irremovable chamber is conciliated, on the understanding, no doubt, that the members henceforth are not to embarrass the Queen's Government. In Madrid, Zea Bermudez is more unpopular than ever, and the new Minister at War, Zarco de Valle, is scarcely better liked. Three vigorous attempts have been made to seize Don Carlos. Rodil, Captain-General of Estremadura, crossed the Portuguese frontier, at the head of a considerable force, and nearly surprised Don Carlos at Miranda. He made his escape with some difficulty, and fled to Chaves. Morillo, at the same time, advanced to Braganza, but was equally unfortunate. Another attempt by Rodil, in the same direction, was equally unsuccessful. These expeditions are loudly complained of by the Tory press, as a violation of the Portuguese territory, which the British Government is bound to resent; but it deserves inquiry, in the first place, whether the step was not taken with consent of the Portuguese government.

The Liberals of Catalonia and Old Castile, have caused great alarm to the Queen's Government. At a meeting held at Barcelona, in the beginning of January, it was resolved to demand a change of the Queen's Ministers, a disavowal of the principle of the despotic manifesto issued soon after the King's death, and the establishment of a liberal Government. These resolutions were sent to Llander, the Captain-General of Catalonia, who forwarded them to Madrid. The Queen returned the resolutions without condescending to open the packet; whereupon Llander, after consulting the municipal authorities of Barcelona, again forwarded the original packet without any additional letter. Quesada, the Governor of Old Castile, has made a similar demand. The *juste milieu* system will not do for Spain. Merino is with Don Carlos at Villa Real in Portugal.

From an article published in the *Revue Militaire Belge*, by Van Halen, we learn that the total Spanish army may at present be estimated at 90,000 men. One-third of these men are, however, militia. The cavalry, which is in a wretched condition, hardly exceeds 4,000 and the artillery force 8,500. Van Halen states that, there are only two parties in Spain, the Liberal and the Carlist. The greater part of the nobility, the merchants, and the manufacturing classes, belong to the former; the beneficed clergy, the monks, and the great body of the peasantry, form the latter.

HOLLAND.

THE Dutch are beginning to get tired of the expense in which their obdurate King is involving them. However advantageous it may be, for the glory of the throne, to resist a pacification with Belgium, it is highly injurious to the pockets of the subject. An important debate has taken place in the second chamber of the States-General, on the financial situation of the country. The expensive military establishment, and the heavy taxation were loudly deprecated. The budget for 1834, was adopted, after three days debate, by 36 to 16; but when a bill to provide additional means for covering the expenditure of 1833 was proposed, it was rejected by 31 to 19. The resolution of the King, not to recognize the independence of Belgium, is as strong as ever. He has, no doubt, powerful reasons for his obstinacy, which will, in all probability, be developed at the congress of Vienna.

BELGIUM.

GENERAL GOBLET has resigned, and Count Felix de Merode has been appointed his successor. The Belgian army for 1834, has been fixed at 111,000 men. A serious misunderstanding between King Leopold and his Queen, has taken place, and negotiations for a separation are on foot. The marriage promised at a very early period to have such a termination.

GERMANY.

A Congress of the European potentates is never assembled but for the purpose of attacking liberty. That of Munchengratz is only the precursor of another, to be held at Vienna. Some of the Ministers have already arrived and others are on their way. There can hardly be any other object in view, than the consolidating of the power of the despots, and the subjecting of the German states to their control. It was ominously remarked, that as soon as the envoy of the King of Holland, Van Goelen, arrived at Vienna, the Belgian Minister took his departure. No one expects that the Vienna Congress will consider how the authority of King Leopold is to be strengthened.

TURKEY.

THE eyes of all Europe are directed with anxiety to the proceedings of the Russians in Turkey. France and England are making active preparations in their naval arsenals, to increase their fleets in the Medeterranean, which are already formidable, while Russia is equally active at Odessa, Sebastapol, and other ports in the Black Sea. The Emperor of Russia is determined to adhere to his alliance with the Sultan; and the fortifications of the Dardanelles have been put in the most efficient state of defence by the Turks, under the direction of Russian engineers. The British and French ambassadors having been questioned by the ministers of the Sultan as to the reinforcements of the squadrons of their respective nations, and having stated in answer, that it was caused by the recent treaty between Russia and Turkey, a meeting of the ambassadors of the other Powers was called, and immediately afterwards, orders were sent to prevent the passage of any vessel through the Straits. Russia, we suspect, is determined, at whatever cost, to make Turkey her subservient vassal. She will effect her object peaceably if she can, and the longer peace is maintained, the more favourable it will be for her designs; but she is making every preparation to maintain the footing she has already obtained by force, if force be necessary.

Few, we suppose, will be deceived by the article published in the German papers, by Metternich, in which it is stated, that the Austrian Government has received the most satisfactory assurances from Russia, in regard to her late negotiations in Turkey, and that "the two Governments have guaranteed the continued existence of the Turkish empire, even in case of the extinction of the reigning dynasty, and to the exclusion of Mehemet Ali." We may be assured that if any treaty regarding Turkey has recently been made between Austria and Russia, it is a treaty for the partition, and not for the preservation of the integrity of, the Turkish dominions.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

IT is gratifying to turn from the stale and unprofitable verbiage of the speeches of the Kings of the different European States, at the opening of their legislative bodies, to the Messages of the Presidents of the United States to Congress. These documents always contain full information on the state of the country, in its external and internal relations; and form, in this respect, a humiliating contrast to the speeches from the throne of Great Britain. After some details on the satisfactory state of the country, the President remarks, that it is gratifying to observe that the intercourse between Great Britain and the United States is becoming daily more extensive, and that sentiments of good will have grown up befitting their common origin. After noticing that some delay had occurred on the part of the French government in discharging the first instalment of the money settled by treaty to be paid to citizens of the United States, as an indemnification for injury inflicted on their commerce; that Spain, Portugal, and Naples had agreed to indemnify the American merchants for injuries of a similar description; and that a treaty of amity and commerce had been made with Belgium, and also that a treaty of commerce and navigation with Russia had recently been ratified, the President proceeds to the interesting subjects of the revenue and public debt. He remarks that the receipts into the treasury for the last year amounted to thirty-two millions of dollars, about seven millions sterling. Of the above, thirty-two millions, ten 28ths were derived from the customs, and three from the sales of public lands. The expenditure for all objects, including 2,572,240 dollars on account of the public debt, did not amount to 25,000,000, and a large balance remained in the treasury, after satisfying all demands. The whole debt of the United States, on 1st Jan. 1834, was 4,760,082 dollars; and the revenue of the present year, with the balance in the treasury, was expected to be sufficient to discharge the whole remainder of the debt. Although, however, the general government had every prospect of being free from debt in a very short time, the separate States have all borrowed money,—some of them to a considerable amount.

General Jackson then dwells at some length on the subject of the United States Bank. He affirms it to have been distinctly proved that that institution had been attempting to influence the election of the public officers of the States by its money,—and that, in violation of the express provisions of its charter, it had, by a formal resolution, placed its funds at the disposition of its President, to be employed in sustaining the political power of the Bank. The attempts of the directors to create a panic in 1832, while their petition for the renewal of the charter was before Congress, were also detailed,—and the President stated, that, in his own sphere of duty, he should have felt himself called on to order a writ of *scire facias* to be issued, with the view of putting an end to the chartered rights it had so plainly violated, were it not that the charter itself (which terminates in March, 1836) will expire as soon as a decision would be obtained in the court of last resort. In the meantime, the money of the United States has been, at the suggestion of the President, removed from the Bank.

In answer to the charges made by General Jackson, the Directors of the Bank have published a long report. They state, that, soon after the general election, it was intimated that it was necessary for them to consult the views of those who had gained an ascendency in the government of the country, and that, upon their refusal to attend to this intimation, every means were resorted to for the ruin of the institution. An important division afterwards took place on the Bank question in the House of Representatives, when the government party obtained a majority of 133 to 96 votes. This division is considered decisive of the fate of the Bank. The Bank question is interesting, not only on account of a great proportion of the stock of the Bank being held by subjects of Great Britain, but also from the manner in which it shews the working of the constitution of the States. For the last century, at least, no instance has occurred where the King of Great Britain has ventured to exercise his theoretical right of rejecting any measure approved of by both Houses of Parliament. His Majesty is well aware

that his negative is a mere fiction, beautiful and efficacious in theory, but useless in practice. The American President, on the other hand, knows that every part of the constitution of the States, over which he presides, is fitted for use, and that the constitution possesses sufficient solidity and strength to enable it to withstand any shocks which can be received in its working. He, therefore, did not hesitate to refuse his assent, when both Chambers of Congress had voted that the Bank Charter should be renewed. Further, when the Senate requested that General Jackson would communicate a copy of a paper which had been published, and which he had read to the heads of the executive departments in September last, relative to the removal of the public money from the Bank, he plainly refused on the broad ground that the executive is a co-ordinate and independent branch of the government with the Senate, and that the Senate had no right to require any communication made by the President to the heads of departments acting as a Cabinet Council. When will the King of Great Britain object to the renewal of an injurious monopoly, to which both Houses of Parliament have consented?

WEST INDIES.

A bill for the abolition of slavery, after much debate, passed the Jamaica House of Assembly. The bill is understood to adopt the general provisions of that passed by the British Parliament. In some of the islands an immediate emancipation has been considered preferable to the Emancipation Scheme, and measures have been taken to give the slaves their liberty in a few months.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The House of Representatives of Buenos Ayres having prohibited the journals from making any political remarks, a formidable insurrection broke out on the 11th October. In consequence of the prohibition, four of the papers were discontinued; but one persisted in discussing politics, and was ordered to be prosecuted. Upon this, great crowds of people, principally butchers, collected, attacked the police, and afterwards made attempts to raise the country. Headed by General Pinedo, they soon collected a considerable force, and took possession of all the strong points in the neighbourhood of the city. In this state matters were on the 26th October—the date of the last intelligence.

EAST INDIES.

A Joint Stock Company has been formed at Madras. called the Indian Iron and Steel Company. The ore this Company are to work is found in mountain massess, and has only to be carried away, requiring no mining operations—it is the magnetic iron ore of Salem, found to be richer than the far-famed iron ore of "Dannomora," in Sweden, from which the iron is made. The iron has been found to make steel equal to any in the world. A Copper Mining Company is about to be establishsd, to work the Copper Mines in the Vellore district. The ore (a carbonate) is said to be very rich, from 20 to 70 per cent.

TRADE, COMMERCE, AND AGRICULTURE.

Although it is evident from the French journals that Free Trade principles are making ground in France, the agriculturists and manufacturers are still much too strong for the mercantile classes to permit these principles to be carried into practice. The Councils of Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures, which have been lately sitting in Paris, for the purpose of discussing certain proposed alterations in the existing tariff of duties on cotton, wool, iron, coal, and cattle, have decided that only a very trifling diminution on the existing import duties should be recommended.

GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

The Prussian Government has made great progress in establishing its plan for the commercial federation of Germany. There is to be an exemption from duties on German products, in German States, a uniform tariff of duties on foreign products, and a uniform scale of weights, measures, and coins. The revenue thus derived is to be paid into one common treasury, and divided among the different members of the Confederation in proportion to their extent, population, &c., in lieu of the duties they at present levy. The Confederation already comprehends the whole of Germany not under the sway of Austria, except Frankfort. Switzerland has positively refused to join the Confederation. The object of Prussia evidently is, to open an extensive market for her own manufactures, and to exclude from the whole of Germany British goods. This will be a very serious matter for our British manufacturers, as Germany is at present their best customer; but we have no right to complain. The procedure of the Prussian Government is strictly in the system of reciprocity. We tax the corn and timber of Prussia at an exorbitant rate, for the encouragement of our agriculturists and of our North American colonies; and she, on the other hand, does everything in her power to exclude our manufactures.

CHINA TRADE.

Much dissatisfaction has been felt at the regulations regarding the new China trade. The act of Parliament empowers the King to levy, through officers named by the Crown, a tonnage duty equal to 5s. per ton, and an import and export duty each equal to 10s. per cent. This is the highest charge. At present the orders in Council fix 2s. for the tonnage dues, and 7s. per cent. on the export and import cargo. There could not have been a more effectual contrivance for ruining our Chinese trade and shipping, and transferring the trade to our rivals, the Dutch, Spanish, and Americans. Suppose, to illustrate its operation, that a British ship of 400 tons burden goes to Canton, having on board a cargo worth L.100,000—she will have to pay L.40 of tonnage duty, L.350 of duty on her import cargo, and probably L.350 of duty on her export cargo—that is, she will have to pay a port charge of L.740 more than will be paid by an American or other foreign ship of equal burden and value! But there is another serious objection to these imposts, for by their means a very large revenue will be raised, which the Crown may dispose of at pleasure, without the control of Parliament. The amount of the trade to China, under the present restrictions, is not less than 70,000 tons. This gives £7000 of tonnage dues. Exclusive of bullion, the export and import trade may be taken at nine millions. which gives L.31,500, and with the tonnage duties, L.38,500, to be annually disposed of as the Minister of the Crown thinks proper. Were the duties raised to the highest rate the act of Parliament authorizes, upwards of L.60,000 might be annually collected, without any increase in the trade. But there can be no doubt that the increase will be very great, after it has been open for a year or two to the enterprise of our merchants.

SCOTCH MANUFACTURES.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts are on the whole favourable, but the wages of the weavers are still miserably low. Many thousands in the west of Scotland have not more than 7s. a-week for the support of themselves and their families. At Perth, an advance of from 10 to 12 per cent. has taken place on crams, and other plain fabrics, and there is abundance of work at these terms. Umbrella ginghams have remained steady for some time. The weaving trade at Paisley has been in a prosperous state for the past month. Silk trimmings are in great demand, and a considerable addition has been made to the workmen's wages. At Montrose, the manufacturing population are in full employment, and, except the poor weavers, they have not been better paid for their labour for a long time.

WOOL.

CONTRARY to the expectation of the manufacturers the price of wool has kept up, and the sales in London have realized the advance that has occurred during the last twelve months. The Australian wools fetched 3s. 4d. to 3s. 8d. per lb. for fair qualities; the seconds from 2s. 4d. to 3s. 2d.; and the low fleeces from 1s. 4d. to 1s. 10d. per lb. The Van Diemen's Land wools sold at 2s. 4d. to 2s. 8d. per lb. for the finer, and 1s. 4d. to 1s. 11d. per lb. for the lower sorts. Spanish wools brought 2s. 8d. to 3s. per lb. for good and fair quality. Scotch wools also continue to rise. For some

time the buyers at the Cloth Halls, in the anticipation that the price of wool would fall, limited their purchases, but that anticipation not having been realized, and the market continuing to look firm, the buying of woollen goods, both coarse and fine, has become more brisk than for several months past. The same causes have produced similar effects in the flannel markets. The comparative price of wool and worsted stuffs, has for some time been such as not to leave a remunerating profit to the manufacturer, but a small advance has lately been obtained.

THE SILK MANUFACTURE,

Which, for two or three months, was very languid, has of late assumed more activity. Weavers of all descriptions of cloth, now find ready employment, though figured goods, chiefly sarcenets, appear to be most in request. Silk dyers have also full employment.

THE IRISH LINEN TRADE.

The sales have been much increasing latterly. The export is at present enormous. At this moment, a great quantity is in progress of shipment for New York. The duty on the importation of linen to the United States was first reduced from 25 to 15 per cent.; and on the 31st ultimo, linen was admitted completely free from duty.

IRON TRADE.

At the Quarterly Meeting of Iron Masters at Birmingham, on the 9th, Shropshire pig-iron advanced 5s. a ton. Staffordshire pig-iron has continued stationary. Hoops and iron stone have also advanced.

THE TEA TRADE.

The greatest sale of tea which ever took place will be in March next. It is the last sale of the East India Company, and nine millions of pounds weight are to be exposed.

AGRICULTURE.

Both parties are preparing for the impending struggle on the Corn Laws, by the formation of associations. The opponents of the Corn Laws have resorted to the powerful aid of cheap periodical publications to forward their cause. Several Anti-Corn Law associations are in the course of formation in London; and from the talent and station of their members, they must possess much influence. The extent of the evil inflicted by the Corn Laws can hardly be exaggerated. At Paris, which is far from being a cheap corn market, the highest price of wheaten flour of the first quality answers to L.1, 9s. the English sack of 280 lb.; and the highest price of wheaten flour of the first quality in London is L.2, 10s. the sack. Thus with L.2, 10s. a man may buy 483 lb. of fine flour at Paris, whereas, with the same sum, he can only buy 280 lb. in London. The price of wheaten bread of the first quality at Paris is 11 sous per 4 lb. French weight, which is less than 4¾d. for the loaf of 4 lb. English weight. The price of bread of the second quality is 8 sous per 4 lb. French weight, which is less h an 3½d. the loaf of 4 lb. English weight.

We rejoice to observe that the tyrannical Corn Laws are every year more and more evaded. During the last year the exports of flour from Canada have more than doubled. In 1832 they amounted to 44,886 barrels; while in 1833, 92,393 were exported. This arises from the Americans sending immense quantities of wheat to be ground into flour in Canada, and then sending it to this country as colonial flour. Last year the importation into the Clyde, of what is called Canadian flour, was equal to about a sixth part of all the flour baked in the electoral district of Glasgow. The average value of flour, in the corn exporting districts of the United States, is about 21s. Freight to Liverpool, 2s. Total cost in Liverpool, 23s. Present price of wheat imported from Canada, 32s.—Extra expense by the transit through Canada, 9s.

In discussions on the Corn Laws, it is very generally assumed that the restrictive system is one of long standing, and that it ought not therefore to be lightly touched; but the truth is, that it is only since 1815 that the Corn Laws have operated to exclude foreign grain, for previously the duty paid was little more than nominal. Great and undeniable, however, as are the evils of the Corn Laws, nothing but the most strenuous and persevering efforts, on the part of the inhabitants of the towns, will effect their removal. The Parliament, which alone can remove the restrictions, is filled with parties who believe themselves interested in their continuance. The House of Lords consists almost entirely of land proprietors; and no English member can be admitted to a seat in the Lower House, until he makes oath that he is a landholder. The farmers, besides, are far from being yet generally convinced that their interest in this matter is identical with that of the other industrious classes; and they may therefore be expected to stand by their landlords. In this manner nearly one-third, and not the least influential third, of the people, is arrayed against a free trade in food.—[We recommend to universal perusal the new Penny Corn-Law Magazine; Lord Milton's liberal pamphlet on the Corn-Laws; and the admirable Catechism on the Corn-Laws, by the *Westminster Reviewers*.]

This has been one of the most favourable years since the termination of the war for the stock-farmers. Cattle, sheep, and wool, have been selling at high prices, and there never were fewer arrears than at present on Highland estates. In the corn-growing districts, however, the ruinously low price of grain has caused much distress, and matters are in a very gloomy state. Feeding cattle during the summer has turned out a very unprofitable business, and winter feeding, as far as can be yet judged, does not hold out anticipations of much profit being realized. The winter hitherto has been uncommonly open. Ploughing in East Lothian was stopped only for three days, during the whole month of December. Field work is in general, therefore, in an advanced state. Turnips have not turned out an average crop, and from the almost constant wet, sheep upon them have made little progress in fattening. The East Lothian Agricultural Society has lately turned its attention to trenching. For the premium awarded, there only appeared one competitor. The field consisted of eighteen acres, and was trenched sixteen inches deep. The produce averaged 5 6-8th quarters per Scotch acre, which is about one-fifth larger than the imperial. The trenching cost L.3, 8s. per acre. A premium was also offered for a comparative trial of chevalier, and common barley. Only one competitor appeared. The field was dry gravel soil. The chevalier barley produced—grain, 82 bushels, three lippies, weighing 56¾ lbs. per bushel; straw, 5314 lbs. Common barley—grain, 77 bushels weight, 54¾ lbs. per bushel; straw, 4666½ lbs.; both per Scots acre.

The Irish Agricultural Reports represent a picture of great distress. The present rents can no longer be paid. The continued rains are most injuriously felt—the wheat is everywhere flooded, and suffering severely. Potatoes are not only a small crop, but of an inferior quality; and in consequence of the indolence of the Irish agriculturists, many of them are still in the ground. Swine, an important product in that country, are low in price, and the carcasses brought to market, are generally found to be of inferior quality, and smaller than usual. Comparing the present prices of meat and corn with the seven years average, ending in 1831, there is a diminution of nearly one-fourth.

HORSE MARKETS.—At Perth Andrewmas market, the horses were less numerous than usual, and the deficiency was still more perceptible in the better sort. The sale upon the whole appeared dull. The prices of the better sort might average from 30 to 40 guineas, but very few reached the latter price. The middling class were selling from L.15 to L.30; and the inferior at lesser rates, even down to 40s. A large proportion remained on hand about the end of the market. At Preston, all horses suitable for hunting, the saddle, or quick draught, met with a ready sale, and at higher prices than have been obtained for the last few years.

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